FEB 18 '58

The Saturday Evening
# POST
February 22, 1958 – 15¢

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## What a Mess I've Made of Things!

By VIC DAMONE

Special Color Feature:

## THE ART BOOM

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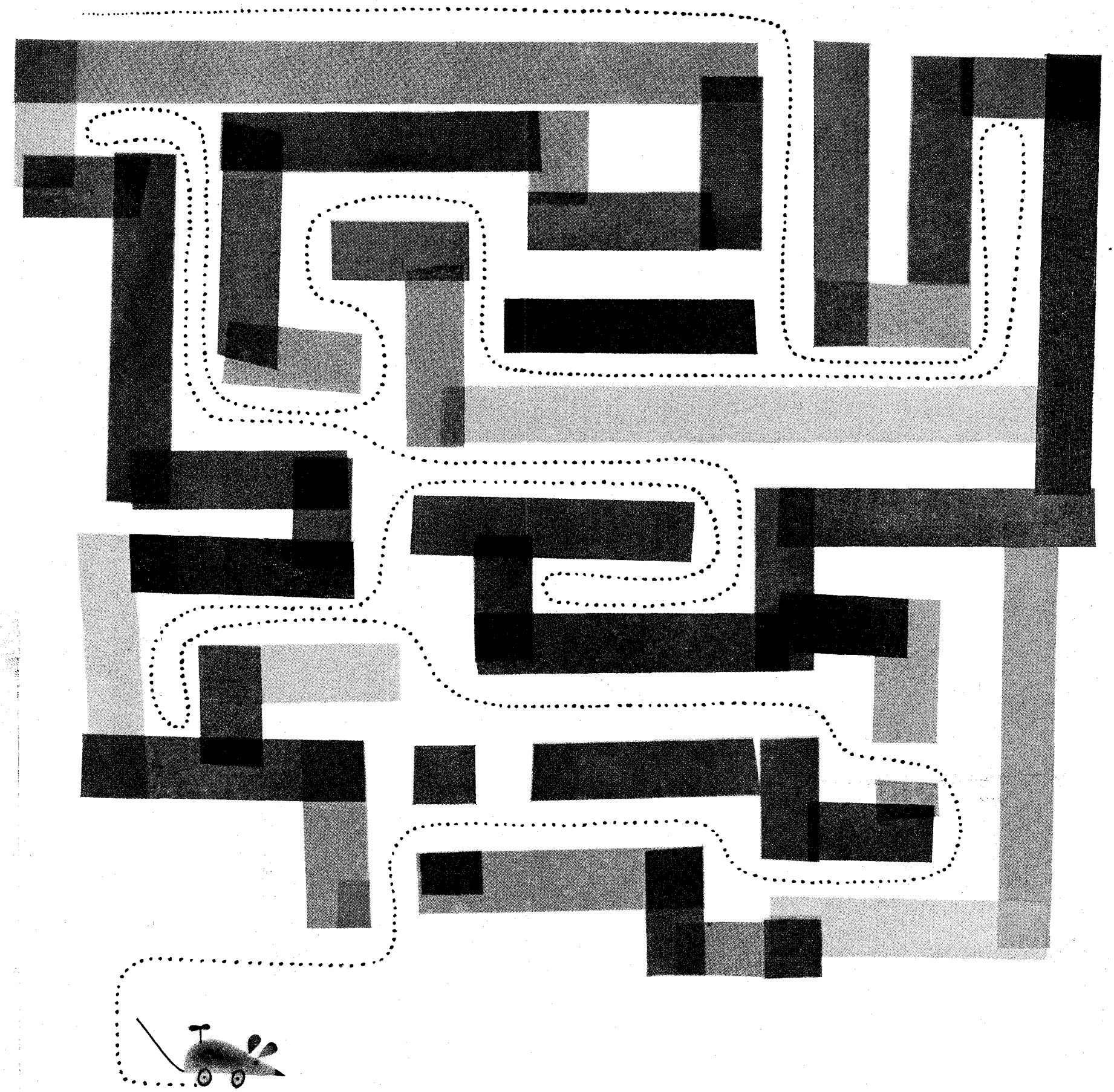

# To get somewhere–you must sometimes follow many paths that lead to nowhere

Even seemingly wasted steps can be forward ones. If an oil company is to move ahead, it must not merely serve you well. It must constantly seek ways to serve you better.

GULF

GULF OIL CORPORATION

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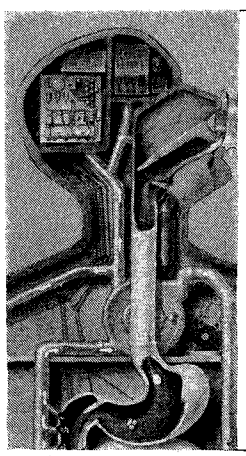
# Bufferin® relieves pain twice as fast!

## *Di-Alminate makes the difference*



Medical science knows that a pain reliever must get into the blood stream to relieve pain.

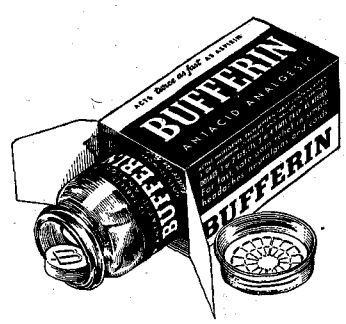
Bufferin combines aspirin with an exclusive combination of two antacid ingredients called "Di-Alminate." These speed the pain reliever into the blood stream *twice as fast.* So...

Bufferin relieves pain *twice as fast.* And it won't upset your stomach as aspirin often does.

1. All leading pain remedies, including other compounds, rely on aspirin! But...

2. Aspirin without antacid is relatively slow-acting. It is acid and can irritate your stomach.

3. Only Bufferin adds to aspirin an exclusive combination of antacids called "Di-Alminate." So Bufferin relieves pain twice as fast as aspirin—won't upset your stomach!




ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

*Won't upset your stomach as aspirin often does!*

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When you buy or build, look to the *natural* warmth of beautiful California redwood for both interiors and exteriors. There is no finer building material than Simpson redwood, the aristocrat of woods.

In this attractive family room, Marvin Culbreth, eminent American interior designer, has achieved many unusual decorative effects such as adjustable redwood bookcases, fold-away redwood seats, redwood room divider, brass battens, and the circular redwood area which houses television and hi-fi.

**WRITE FOR FREE PLANS:**
*Simpson, Room 1020, White Building, Seattle, Washington.*

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*The Finest in Douglas Fir, Western Hemlock and Redwood Lumber; Acoustical, Insulating and Hardboard Products, Paper, Plywoods and Doors.*

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# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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## IN THIS ISSUE

*February 22, 1958* . *Vol. 230, No. 34*

### 4 Short Stories


Savage Challenge . . . . . *Lester Dent* 28
Out of the Cage . . . . . *Hobert Skidmore* 32
The Lady's Last Fling . . . . . *Maurice Zolotow* 37
Pretend You Love Me . . . . . *Jan Cox Speas* 40


### 7 Articles


What a Mess I've Made of Things! . . . *Vic Damone, as told to Dean Jennings* 19
The High Price of Art . . . . . *Ernest O. Hauser* 24
On My Own, Part III: I Learn About Communists . . . *Eleanor Roosevelt* 30
The Middle Way is the Best Way . . . *Earl H. Hanson, as told to Leigh White* 33
The Great Winter Olympics Fight . . . . . *Melvin Durslag* 34
Our Hottest New Weapon . . . . . *Clay Blair, Jr.* 36
The Face of America: On Location . . . . . *Photograph by Dick Miller* 38


### 2 Serials


Hornblower and the Pirate Plot (First of two parts) . . . *C. S. Forester* 22
The Case of the Footloose Doll (Fourth of eight parts) . . . *Erle Stanley Gardner* 45


### Other Features


Letters . . . . . 4
Editorials . . . . . 10
Keeping Posted . . . . . 108
Post Scripts . . . . . 42
Verse . . . 50, 57, 83, 96, 102

## THE COVER

Outside the office windows it may be snowing, raining or fogging, but for Miss Newlyringed the sky is azure, the world is drenched in golden sunshine, and all the sounds of life blend into music straight from the spheres. That sparkly item—isn't it *adorable?* Its dreamy owner may make some chaotic stenographic mistakes today—maybe she'll begin a letter "Dear" and then bemusedly write "Darling" (apologies to writer O. Henry, who used a similar gimmick long ago). Kurt Ard notes that one of the girl friends is married, but he thinks the two others are still in the public domain. If they are, what ails the men around that office? Failing eyesight? Now then, to Miss N., warmest good wishes! And to Mr. Darling, nice going! Your eyesight sure is 20–20.


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*The* **LION'S ROAR**

**Published here monthly . . . Column No. 232**

**The greatest star of the screen!**

"Merry Andrew" in two happy words is Danny Kaye.

★ ★ ★ ★

And this new Sol C. Siegel production from M-G-M in CinemaScope and Metrocolor is Danny's first picture in three years.

★ ★ ★ ★

Danny has lots of most agreeable co-starring company to help with the high-flying hilarity.

★ ★ ★ ★

Extra added distractions like lovely Pier Angeli. And the celebrated basso, Baccaloni, who made his comedy debut in "Full of Life". As well as Robert Coote of "My Fair Lady" fame, together with Noel Purcell and Patricia Cutts.

But most of all, the story is decidedly off the beaten sound track for even the biggest of musical comedies.

★ ★ ★ ★

Danny is Andrew Larabee, shy-guy school-teacher in an exclusive boys' school who, while searching for a fabled Roman treasure, pitches camp on a site claimed by a traveling circus.

★ ★ ★ ★

Danny as a lion-tamer . . . Danny in top hat and tails on the flying trapeze . . . Danny as a chin-up "stout fella" who tries to teach manners to five volatile Gallini Brothers who own a circus . . . are just a few of the justly heralded Kaye-O's.

★ ★ ★ ★

Michael Kidd, making his director debut, puts the same dash and pace into the romantics and plot antics as into the dance sequences for which he's been known hitherto.

★ ★ ★ ★

Based on a story by Paul Gallico, Isobel Lennart's and I. A. L. Diamond's screen-play keeps everybody hot and humming.

★ ★ ★ ★

Speaking of humming, the songs (music by Saul Chaplin, the associate producer, and lyrics by Johnny Mercer) alternately jump, soothe, astound and titillate.

★ ★ ★ ★

"Merry Andrew" is not just something for everybody. But just about everything for everybody—all wrapped up in a big bright Metro-color package.

★ ★ ★ ★

A continuous flow of fun, fun, fun.

—*Lea*

**WIN $50.00 FOR RHYMES**

*SAMPLE:*

**"Merry Andrew"**
**Very gay;**
**Hip hooray**
**For Danny Kaye!**

Write a jingle about Danny Kaye's new musical "Merry Andrew". It's fun for everyone. If accepted, you may see it in print and win fifty dollars. Address: M-G-M, Box P, 1540 Broadway, New York 36, N. Y.

Entries which must be postmarked no later than Midnight, May 1, 1958, become the property of M-G-M. Their decision will be final. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.


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# Letters

## "Idiotic Spendthrifts"

Dear Sirs:

I hope you get at least a million letters damning the idiotic spendthrifts who blow $300 for mink coats for their dogs, and similar extravagances [WHAT A WAY TO TREAT A DOG!, by Henry La Cossitt, Jan. 4].

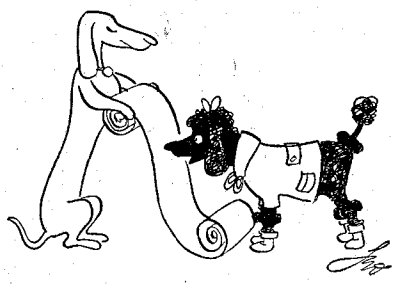
It would be interesting to know how much such people give to charity. In this rich, prosperous country there are untold thousands in dire need of food and medical attention, yet people pamper their pets extravagantly!

How these dog-crazy owners can sleep at night, I don't know, unless they have hearts of ice.

L. L. POWELL
*Homewood, Ill.*

Dear Sirs:

We have three registered dachshunds with names and pedigrees yards long. We have four deer hounds whose lineage is not to be sneered at either. After reading Henry La Cossitt's article, I hung my head in shame—our poor little naked dogs—not a stitch to wear for any of them. Just ordinary collars with names and inoculation tags. Not a pair of pajamas, they all sleep in the raw. None of the ladies have Easter bonnets. The little dachshunds roam the fields and woods without raincoats—cruel beasts that we are, we expect the big hounds to work



hard all day chasing deer through mud and slush, creeks and marsh without raincoats, hats or boots. My, my, aren't we terrible?

MRS. FRANK E. CHILDERS
*Tallahassee, Fla.*

## Too Many Immigrants?

Dear Sirs:

Allow me to congratulate you on your editorial of January 4 [WHAT'S SO "ILLIBERAL" AND "INHUMAN" ABOUT OUR IMMIGRATION REQUIREMENTS?]. Thirty years ago the Post was instrumental editorially in getting legislation passed to raise the bars against uncontrolled immigration. It is my earnest belief that the time has come again to work for the same goal.

L. V. DICKSON
*Portland, Ore.*

Dear Sirs:

Do you really want to know what is so inhumane and illiberal about our immigration laws?

You base your whole argument on *Lebensraum*, just as Hitler did. That means space for living. . . . The principal objection is not, however, that not enough immigrants are admitted but that it is discriminatory against persons from Eastern and Southern Europe. . . .

Your comparison of the United States to Canada, Australia and Brazil was a good argument (like the rest of the editorial) to present to people who have never read a book.

These countries are underpopulated, it is true. Yet, you fail to consider that vast amounts of Canada are nothing but ice and snow, a good part of Australia is desert and that Brazil's population is heavily concentrated in a very small portion of the country.

JAMES L. BECKER
*San Francisco, Cal.*

## Death in the Deep

Dear Sirs:

I spent the winters of 1943–44 on convoy duty in the North Atlantic. Wolfgang Ott's DEATH IN THE DEEP [Dec. 21–Jan. 11] is terrible, terrific!

So this is what it was like to be underneath. Reading this story has made the past engulf me. The USS Tampa, C.G. 48, again is throbbing under my feet. The only time we could breathe a sigh of relief or relax was when the sea started to pick up or when we ran into an ice pack.

I thought I had forgotten. . . .

LE ROY T. HOBSON
*Quincy, Mass.*

Dear Sirs:

Ott's story is fine because it has universality—a quality shared by all good writing. His German sailors were much the same men I knew in the combat Navy in the Pacific.

DON RICKEY, JR.
*Hardin, Montana*

Dear Sirs:

I congratulate you for publishing DEATH IN THE DEEP. . . . I think that this kind of reading may bring us back to reality. Many of us just forgot the horrors of the last war and hope that there will not be a new one, but we do nothing to prevent it. . . . It is so terrible, so pitiful that young, hopeful men should die in such a horrible way, without hope, love and religion.

LUISA MA. RIVERA IZABAL
*Torreón, Coahuila, Mexico*

Dear Sirs:

When I finished reading DEATH IN THE DEEP I was sickened. I couldn't understand why the Post should publish such a horrible story.

But the more I thought about it, the more I began to realize that our men must have seen these horrors all during the war. This is what they couldn't and wouldn't talk about. No wonder they came back changed people! I could never before understand nor sympathize with some veterans who are now alcoholics (my husband is one). Now I wonder how any of them who are not close to God can come back sane.

I am grateful for this story. I don't think I shall ever again have any romantic ideas about the war.

NAME WITHHELD
*Austin, Texas*

## All About Money

Dear Sirs:

Beverly Smith, Jr.'s fine article [WHAT YOU DON'T (Continued on Page 6)


You'll be sittin' on top

You live more when you Live Modern!

Light into

**Free up...Freshen up your taste!** Put yourself behind the pleasure end of an L&M. That's when you live the most...get the full enjoyment you deserve in your cigarette. L&M gives you the *flavor,* the good rich taste of the Southland's finest cigarette tobaccos.

*Only L&M gives you thi filter fact- the paten number o every paci*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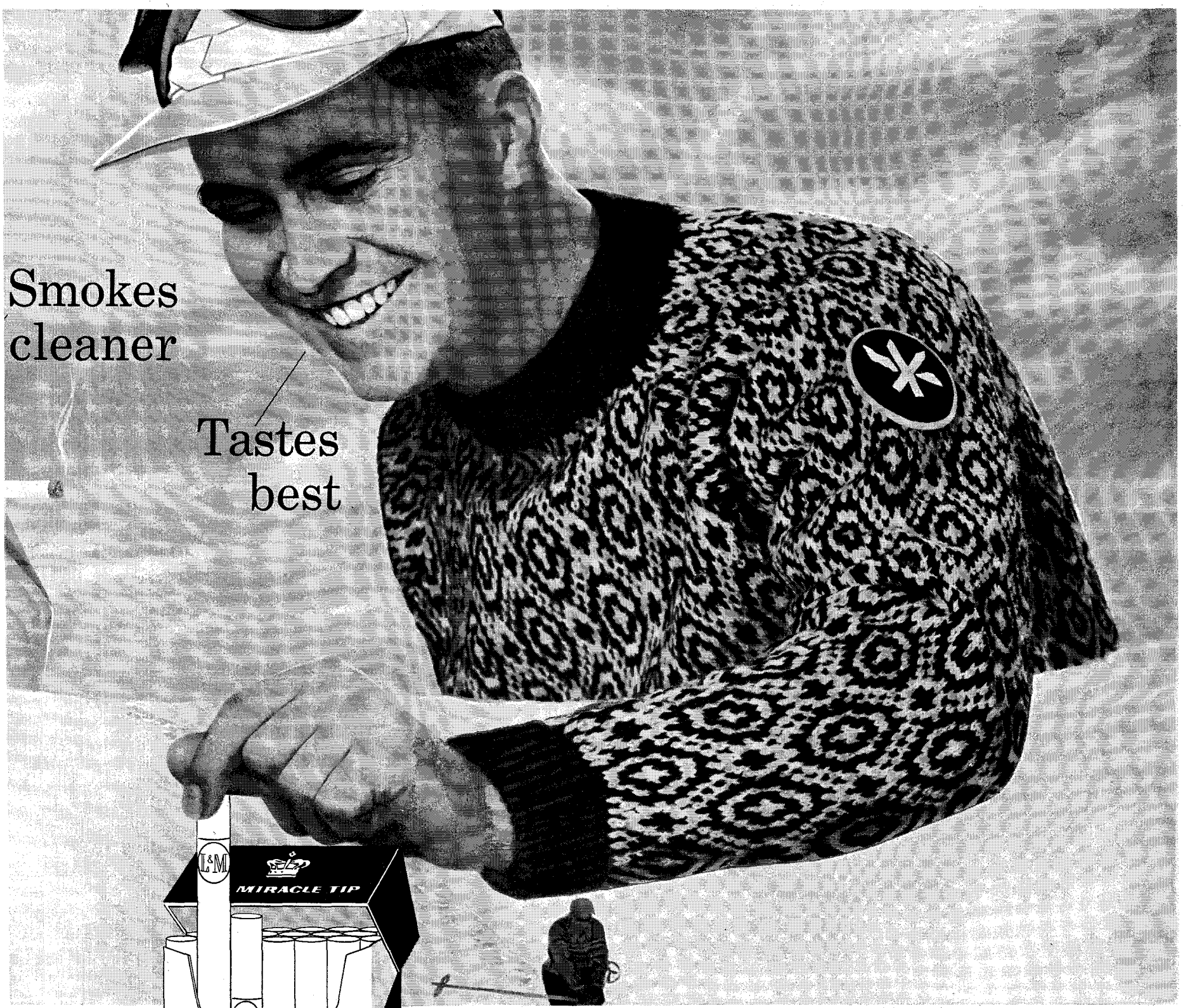
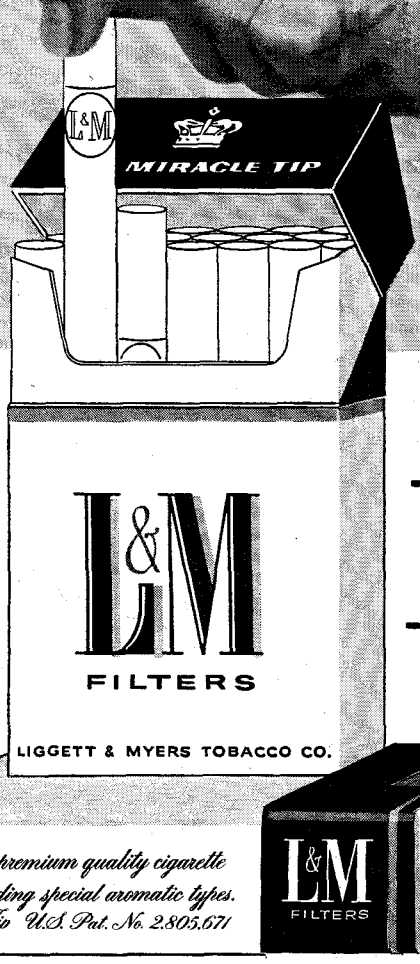
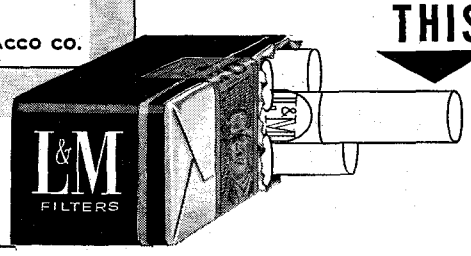
# of the world when you change to modern L&M




# that L&M Live Modern flavor

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**THIS IS THE PLEASURE END OF YOUR L&M**

*The patented Miracle Tip*...pure white inside, pure white outside...as a filter should be for cleaner, better smoking...modern smoking at its best. Your choice...smoke L&M's in BOX or PACK.

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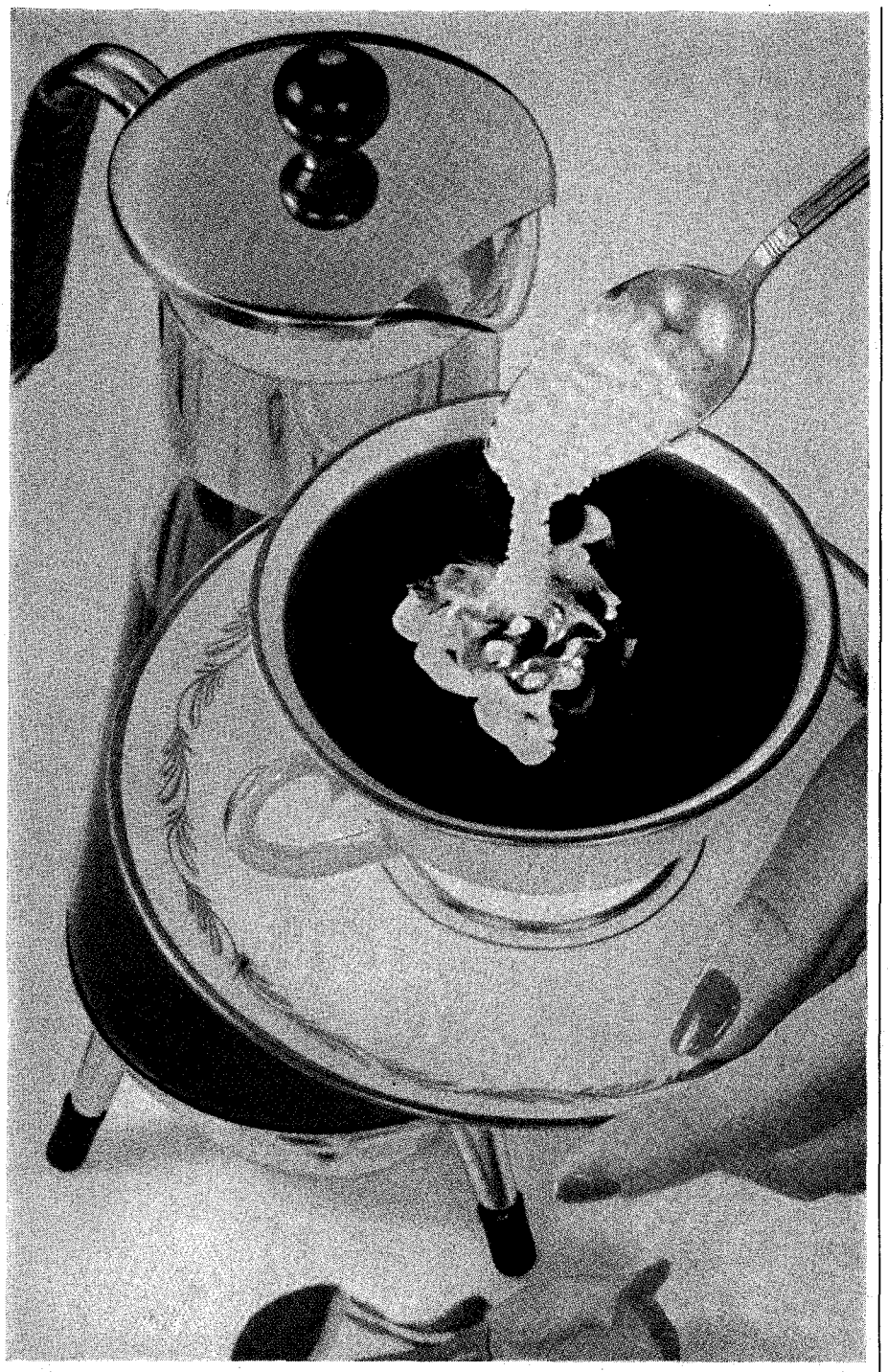

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**You'll love the fresh taste and the convenience of PREAM!**

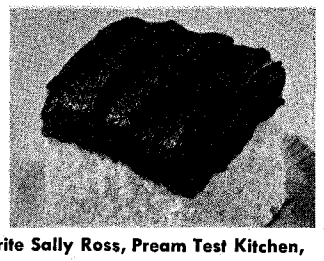
**Extra creaminess.** Delicious Pream is made entirely from fresh sweet cream and other milk products. The exclusive Pream process captures their fresh taste for your table.

**Extra convenience.** Pream stays fresh in daily use without refrigeration. And new Economy Size Pream® "creams" up to 70 cups of coffee.

**If you like it "with", you'll love it with Pream!** Buy Pream in the Regular or Economy Size at your favorite store—use it every day!

***Recipe*—PREAMY FUDGE FROSTING . . . *UMM!***

Mix 3 tbsp. Pream, ¼ tsp. salt, 1 lb. confectioners' sugar. Add 3 tbsp. margarine, 2 sq. melted baking chocolate, 1 tsp. vanilla, 3½ tbsp. hot water. Blend till smooth. If needed, add ½ tbsp. hot water.



**FREE RECIPE FOLDER! Write Sally Ross, Pream Test Kitchen, Box 447, Columbus 16, Ohio.**

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# Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

KNOW ABOUT MONEY, Jan. 11] told all about that beautiful folding stuff except where all the green in the "long green" comes from. From Greenpoint, of course. Specifically, from the Brooklyn plant of Reichhold Chemicals, Inc. . . .

Since 1940 R.C.I. has been supplying the Bureau of Engraving and Printing regularly with some half a million pounds a year of a decidedly exclusive blend of green pigment to make the ink for the green side of all U. S. currency. Mixed in a 40,000-gallon cypress tank, the hue is pleasantly recognizable to everyone who looks in the tank.

Known as Treasury Green, this particular pigment is sold only to the one customer in Washington and no others need apply.

CHARLES MATHIEU
*New York, N.Y.*

Dear Sirs:

Beverly Smith writes that "the word 'cent' was invented by Gouverneur Morris of New York." Is it not more logical that our word "cent" came from the French "centime," the Spanish "centavo," Italian "centèsimo," all based on the Latin "centum"?

LAWRENCE MEISSNER
*Portland, Ore.*

Dear Sirs:

Beverly Smith is wrong when he says, page 83, "this paper has been made since 1879 in the mills of one family, the Cranes of Massachusetts." Another paper mill (also in Massachusetts) secured the contract and made the paper for one year only.

LEWIS E. KINGMAN
*Los Angeles, Calif.*

● *Other companies had the contract from time to time, but lost money on the job, leaving the field to the Cranes.* —*ED.*

Dear Sirs:

Mr. Smith says on page 81: "As for that lone auto on the back of the $10 bill. . . ."

The $10 bills I have in my possession must be counterfeits because each of them has four automotive vehicles in the engraving on the back. Have you any suggestions as to what to do with them?

A. K. ZIELKE
*Milwaukee, Wis.*

● *Keep them; they're good. Author Smith explains: "I admit to error, but I think there's some extenuation. I was so bemused by the lack of traffic—in contrast to present-day Washington—that I just didn't notice those other cars way off in the background."* —*ED.*

Dear Sirs:

Beverly Smith . . . points out that a saving of over one million dollars could be realized if the $2 bill enjoyed a normal popularity instead of being shunned as unlucky.

Why not a $2.50 bill? This would fill a logical place in our monetary denominations, similar to the $2.50 gold coin, when gold was in circulation.

ROY J. WOOD
*President, Providence Chapter*
*National Assn. of Accountants*
*Providence, R.I.*

## Two Extra Provinces

Dear Sirs:

We thoroughly enjoyed Don Tracy's THE PELICAN THAT HATED TO DIVE in your January 11th issue, but the reference to Canada's 12 provinces was something of a surprise. We can only assume Mr. Tracy had advance information on Canada's plan to annex the United States and Alaska and thereby bring the total number of provinces to 12!

MRS. F. F. SPOONER
*Ottawa, Ontario*

● *The author had it right, but our red-faced copy editor changed it. He was misled because his reference books list the Yukon and Northwest Territories right along with the provinces.* —*ED.*

## Mike Wallace Rebuts

Dear Sirs:

In Pete Martin's interview with me (November 23), Pete stated that either I, or my legman, or both, had been less than honest with him re the Arthur Godfrey incident.

I have a hunch that perhaps this is all a tempest in a teapot. But we have always so scrupulously honored the ground rules we establish with our interviewees that I want to set the record straight.

Pete expressed to my legman a singular lack of enthusiasm for any discussion of Arthur Godfrey. I consulted with Pete prior to our going on the air, suggested that there be some discussion of Godfrey, which he could handle as he saw fit. He concurred. And that's what took place on the telecast. I showed none of my accustomed persistence, I'm sure Pete will agree, in pursuing the Godfrey discussion on the air.

Had I desired to embarrass Pete, it would have been fairly easy to jog his memory by repeating certain remarks he had made about Arthur during the pre-interview session with my legman. I refrained from doing that. In addition, I think that simple common sense would indicate to me—and to Pete—that I would not consciously stir the enmity of a man who was about to do an S.E.P. piece on me, by treating him less than fairly on the air.

MIKE WALLACE
*New York, N.Y.*

● *The Post is glad to register Mr. Wallace's objections. Pete Martin sticks to his original version, however, and heartily disagrees with almost everything persistent Mike Wallace has to say.* —*ED.*

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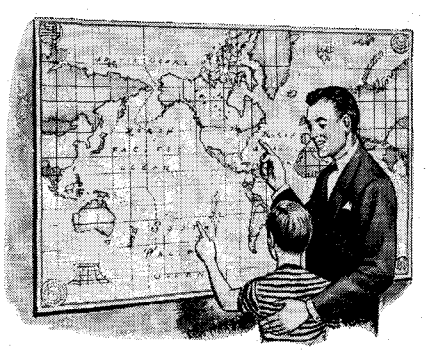

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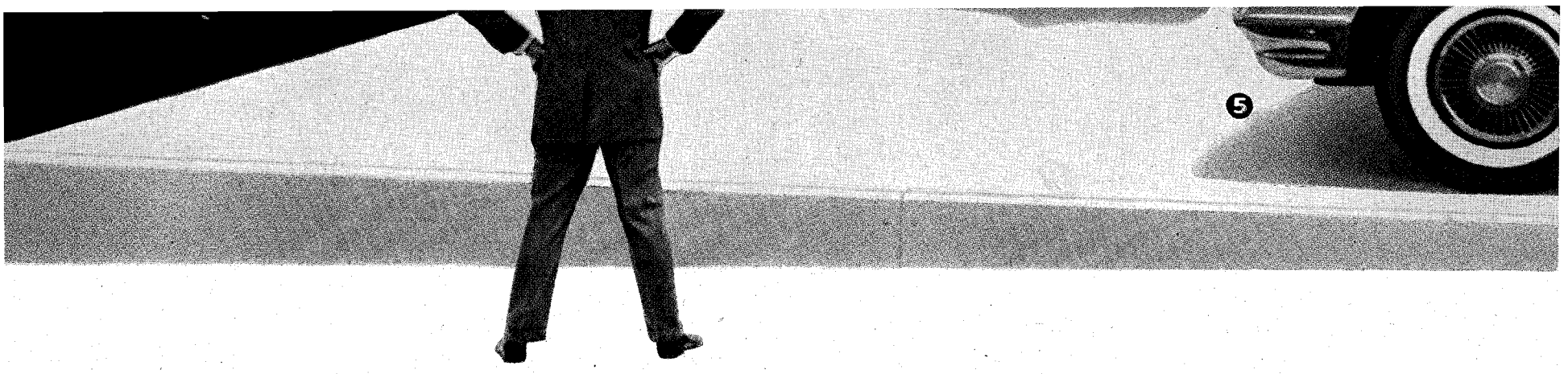


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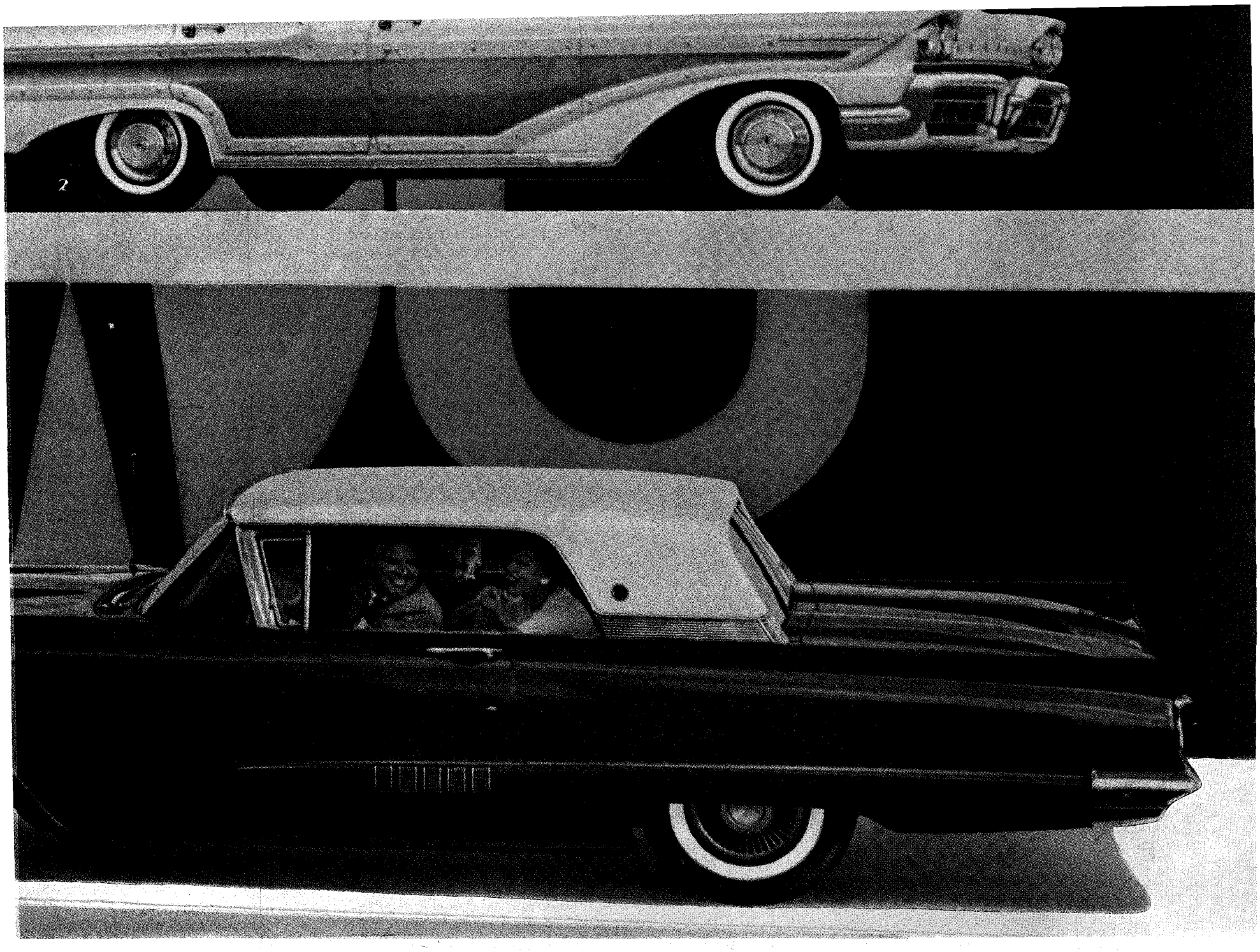

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# Editorials

## Washington Remains the Ideal for All Americans

This week of his birthday is a time when the American people should "get a touch" of George Washington, as a contemporary put it. They should feel his presence, should see standing before their eyes the man who is the symbol of the inflexible courage and resolution which our people must summon now to save the country Washington loved.

Washington's worst years were years of dragged-out war. We hope for a desperately preserved peace. If war should come, it may be decided in five hours. The speed of nuclear and missile warfare is something Washington could never have imagined. But today, as in Washington's time, danger must be met with calmness, sound judgment and determination.

Our difficulties are petty when measured against his. The thirteen fledgling states were weak and disunited. The Continental Congress lacked effective power. Washington was denied much of the authority he needed to keep his small army fed, clothed and equipped. He could not choose the quartermaster general, the commissary general or the clothier general. The men who at different times held these posts were elected by Congress. Some were not Army officers. To a large degree they acted independently of Washington.

There is wry humor in the fact that Washington was at times denounced in a way that is familiar to us today, in some of our "civil liberties" disputes. He was accused of being what the Communists now call a "witch hunter."

Washington's offense was that he required citizens who had taken out British protection papers to deliver them up and swear the oath of allegiance to the United States. He issued this order under emergency powers Congress had given him to deal with "every matter that in its nature is self-evident." To Washington it was self-evident that a citizen with British protection papers was what we would now call a "security risk." But it wasn't self-evident to some members of Congress, who attacked him.

Washington was patient with most of the frailties of human nature, and he urged his officers to rise above their irritations. "We must," he wrote to Gen. Philip Schuyler, "make the best of mankind as they are, since we cannot have them as we wish."

In a speech to his troops before a battle during the Revolutionary War, he said something that is even more true today: "The time is now near at hand which must probably determine whether Americans are to be freemen or slaves; whether they are to have any property they can call their own; whether their houses and farms are to be pillaged or destroyed, and themselves consigned to a state of wretchedness from which no human efforts will deliver them. The fate of unborn millions will now depend, under God, on the courage and conduct of this army."

Today all this depends on the courage and conduct of all the American people, who can have no greater inspiration from their country's history than to think of themselves as George Washington's people.

## In Today's Tammany Saloonkeepers are Rarer Than Formerly

In 1903, according to old-timers' memories, there was a meeting of the executive committee of Tammany—the Democratic organization of New York County—with Boss Murphy presiding. A small boy got past the doorkeeper and ran in. He had been hired by a wicked Republican for a quarter, a princely sum in those days. "Your saloon's on fire!" the boy shouted, and at once most of the leaders rushed out and the meeting broke up.

But now times have changed. In almost any big city, if you went to a meeting of the Democratic or Republican top committee, you would find very few saloonkeepers and quite a number of college graduates.

It was just the contrary in Tammany Hall fifty years ago, and long before that. In the 1840's a violent character named Isaiah Rynders was the boss of a Tammany club and had a saloon at the same place, but was a teetotaler.

When Charles F. Murphy was thirty-two years old he owned four saloons. In 1902, aged forty-four, he became the boss of Tammany Hall. He was already a millionaire. During his entire lifetime, he seldom drank more than an occasional glass of wine at dinner.

"Big Tim" Sullivan, the Tammany boss of the Bowery, was a saloonkeeper. He became a state senator and also took one term in Congress, but found there was not graft enough there. In his forties he was worth more than $2,000,000.

State Senator George Washington Plunkitt was also a millionaire. He is remembered as the man who made the distinction between "dishonest graft" and "honest graft." He claimed to be an honest grafter. Millionaire Plunkitt was a contractor, a real-estate operator, and so on, but he had no office. His headquarters was the shoeshine stand in the New York County Courthouse. His motto was, "I seen my opportunities and I took 'em."

"I never take a drop of intoxicatin' liquor," said Millionaire Plunkitt. "The most successful saloonkeepers don't drink themselves. . . . There's now thirty-six district leaders in Tammany Hall, and I don't believe a half dozen of them ever drink anything except at meals."

Senator Plunkitt also had strong opinions on another subject—colleges. "They don't count in politics. A young man who has gone through the college course is handicapped at the outset. He may succeed in politics, but the chances are a hundred to one against him."

Times have changed. In even the poorest neighborhoods in our large cities, there are grocers and milliners and policemen and bartenders whose children go to college.

As for drinking, "Big Tim" Sullivan, if he were a rising young politician today, would probably be a college graduate and he certainly wouldn't be a saloonkeeper. But he would have to show up at many a cocktail party.

## No, the Reds Don't Get Out Unless They are Given the Boot

San Marino is a republic about twenty-four miles long and a mile wide, situated near the Adriatic. It is in Italy, wholly surrounded by Italian territory. Lately it has received a heap of publicity as the "first country" that ever rid itself of a Communist government "peacefully." Actually the Communists were put out by force.

There is danger in the idea that the ouster of the Reds was peaceful. For people may say, "Maybe if we just keep on wagging our jaws long enough, the Communist governments will all fall, one by one."

No, San Marino didn't teach us anything like that. The main fact about that postage-stamp country, with a population of 13,000, is that it is a tiny Italy inside the big Italy. That's why the Communist leaders of the coalition government of San Marino never dared try to turn it into a totalitarian despotism. They knew Italy wouldn't stand for it.

So San Marino held regular elections. But lately one of the Communist members of the parliament hopped over to the opposition, giving it a majority. Then the Communist rulers illegally declared the parliament dissolved. The anti-Communist majority retorted by setting up a new government, with headquarters on the Italian border.

Italy granted recognition to this legal government, and so did the United States and other leading Western nations. Moreover, 3000 Italian police surrounded the midget country. They stopped the tourist trade and thus cut San Marino off from much of its revenue. The Communist regime ran out of money and didn't meet its payroll; so most public offices were shut.

Finally the legitimate anti-Communist government threatened to march on the mountaintop capital with the army it had created, mostly Italian ex-soldiers. The Reds were outnumbered and broke. They knew that even if they won the first bloody skirmish, they couldn't last long. So they bowed out.

The Communists were defeated by force, mostly the Italian blockade. Let's not delude ourselves into thinking that a Red regime anywhere will allow itself to be removed peacefully by the voters.

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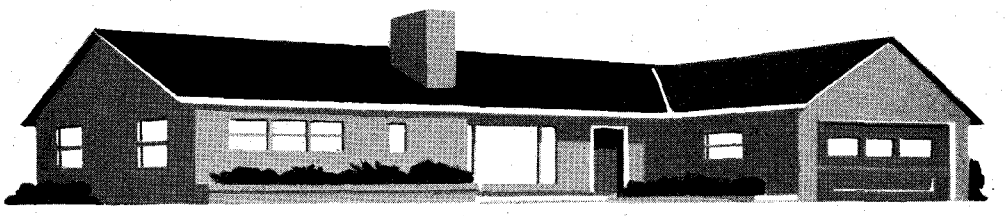
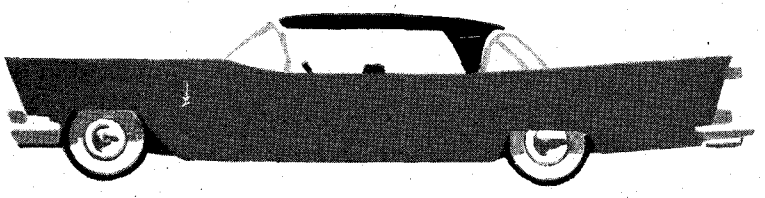
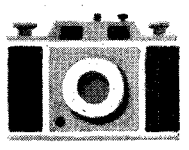
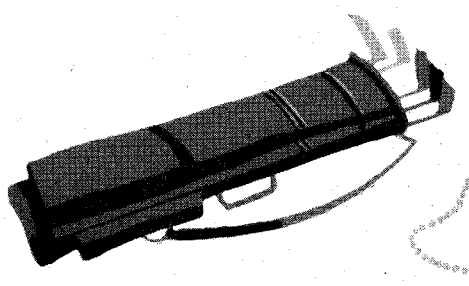
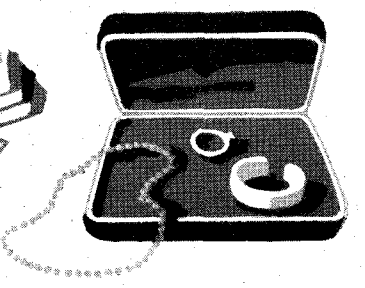
# COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS ONE BY ONE

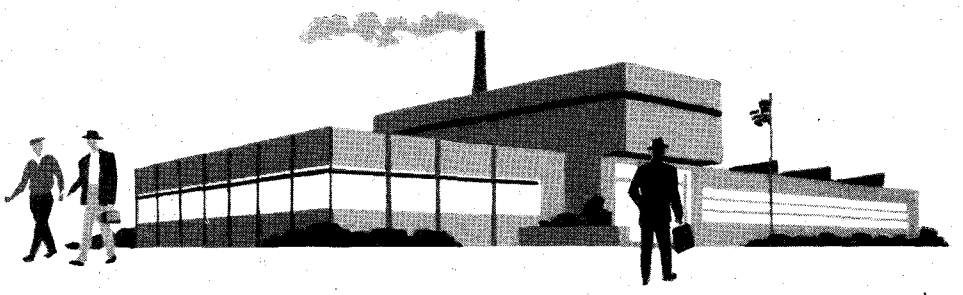












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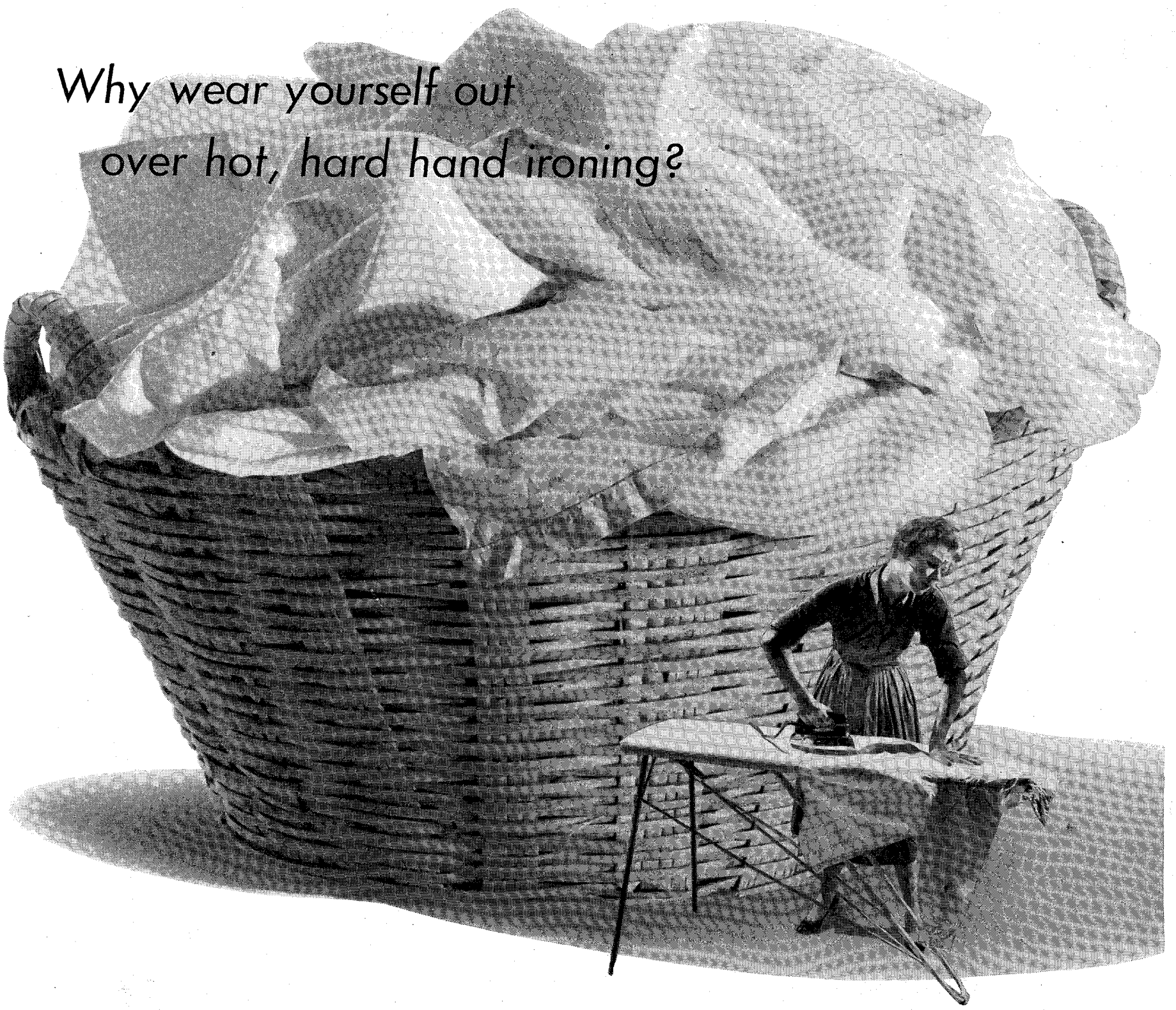
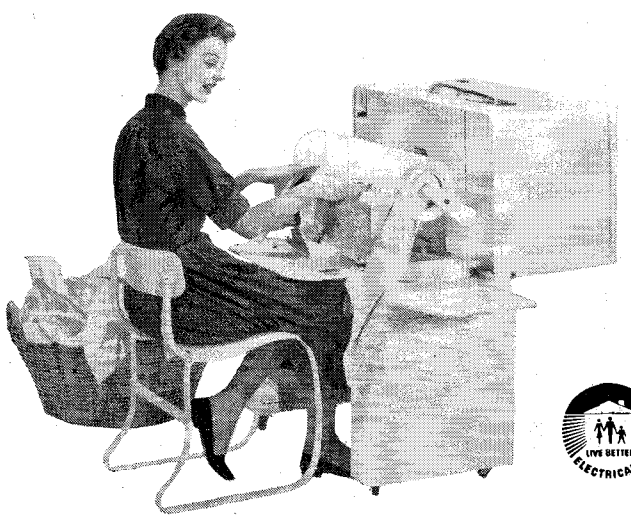



# Save yourself for your family . . . iron on an Ironrite



## Sit relaxed! Iron anything you can wash in ½ the time—better than you can do it by hand!

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Let your family find you fresh after ironing day. End the drudgery of hot, hard hand ironing with one visit to your Ironrite dealer. *You'll find his name in the Yellow Pages, or write: Ironrite Inc., Mt. Clemens, Mich.*

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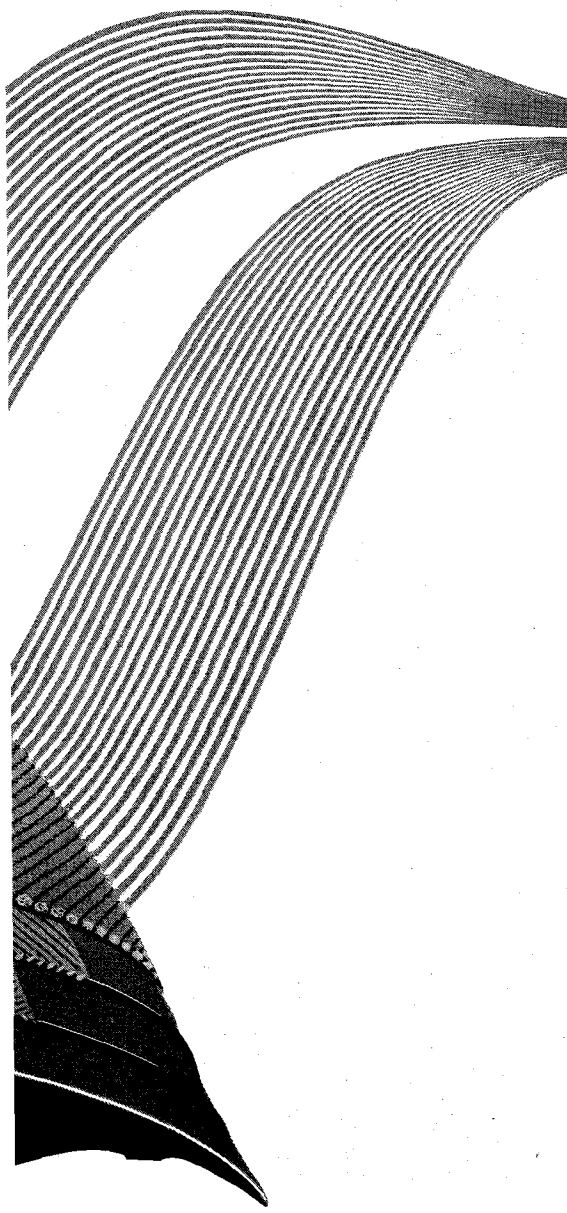

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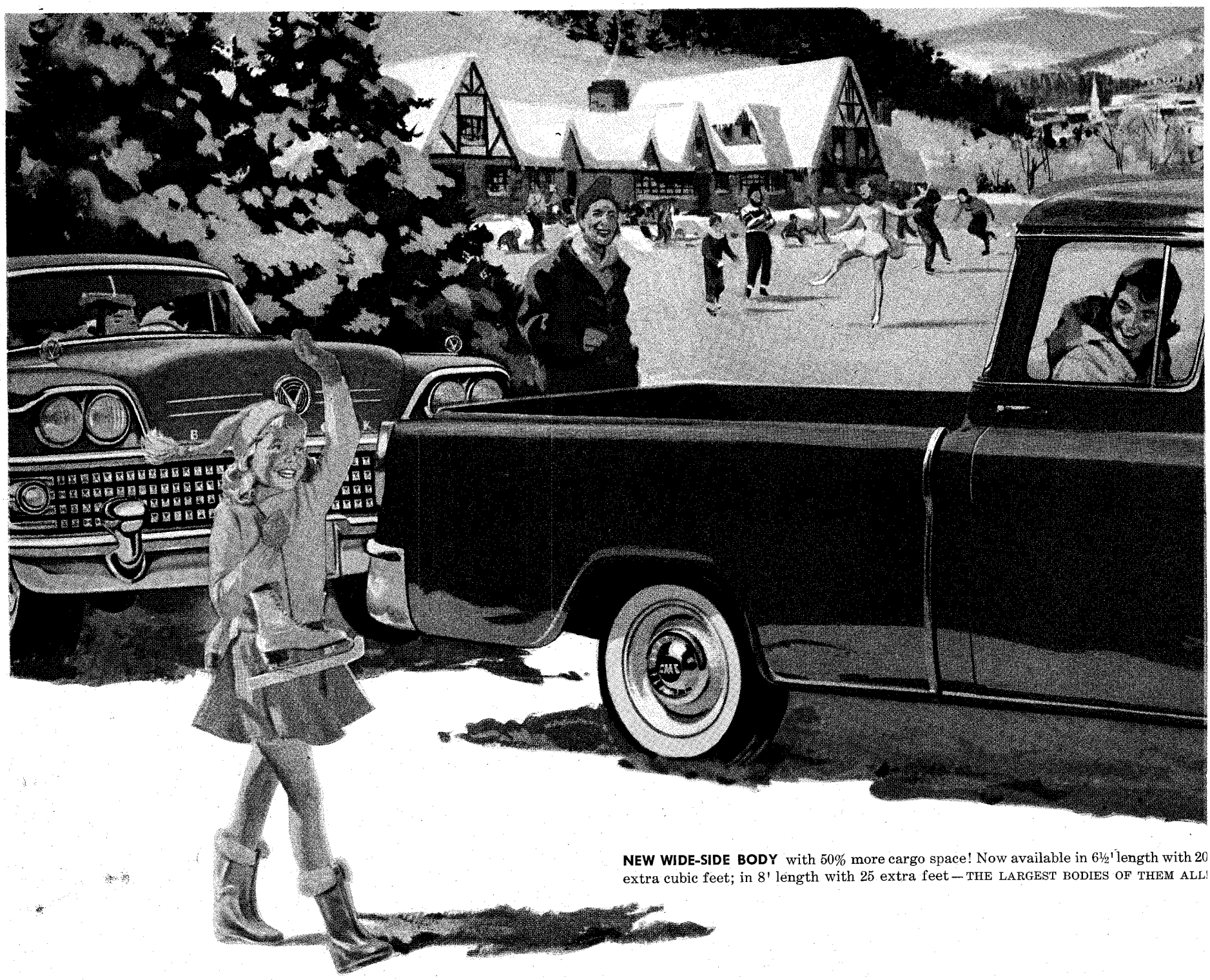

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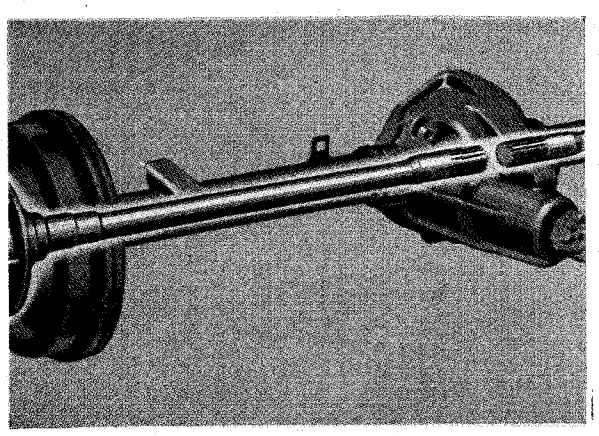
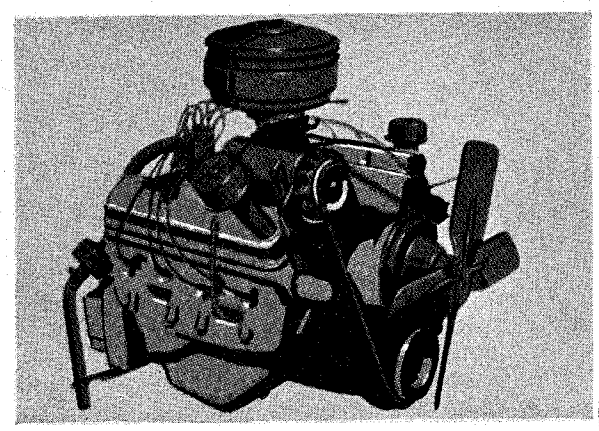
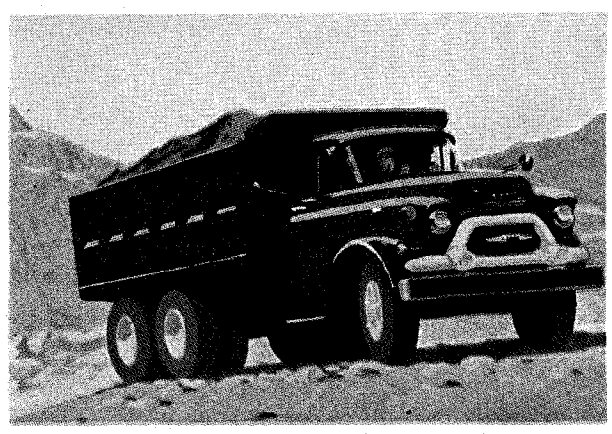


**STURDIEST IN THE INDUSTRY.** GMC's rear axle has a greater diameter than any other light-duty truck's — stands up to greater strains — gives less trouble.



**POWER PLANT OF A GIANT.** This 200-h.p. GMC-built *truck* V8 engine also powers GMC models for heavy-duty use on and off the highway.



**BUILT LIKE THE BIG ONES.** GMC's light-duties benefit from the same methods and materials used in the giant haulers for which GMC is famous.

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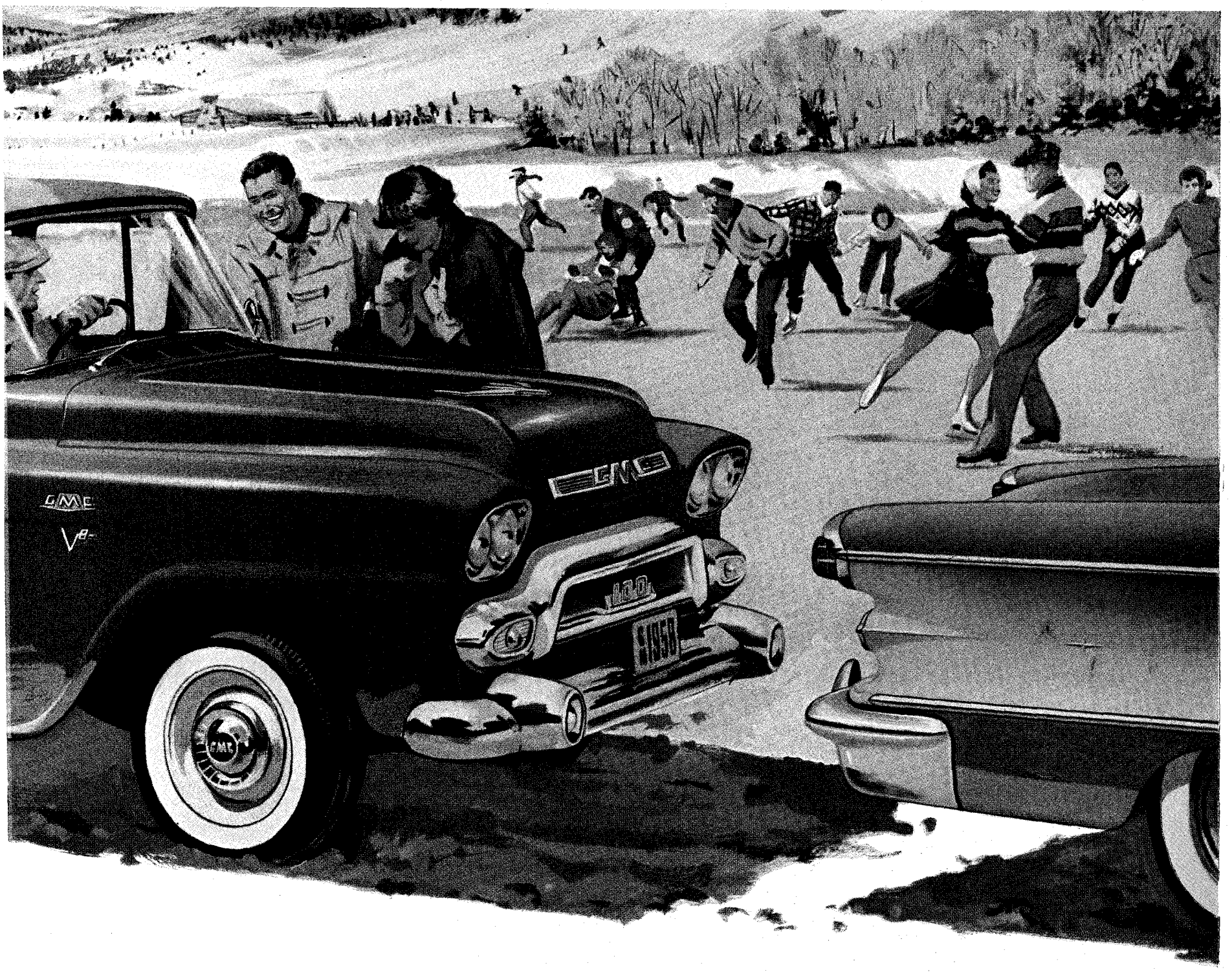


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And they have a GMC-built *truck* engine that puts out a torrent of power—without being revved up to life-shortening speeds. "Easy does it" is the GMC way.

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The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY Benj. Franklin

# What a Mess I've Made of Things!

A controversial young singer tells about his tussles with the press, the Army, the tax collector and his managers. "Success came too early," he admits.

By VIC DAMONE
as told to Dean Jennings

One evening last summer in New York I had just returned to my dressing room after doing my weekly television show when Milton Ebbins, my personal manager, came in looking like a four-alarm fire.

He gave the exit thumb to some of my friends and relatives, locked the door and pulled an envelope from his pocket. "Read this and get lost!" he said.

"Sponsor trouble?" I said.

"Worse," he said. "I've been in this business twenty years, but this is the darnedest thing I ever read. Man, what a picture of an S.O.B.!"

"Who's the S.O.B.?"

"You," he said.

I thought he was kidding. Every performer gets crank letters. Some of them are pretty

"My house is my private prison," says Damone, who lives on a dead-end street behind a steel fence. The gold discs on the wall are records that sold over 1,000,000.

"Neither of us was prepared for the problems we had to face." Damone and actress Pier Angeli were married in 1954 and have one child, Perry, two.

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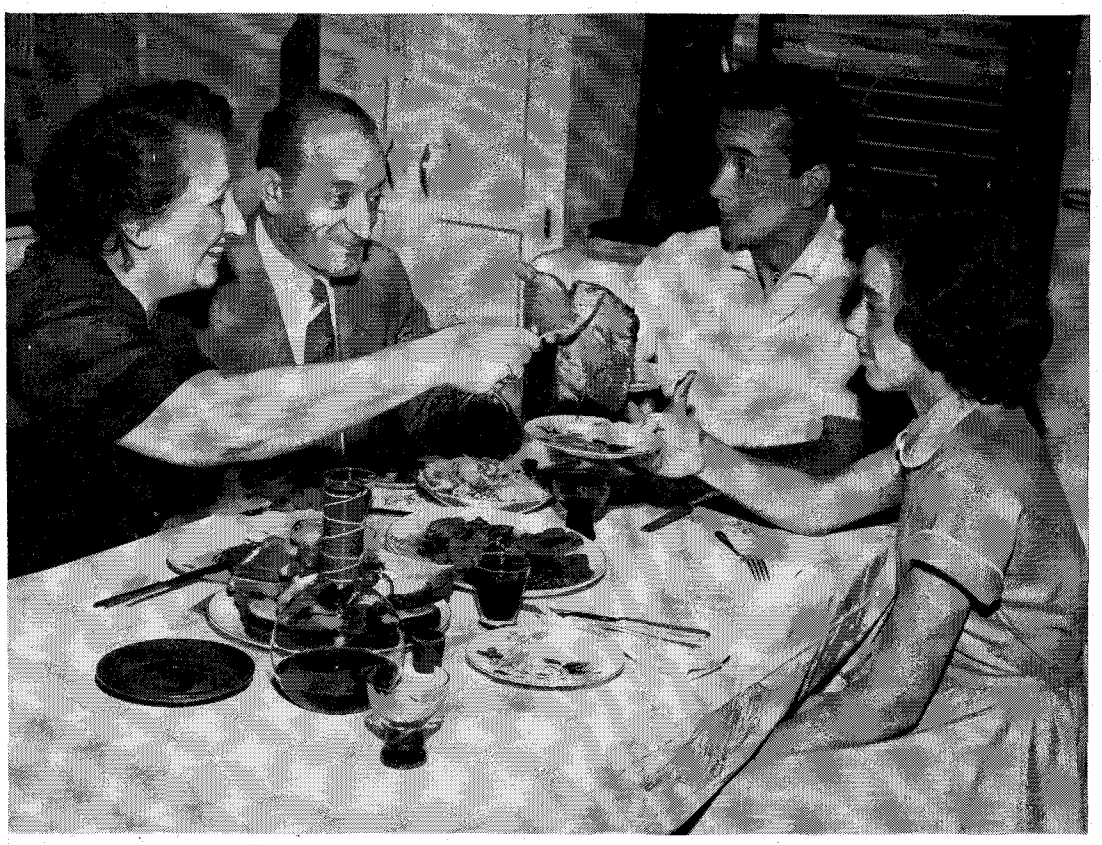
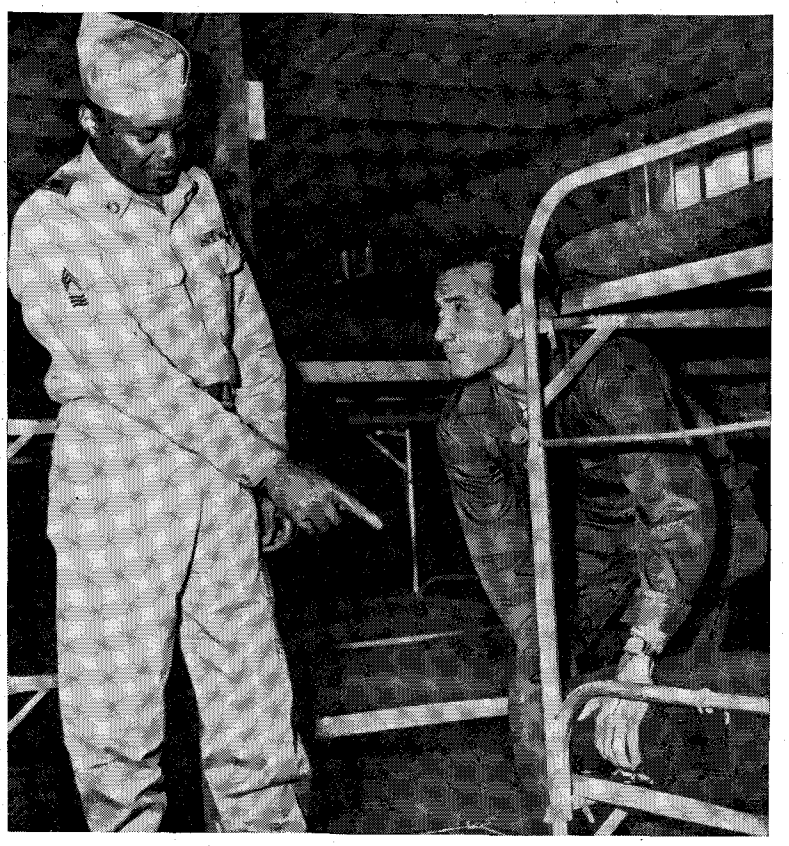


Brooklyn boy: At home with his parents and
sister Sandra, Vic Damone is still Vito Farinola.
This dinner was in honor of his discharge from the Army in 1953.



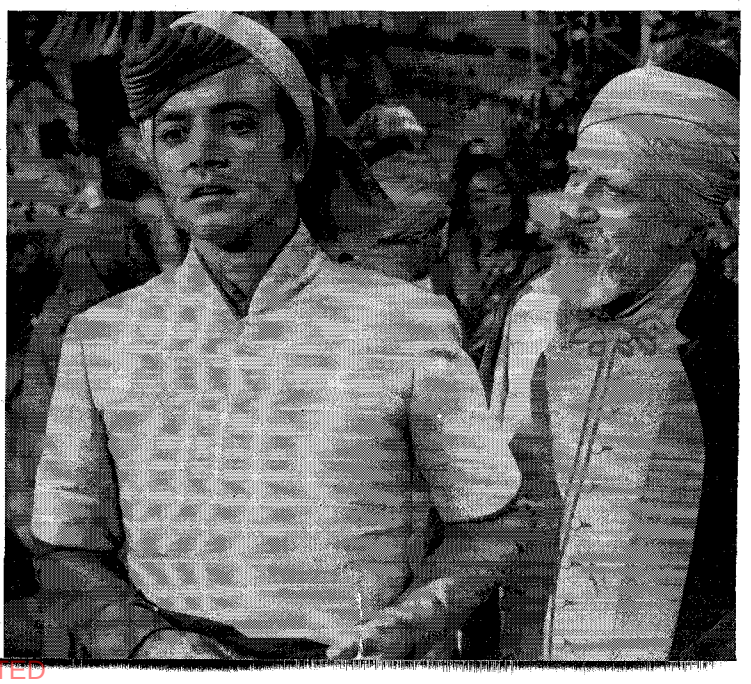
Draftee: "I wanted to be a good
American and a good soldier,
but I made one mistake after another."

Celebrity: Damone (left) at the
White House News Photographers' dinner in 1956.
A few hours later Ike had his ileitis attack.

rough, and you tear them up or give them to your lawyer. The truth is, at that time I didn't care one way or the other what people thought. Many times Milt had said: "Vic, you've got everything, and nobody can stop you." Yes, as the public would look at it, I had everything. My own television show at $7500 a week. My records were going great, and I was earning $300,000 a year singing in big hotels, nightclubs, theaters and on TV. I was married to a beautiful movie star, Pier Angeli. We had a handsome son, named Perry for my friend Perry Como, and we had just moved into a new $100,000 home in Bel Air.

So what was one letter more or less? I tossed the envelope on a chair, and began changing my clothes. Milt picked it up and slapped it into my hand. "Read it, Vic," he insisted.

"Later," I said.



Movie actor: Damone, here with Monty Woolley,
flopped in Kismet. "As the young caliph,"
said one critic, "Mr. Damone would
make a fine cigar-store Indian."

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"Read it now!"

I opened the envelope and pulled out a sheet of yellow paper. It was an interoffice memo from Arthur Jacobs to Warren Cowan, both of whom are partners in a Hollywood publicity firm which was then handling my press relations. I glanced over it, and the words jumped off the paper.

Damone is singularly the most uncooperative client on our list. . . . He will occasionally condescend to give an hour to someone. . . . For some reason he handles himself improperly with the press. He says the wrong things, he is uncontrollable, he complains about the Army constantly in interviews. He hurts himself and makes himself look small with these comments. . . . He used to be liked by the press, but that's not the case any longer. . . . It's impossible to work with him. He frequently gives the impression that he is doing US a favor by talking to the press.

There were other words even more galling, and I could feel my blood pressure going up.

"No use getting sore yet," Milt said, "because there's more. Your press agents are dropping you. They don't want you for a client any more, even at six hundred dollars a month, and if that isn't a switch I never heard of one. Press agent fires star!"

I was sick. "What do I do now?" I asked.

"I don't know," Milt said, glumly. "Remember when I said you had everything? I was wrong. Maybe you'd better do something about it."

What could I do? Psychoanalysis, perhaps? I tried it once, and I was more confused than ever. Ask my friends for advice? I haven't got a real friend in Hollywood. Quit show business? I've considered that, but I'm not trained for anything else. Take a good look at myself and my messed-up life? That might do it, and that's why I'm telling this story.

In my lonely hours—and they must always be lonely for reasons I hope you will understand—I hear the echoes of the gossip about Vic Damone. *Damone is an insecure problem child. . . . Damone is ungrateful to those who helped him. . . . Damone is fat-headed and selfish. . . . Damone is afraid of losing his wife or his life or his career. . . . Damone turned down a Mike Wallace interview because he was afraid of what might come out. . . . Damone hates the press and the Army and his mother-in-law and everybody else, including himself. . . . Damone belongs to the underworld.*

And so on. Even Milt once said: "Vic could be on top of the world, but everywhere we turn there's a guy who wants to kill him."

Long ago, when I was eighteen years old and just getting started, one of my counselors said: "Vic, you're going into a brutal business. While you're getting fan mail, signing autographs and having people slobber over you, there will be experts cutting you up, and you won't even know you're bleeding."

I was naïve then, and full of beans. "I can handle guys like that," I said.

"No, you can't," he said. "You'll take it and like it, and you'll learn to keep your mouth shut when they take you apart."

He was right to a degree, and for years I followed his advice. But I can no longer keep still. There are too many things to straighten out, especially with people who think show business is a dream world of excitement and glamour, and who wish they could trade places with me.

Tonight, as I sit in my living room and look down on the spangle of lights on the hills and valleys below our house, I think of an evening in San Francisco. I was in the bar atop the Mark Hopkins Hotel with Ronnie Postal, a young friend who designs some of my stage clothes, and he said: "See those lights out there? That's Alcatraz Prison. They've got the best view on the bay, but they might as well be dead."

Here in Beverly Hills I also have an enviable view, but there are days when I, too, might just as well be behind bars—or dead. I purposely picked a house which is the last one on a dead-end street high in the hills. There is a strong steel fence around my property, and on the posts are sensitive amplifiers which will detect the presence of intruders. We have a tough German shepherd roaming the yard. A private policeman patrols the boundaries every hour throughout the night, in case there are snoopers or, worse, kidnapers who might think that a beautiful young movie star with a two-year-old boy would be an easy mark.

"All you need now," a visitor said recently, "is a gun tower and a solitary cell. If you're lucky you'll get out on parole someday."

I wasn't sure whether he was kidding or whether the remark had a stinger in it. I didn't say anything, but I was thinking: *I've already got a cell.*

(Continued on Page 87)

Singer Damone: "Somewhere along the line, in my fierce clawing to reach the top, I must have lost my sense of values."

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"You write that letter, lord," said Johnson as he poked at Hornblower's breast with the sword.

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# HORNBLOWER AND THE PIRATE PLOT

By C. S. FORESTER

## How a buccaneer humiliated the redoubtable Admiral Horatio Hornblower.

First of Two Parts

"Oh, the dames of France are fo-ond a-and free,
And Flemish li-ips a-are willing ——"

That was young Spendlove singing lustily only two rooms away from Hornblower's at Admiralty House, and he might as well be in the same room, as all the windows were open to let in the Jamaican sea breeze.

"—— And sweet the maids of I-Ita-aly ——" That was Gerard joining in.

"My compliments to Mr. Gerard and Mr. Spendlove," growled Hornblower to Giles, who was helping him dress, "and that caterwauling is to stop. Repeat that, to make sure you have the words right."

"His lordship's compliments, gentlemen, and that caterwauling is to stop," repeated Giles dutifully.

"Very well, run and say it."

Giles ran, and Hornblower was gratified to hear the noise cease abruptly. The fact that those two young men were singing—and still more the fact that they had forgotten he was within earshot—was proof that they were feeling lighthearted, as might be expected, seeing they were dressing for a ball. Yet it was no excuse, for they knew well enough that their tone-deaf commander in chief detested music. There would certainly be a table or two of whist—Mr. Hough would be aware of his principal guest's tastes—but it was too much to hope for, that all sound of music would be excluded from the card room.

Hornblower tied his white neckcloth and painfully adjusted it to geometrical symmetry, and Giles helped him into his black dress coat. Hornblower regarded the result in the mirror, by the light of the candles round its frame. At least tolerable, he said to himself. The growing peacetime convention whereby naval and military men appeared in civilian clothes had a good deal to recommend it; so had the other increasing fad, for men to wear black dress coats. Barbara had helped him select this one, and had supervised its fitting by the tailor.

Giles handed him his tall hat and he studied the additional effect. Then he took up his white gloves, remembered to remove his hat again, and stepped out through the door which Giles opened for him and entered the corridor where Gerard and Spendlove, in their best uniforms, were waiting for him.

"I must apologize on behalf of Spendlove and myself for the singing, my lord," said Gerard.

The softening effect of the black dress coat was evident when Hornblower refrained from a rasping reprimand.

"What would Miss Lucy say, Spendlove, if she heard you singing about the dames of France?" he asked.

Spendlove's answering grin was very attractive. "I must ask your lordship's further indulgence not to tell her about it," he said.

Illustrated by Ken Riley

He crawled out of the river, the water streaming from his clothes, unwilling to move.

"I'll make that conditional upon your further good behavior," said Hornblower.

The open carriage was waiting outside the front door of Admiralty House. Hornblower climbed in and seated himself. As the door shut, the carriage moved forward between the lanterns at the gate and out to the pitch-dark Jamaican night. Hornblower breathed the warm tropical air and grudgingly admitted to himself that, after all, it was no great hardship to attend a ball.

"Perhaps you have a rich marriage in mind, Spendlove?" he asked. "I understand Miss Lucy will inherit it all. But I advise you to make certain, before committing yourself, that there are no nephews on the father's side."

"A rich marriage might be desirable, my lord," replied Spendlove's voice out of the darkness. "But I must remind you that in affairs of the heart I have been handicapped from birth—or at least from my baptism."

"From your baptism?" repeated Hornblower, puzzled.

"Yes, my lord. You remember my name, perhaps?"

"Erasmus," said Hornblower.

"Exactly, my lord. It is not adapted to endearments. Could any woman fall in love with an Erasmus? Could any woman bring herself to breathe the words 'Razzy, darling'?"

"I fancy it could happen," Hornblower replied.

"May I live long enough to hear it," said Spendlove.

It was remarkably agreeable to be driving thus through the Jamaican night behind two good horses and with two pleasant young men; especially, as he told himself smugly, because he had done work satisfactory enough to justify relaxation. His command was in good order, the policing of the Caribbean was proceeding satisfactorily, and smuggling and piracy were being reduced to small proportions. Tonight he had no responsibilities. He was in no danger at all, not any.

(Continued on Page 94)

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# THE High Price of Art

By ERNEST O. HAUSER

## From the world's art capital, a Post editor reports on the unprecedented boom that has put "For Millionaires Only" tags on the work of many a poor artist.

*La Serre* (The Greenhouse), by Renoir, about 1874. Henry Ford II reportedly obtained this scene of roses with a bid of $200,000 at the record-setting auction last fall of the Georges Lurcy collection in Manhattan's Parke-Bernet Galleries.

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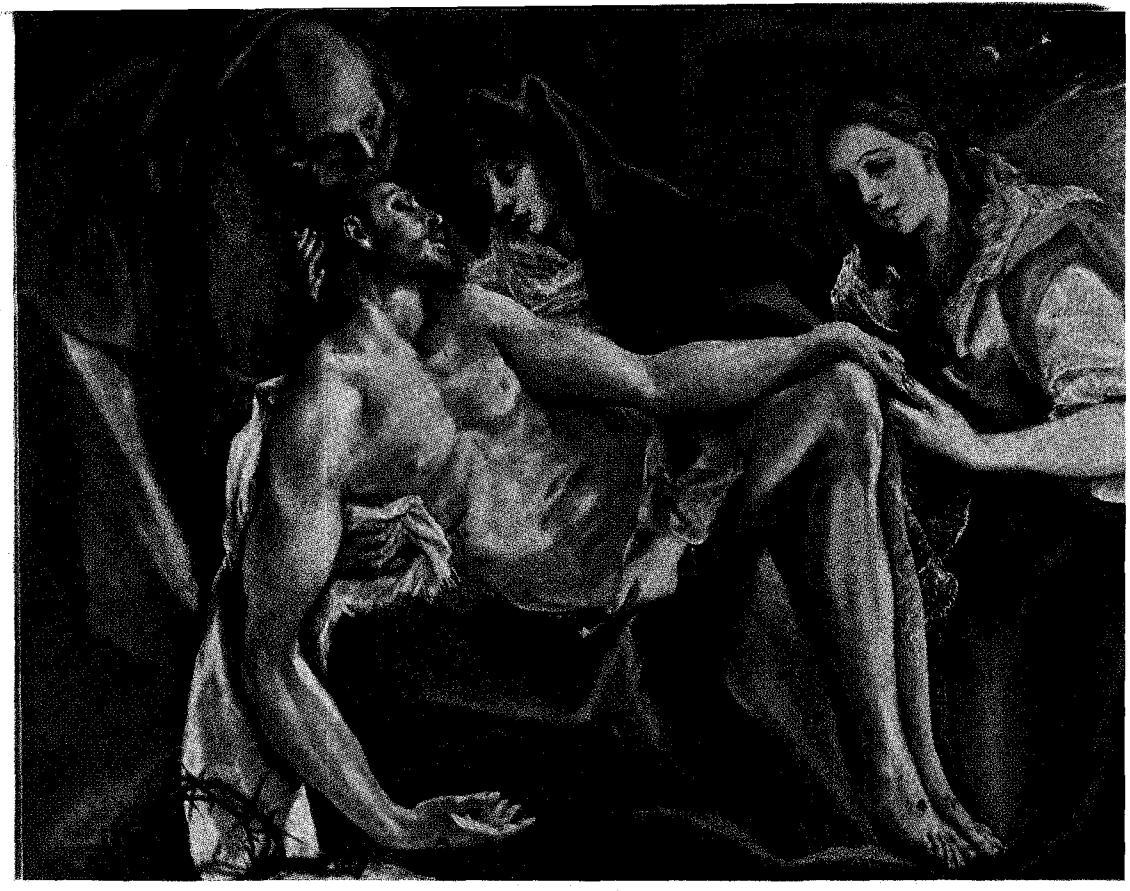
The Alba Madonna, by Raphael, about 1509,
is so titled because it once was owned by the Spanish Dukes of Alba.
In the early 1930's, financier Andrew Mellon paid
the Russian Government $1,100,000 for this masterpiece.



*Pietà*, by El Greco, between 1585–90. Among the few old masters to change hands in recent years is this painting, purchased in 1955 by Greek shipowner Stavros Niarchos for $400,000.

PARIS.

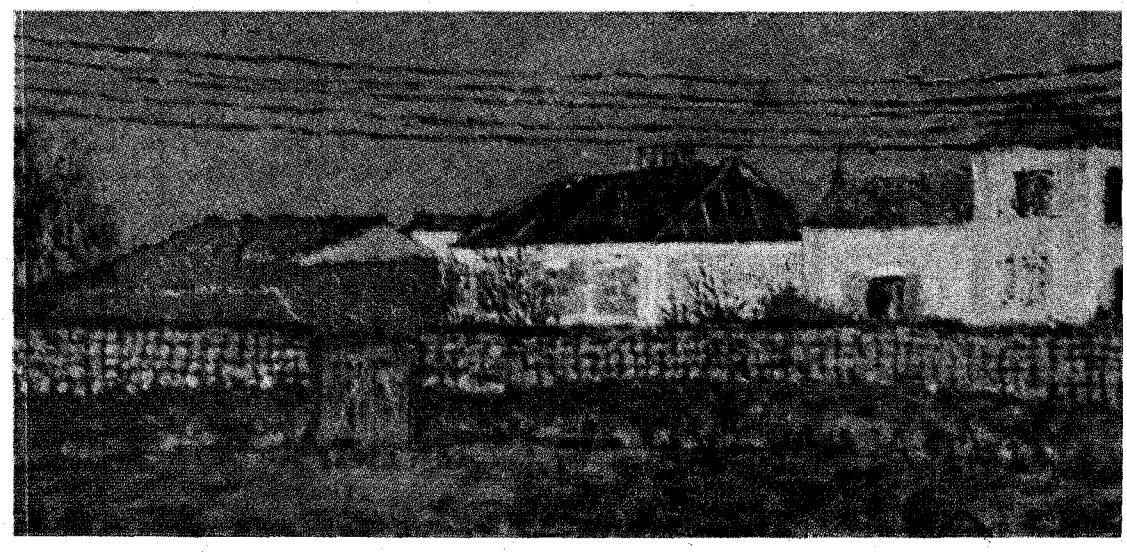
The whiplash of inflation has hit the art market. The staggering sum of $260,000, plus $43,000 in assorted fees—paid on June fourteenth of last year in Paris for a still life with apples by Paul Gauguin—merely marked the beginning of another spiral. With too much money chasing too few goods, values are rising at a dizzying pace, and certain public favorites are out in front. The vibrant canvases of French impressionists and postimpressionists—the kind of thing collectors everywhere are panting for—are worth three times as much as in 1947, twice as much as in 1952. And where they will wind up is anybody's guess.

Art is the fashion, there is no escaping it. Art books and magazines are rolling off the presses; art galleries seem to be springing up at every corner; traveling art exhibits everywhere are viewed by record crowds; and art collecting is the hobby of the day. Nor is it just the swimming-pool-and-caviar set that is in the collecting mood. With generous tax reductions to be had by those who give a painting to an art museum, and then borrow it back to look at it during their lifetime, an ever-widening sector of the public invests in art—stockbrokers, lawyers, doctors, engineers, along with motion-picture actors and business executives, are apt to show you their Van Goghs and Sisleys, their Rouaults and Picassos, before dinner.

"I own no stocks," a well-known Hollywood producer confided as he led me past the glittering walls of his Paris establishment. "My savings go into my paintings."

Conspicuous consumption has its own rewards. Just as, by the mysterious laws of luxury, a bit of coal baked under cosmic pressure becomes a Girl's Best Friend, a few square feet of canvas stained with pigment will put you in a class with the collecting Lehmans, Rothschilds, Hearsts, Gulbenkians and, a bit farther back, the Medici. But while you buy your diamonds by the carat, how can you tell the value of a picture? You can't, and that is part of the excitement of the game.

Though the United States is now the largest market for works of art of every description, Paris remains the world art capital, where (Continued on Page 27)



*Maisons à Valvins-Sur-Seine*, by Vuillard, 1895. This brought $8500 at a Paris auction, but more recently another of Vuillard's paintings sold for $70,000, a record for his work.

Still Life with Apples, by Gauguin, 1901.
Although not typical of Gauguin, this painting went
to shipowner Basil P. Goulandris for more than $300,000 at the
auction in Charpentier's Paris gallery last June.

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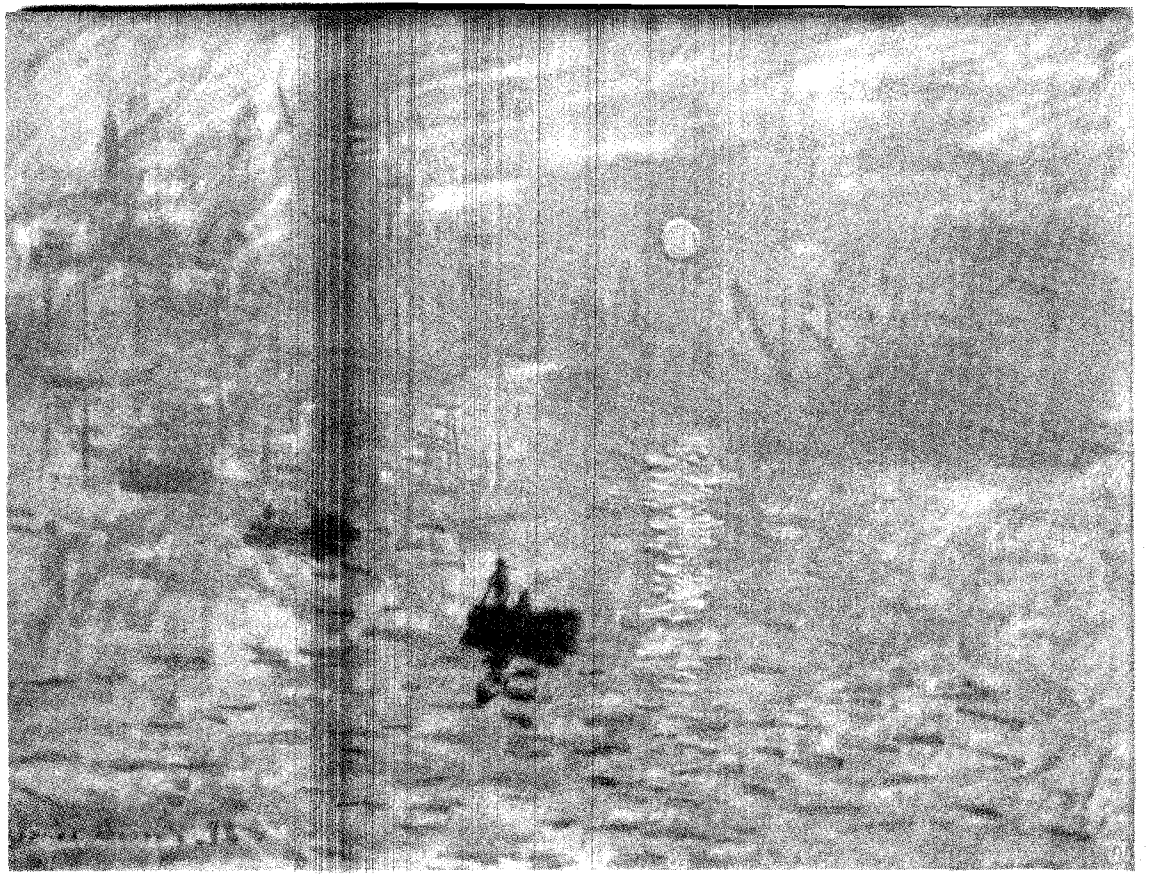

An Impression, by Monet, 1872. Monet and other impressionists separated the coloration of their paintings into the hues of the spectrum, to be assembled by the eye of the beholder.

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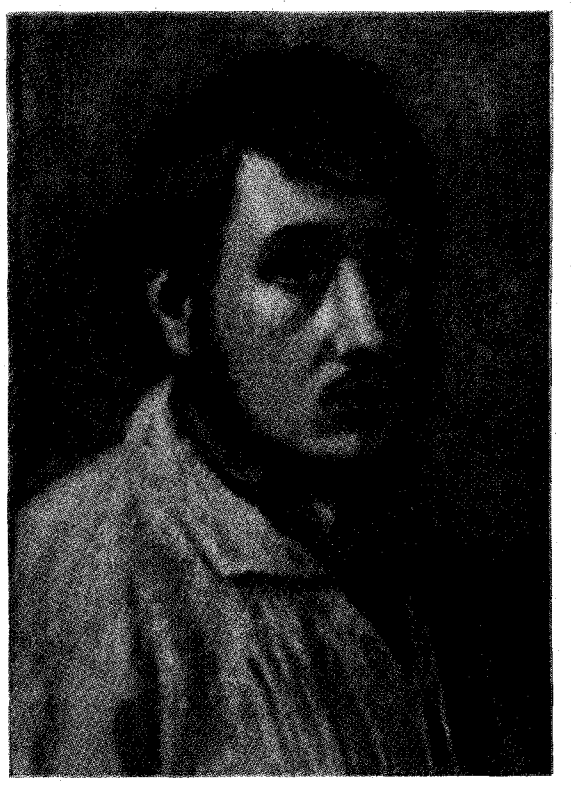

*Portrait de l'Artiste Par Lui-Même*, by Degas. Last May film producer Mike Todd bid $18,750 for this small picture from the collection of Prince Aly Khan.

*Place du Tertre et Sacré Coeur*, by Utrillo. This Parisian scene went on the block at Prince Aly's sale. Todd got it for a mere $4250.

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(Continued from Page 25) trends are made and values are created. The five or six big art auctions held here during the year are watched by dealers everywhere with rapt attention. New ceilings are established here, and shattered the next time around, and it is not uncommon for Americans who own important works to offer them for sale in Paris—where an American may buy them.

The quarter-million-dollar Gauguin was the cynosure of such an auction—a public sale of pictures which had belonged to the late Margaret Thompson Biddle, of Paris and New York. Not that the goods themselves warranted world-wide interest: the paintings Mrs. Biddle had assembled to decorate her Paris home included some fine canvases, but it was not what you would call a great collection. But Mrs. Biddle, a woman of great wealth and charm, had wielded both political and social power, and evidently could command a brilliant audience even after death.

As a result, the sale, held at Charpentier's art gallery, turned into one of the gala events of the Paris season. An air of expectation seemed to hang over the exclusive shopping district near the Place de la Concorde—expensive cars were double-parked in front of Charpentier's, which sits across the street from France's presidential palace. About 2000 would-be buyers packed the red-velvet auction room—art dealers with a world-wide reputation, the socialites of several continents, the millionaires who had their hearts set on a Biddle picture. It was the first hot day of summer. The air inside the room was heavy with a hundred perfumes, and, as the bids went up, the atmosphere became oppressive.

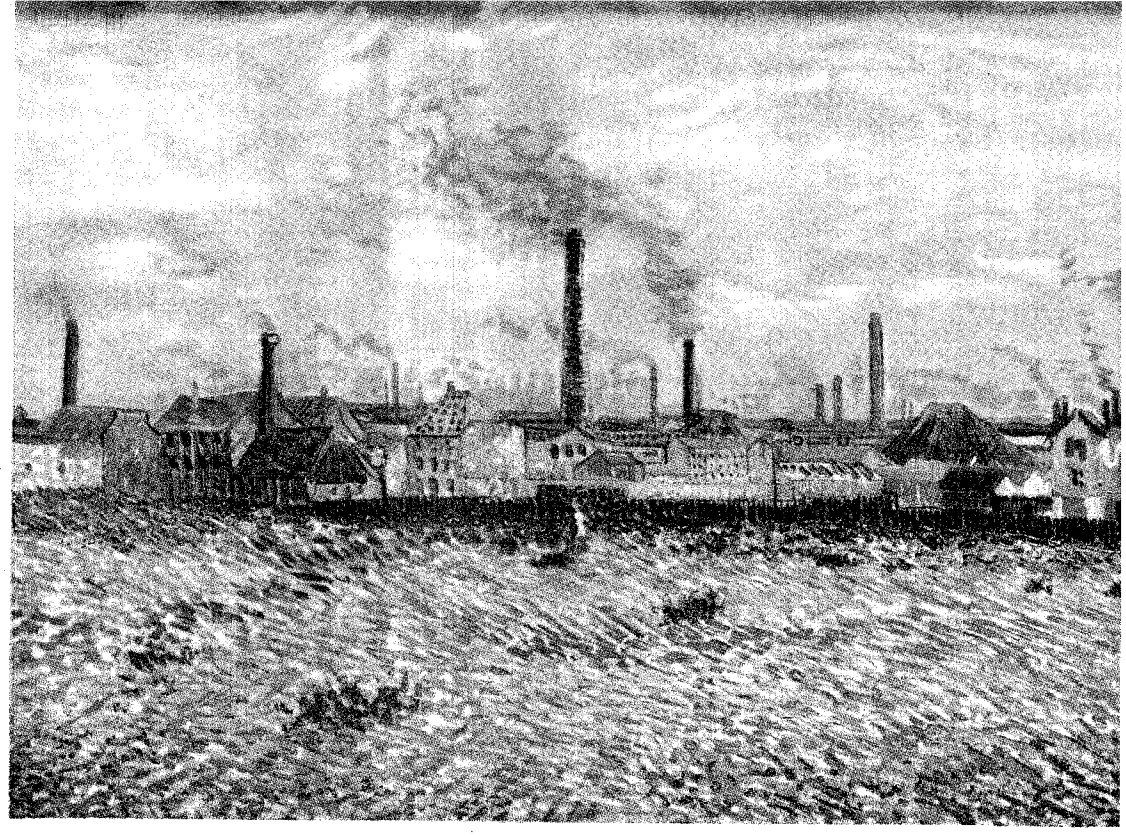
The Gauguin, Mrs. Biddle's standout, was forced up swiftly by half a dozen bidders, among them New York art dealer Paul Rosenberg, who, it was rumored, represented a big Texas oil man. It was a curious painting, not wholly typical of Gauguin's style, and less important, to the connoisseur, than his great, haunting South Sea islands scenes. Gauguin himself, before his lonely death in the Pacific in 1903, had sold this canvas for 200 francs—then about forty dollars—and Mrs. Biddle, in due course, had bought it from art dealer Wildenstein for about $80,000. Before the sale at Charpentier's, the experts had appraised it at between 40,000,000 and 60,000,000 francs—$100,000 to $150,000, at the then current open-market rate of roughly 400 francs to the dollar.

At 80,000,000 francs, the bargain hunters had dropped out, leaving two formidable Greeks to fight it out for the apples: Stavros Niarchos, owner of the world's largest independent tanker fleet, represented at the auction by his pretty wife; and Basil P. Goulandris, Greek-born American—another oil-carrying giant. When the leapfrogging bids, jumping a million at a time, hit 100,000,000 francs, the audience rumbled to its feet and cheered. The Greeks had earned applause. At 103,000,000 francs, Mrs. Niarchos gracefully withdrew—remembering, perhaps, that her discerning husband had recently shelled out $3,000,000 for the Edward G. Robinson collection containing, among many other masterpieces, Gauguin's superior *Riders by the Sea*. For 104,000,000 francs, the picture was Mr. Goulandris'.

"Your face showed no excitement," a friend said to the winner afterward.

"You should have seen my hands," was the reply.

It was the highest price, the papers were delighted to announce, ever paid for a picture at a public auction. The statement was correct—with one conspicuous exception. In 1929, a Crucifixion by the great Italian master of the Renaissance, Piero della Francesca, was sold at auction in New York for $375,000—the first public sale to be nationally broadcast. However, down the years, far higher prices had been paid for pictures sold dealer-to-customer. Financier Andrew Mellon, for example, in 1930–31 had handed the distinguished New York art firm of M. Knoedler the (Continued on Page 84)



*Les Usines à Clichy,* by Van Gogh, about 1887. Less than four weeks after the Biddle auction in Paris, this painting sold for $86,800 at a London auction. It is now up for grabs again.

*Aux Ambassadeurs, Gens Chic*, by Toulouse-Lautrec, 1893. The bidding for this characteristic Lautrec from the Lurcy collection soared to $95,000 at the Parke-Bernet sale last November 7.

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A frontiersman takes on a cunning warrior at his own game.

# Savage Challenge

By LESTER DENT

Illustrated by Fred Ludekens

Middle of the day, about the time the woman's brindle cow ox finished grazing and lay down to work her cud, Luke Yarrow heard the uproar. He judged the sounds were riding the wind about a mile and a half. This put the source near the river.

As for what the sounds were, first it was a pig squealing, dogs barking. Then an outcry. This outcry was no pig, no dog. One single outcry. There followed, however, more of the same, until it added up to a sound like ground owls being drowned in their holes.

Luke Yarrow ended his rail making at once. He tossed ax and maul and iron wedges into a gooseberry bush. Yarrow looked at his cabin.

"You want to give Big Neck something to laugh about all night?" Luke asked.

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The woman had not even come to the cabin door. Yet she had heard, he was sure. The terror-stricken screaming was settlers. The fierce howling was Big Neck and his Iowas. There was nothing wrong with the woman's ears; she would know what the sounds were. But she had not come to the cabin door. Now there, Luke Yarrow thought, was a thing to frost you.

Luke Yarrow went up a tree. His bear-shaped arms took him aloft with efficiency. It was not exactly that he was afraid of Big Neck. A tough Indian was that Big Neck, however. The tree was a good place from which to watch.

Luke watched, listened. He felt some surprise that Big Neck and his band would be back in the area. True, when Luke had bought the woman off Big Neck, it had not exactly been stated that Big Neck was to clear out. Luke had assumed Big Neck would have sense enough to do that. Big Neck had been very lucky—and Big Neck knew this as well as Luke—to get rid of the woman while saving some face. Big Neck hadn't wanted any white-woman captive in his band.

Big Neck's two specialties, his loud mouth and his bragging, got him into the mess. He had boasted to another Iowa chief that he, Big Neck, wasn't afraid to hold a white-woman slave in his band. Before you could say possum-in-a-stump in Iowan, the chief had traded the woman to Big Neck. This was no good for Big Neck. If anything would bring the militia from Huntsville, it was rumor of a white-woman captive.

Luke Yarrow had anticipated a successful trade the day he drove three ponies and a mule to Big Neck's camp. Trade talk began, but the woman was never mentioned. The woman's cow ox was what Luke bargained for. The dickering filled two days, dawn to dusk. Big Neck, anxious to get rid of the white woman, nevertheless had to uphold his repute as the meanest redskin in the Chariton. No one in the deal, including Yarrow, really uttered more than a word of truth during the two days. Yarrow praised the three ponies, all of which were wind-guts, and the mule, which was so mean that not even the wood ticks could ride it.

They haggled over the three crowbaits and the awful mule for the cow ox. True, it was not much of a cow ox either.

The way the white woman happened to own it, the cow ox was about all that was left when her father and brother died of typhoid in their isolated cabin. The woman and the cow ox were all the Iowas felt worth taking from the cabin before they burned it.

The deal was consummated, as both parties had known it would be, when Big Neck casually tossed in the woman as boot. This filled the face-saving requirements by building the pretense that the woman was nothing much to Big Neck. Nevertheless, Big Neck then stopped sweating for the first time in days.

After several minutes in the tree, Luke decided someone was coming from the direction of the river. A man. A young man, judging from the way he ran, as Luke got a leaf-framed glimpse of him. And Luke grew puzzled. For the stranger seemed to be heading straight for Luke's cabin as if he had been told its location.

The cow ox chose this time to get to her feet and stand looking affectionately up into the tree at Luke, and this was how the stranger happened to find Luke in the tree. The man came to a panting stop, staring upward.

"A surprising place to find you, Mr. Yarrow," the man said, between hard breathing. "In view, I must add, of the sounds you surely heard."

"Stranger, if you know a better place for a lookout, you might let me know." Luke slid down the tree trunk, scattering bark. He pointed toward the river. "You a party in the fussing down there?"

"I was."

Luke plugged around in his mind trying to recall the man. Luke believed there was a wagon party down by the river, but this was an odd-looking one for a wagoner. The man's clothing was as plain as the plumage on a hen crow. A drab-looking buck, but he had the shoulders-back posture of an arrogant one too.

"You got the best of me," Luke said. "I don't think I know you, but you seem to have my name."

"I am Enoch Sublette."

There was a reluctant click in Luke's brain. A month ago a circuit rider had brought a letter from Luke's brother, William Yarrow, the outfitter, of St. Louis. In the letter was news that brother Will had taken a contract with a man named Sublette to settle a colony on the Chariton.

"I have assumed the liberty, dear brother," Will had written, "of including your services in the deal. For which, let me say, I collected a fine fee—in advance. You have acquired some repute. You will extend Mr. Enoch Sublette every courtesy and service when he reaches you."

*I've got a greedy grasping brother,* Luke had thought, *and where does Will get the idea I work for him?*

"How far west am I supposed to wet-nurse your outfit?" Luke asked.

Sublette's neck flamed red. "You make an ill choice of words, sir. Let's you and me get things straight. Your job is to see we have no trouble with Indians, a job we well paid your brother to guarantee. A job, I might add, you don't seem to be doing."

"You're upset," Luke said. "But you got a point."

This was what he got, Luke decided, for having a rich brother who couldn't conceive why Luke liked to live in the wilderness. He was handed an eaglet to feather. All he was supposed to do (Continued on Page 81)

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ON MY OWN PART THREE By ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

# I Learn About Communists

## The author tells what her U.N. service taught her about the Russians in public and private, and how she lowered the boom on Comrade Pavlov.

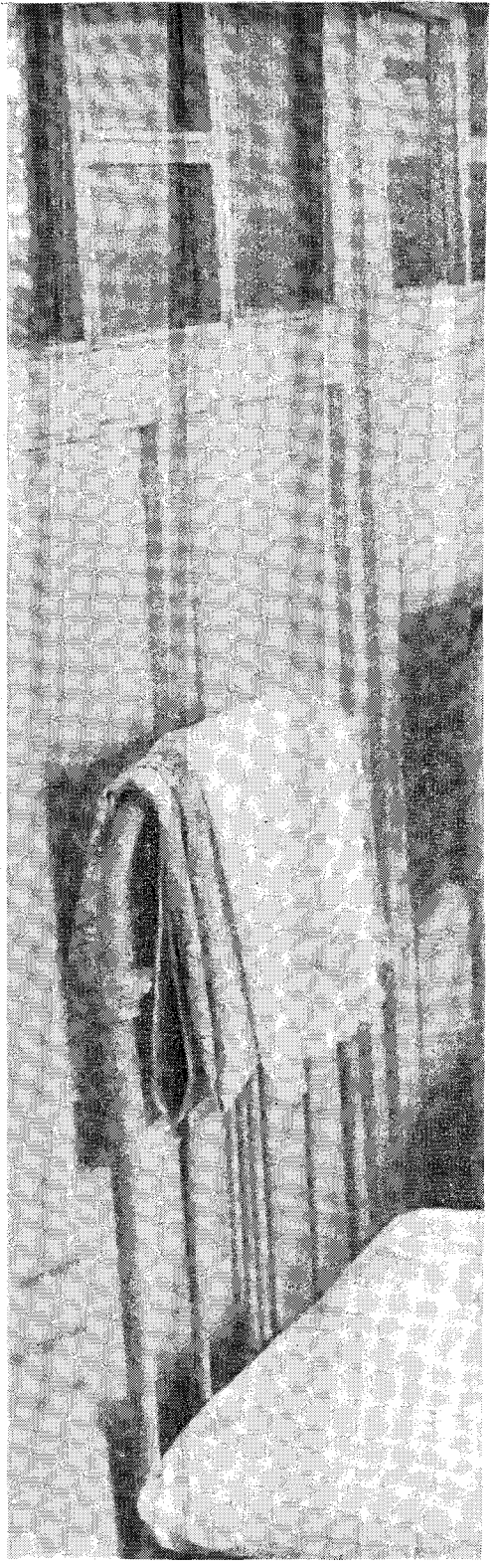
One day in 1945 an invitation came to me from President Truman to be a member of the United States delegation to the first, organizing, meeting of the United Nations General Assembly in London. At first I thought it would be impossible for me to accept. I felt I had no background or experience for such a job. I did not even know that my nomination by the President would have to be confirmed by the Senate, and if I had known it I would have been still more hesitant, because I correctly suspected that there were some senators unfavorable to my participation.

My son, Elliott, and a number of friends with whom I consulted urged me to accept, however, and finally, in fear and trembling, I did so, and the Senate confirmed my nomination despite the dissent of Sen. Theodore G. Bilbo, of Mississippi. Senator Bilbo had been critical of statements I had made previously in regard to discrimination against Negroes, but when he was asked why he voted against confirming my nomination, he replied only that he had so many reasons for opposing me that he would have to write a book to cover them all.

I might point out here that during my service in the United Nations I received a salary that, had I worked full time, would have amounted to around $14,300 a year because I was a member of the Human Rights Commission. However, my work covered only about five months of the year, and I was paid accordingly. In addition, I received about twelve dollars a day extra when I was attending sessions of the General Assembly outside of the United States. The cost of my transportation and hotel was paid by the Government and I received twelve dollars a day for expenses when I was required to travel abroad. My actual expenses always exceeded these figures, but I never knew just how much I was out of pocket, because I did not keep complete accounts. I suppose my work as a delegate cost me a considerable sum over a period of six years, but I kept track only of the amount I spent for official entertainment, since that was all I could claim as a deduction on my income-tax return.

The United Nations seemed to me to be the one hope for a peaceful world and I knew that my husband had placed great importance on the establishment of this world organization. So I felt a great sense of responsibility when I became a member of our delegation.

I received instructions from the State Department as to sailing for London in late December, a trip I dreaded because I had always been a very bad sailor. It did not occur to me that I might take my secretary with me—one had to be assigned to me later in London—and aboard the Queen Elizabeth I felt heavy-hearted and alone. When I went to my stateroom I found awaiting me a batch of documents printed on sheets of blue paper. These were marked (Continued on Page 56)



In Moscow's Red Square, the author stood in line with Soviet citizens outside the mausoleum where Lenin and Stalin lie in state. The disciplined behavior of the waiting children especially impressed her.

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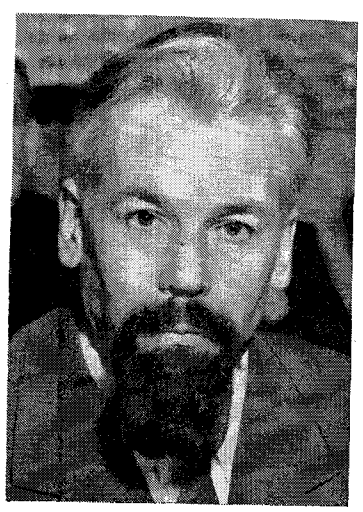
On her tour of Russia last year, Mrs. Roosevelt inspected this state-run nursery for children of working mothers at Tashkent, Uzbekistan. Here the youngsters are trained and cared for until they are three years old.



Russia's Alexei P. Pavlov. His "*words rolled out like a river*, and stopping him was well nigh impossible." Mrs. R.'s solution: "I waited until he had to stop for breath. Then I banged the gavel so hard everyone jumped."

October 11, 1954: Mrs. Roosevelt received 70th-birthday greetings from Andrei Vishinsky, her formidable Russian adversary in U.N. debates.

The author and John Foster Dulles, then a fellow delegate, patiently sat through many anti-American tirades.

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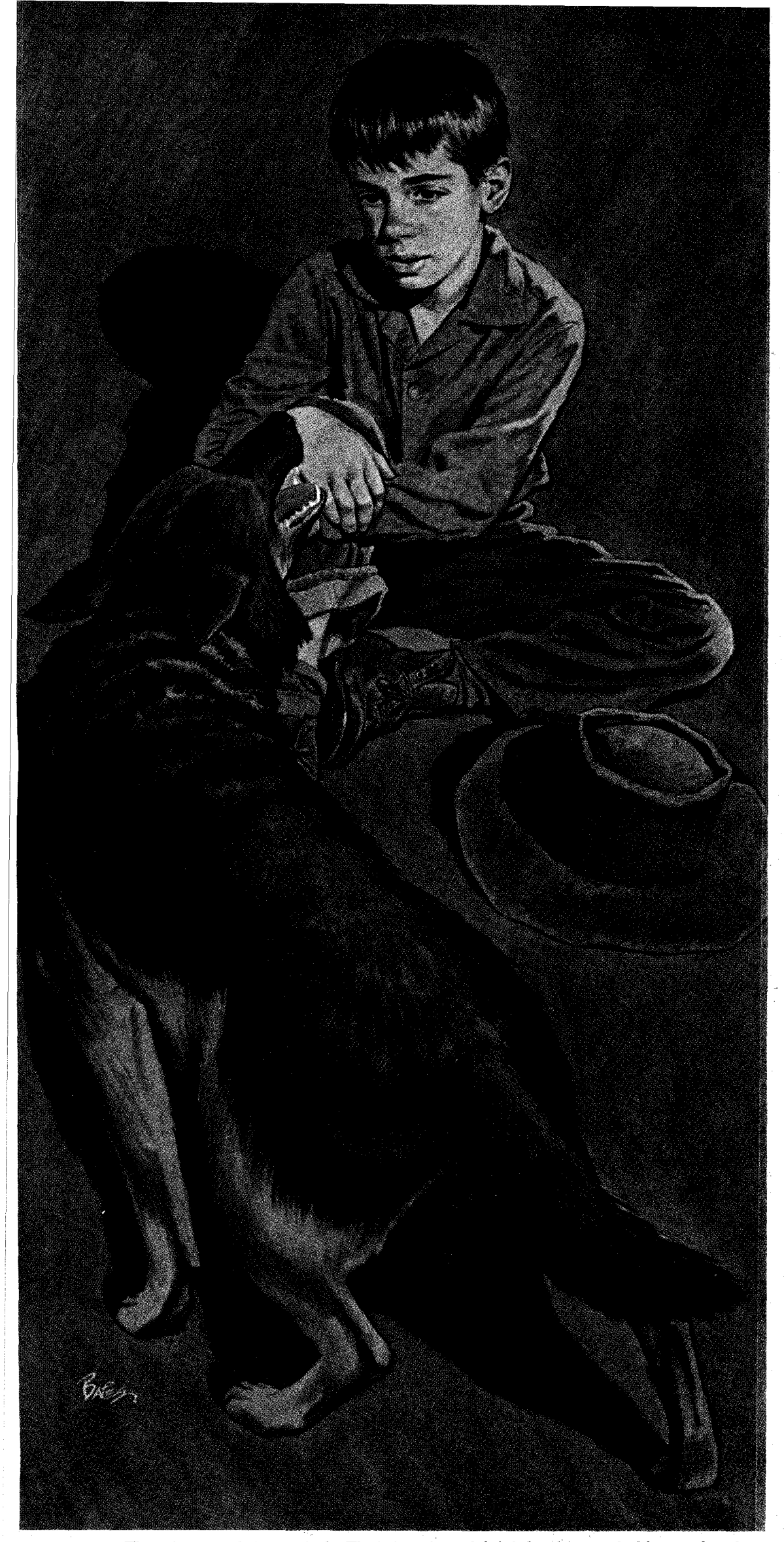

The animal growled menacingly. The hair on its neck bristled and it crouched low, ready to leap.

# OUT OF THE CAGE

By HOBERT SKIDMORE

To the child, this savage dog was like himself—alone, abused, unloved.

"Forsaken, forsaken," the man in the dirty Victorian frock coat moaned. The pitiful sound passed up across the ridge and vanished without an echo. "That wolf will eat me alive," he told himself; "or the python, the horrible python."

From the dark bushes on the bank above the road two eyes watched intently. They were as bright as a child's eyes, filled with wonder, and as clear as an animal's, wary and apprehensive.

The rain had stopped, but through the Blue Ridge Mountains drops of water fell from leaf to leaf. The night was a mingling of small sounds. Somewhere in the dark woods an owl hooted, a fox barked. Animals began to search for food. There was no wind, and in the sudden moonlight the two ornate red-and-gold circus wagons of Sampson's Mighty Museum & Medicine Show appeared out of place and fantastic on the lonely mountain road—as if they were an apparition conjured by a fey and intoxicated mind.

And the man who called himself Simple Sampson was drunk, unnerved at finding himself stranded in the hills. He stood bellowing defiance to the heavens, as though he hoped the Lord, in indignation, would make His angry but reassuring presence known.

"Abandoned," he ended sadly and, turning, he stared uncertainly at the wagons. The right rear wheel of the second wagon—the one holding the wild animals—had snapped an axle and slumped awkwardly in the mud, like a dog trying to sit and scratch its ear at the same time. Standing in the dappled road, yelling with frightened rage, denouncing himself for ever trying to bring health and enlightenment to the backward hill people, he raised a bottle above his head, pausing only to shout at the horses hitched to the front wagon.

The two bright eyes watched him from beneath the dripping bushes. Even when the hills had quieted and the drops of rain whispered softly, the boy remained motionless in the laurel thicket, squatting on his haunches, making no more noise than a cat makes when it moves its head. His clothes were soaked, his long hair was disheveled, and his small fists were (Continued on Page 62)



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Somewhat traditional: Miss Nellie Matthews uses simple visual devices to make fractions intelligible. Mr. Hanson says Rock Island children come to school "with a sense of eagerness."

# The Middle Way is the Best Way

An educator takes issue with the teaching methods of progressives and traditionalists alike. Here is his case for a compromise that works in his Illinois schools.

By EARL H. HANSON,
*Superintendent of the Rock Island, Ill., Public Schools*
as told to Leigh White

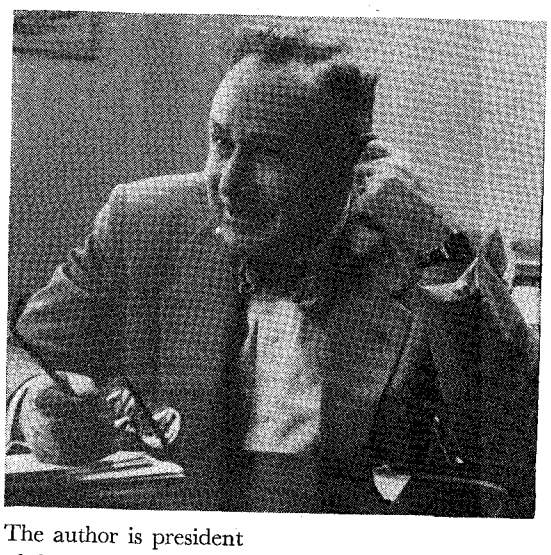
Slightly progressive: The second grade whips up a batch of cookies. When these youngsters study nutrition, they not only read about food but they learn how to prepare it too.

Several summers ago I was approached by a newspaper photographer whose editor wanted him to illustrate the supposedly painful childhood experience of going back to school. On the day after Labor Day, at his request, I escorted the photographer to the oldest and shabbiest elementary school in town. There, if anywhere, he could have taken the picture that his editor desired.

The photographer perched himself in an open window halfway up the main stairway to await the stroke of 8:45. When the bell rang to usher in another school year, he snapped his camera, but the picture he obtained was not what he expected. Instead of recording a scene of childish grief, his camera recorded a joyful stampede to the classrooms.

I mention this incident not to boast of the antiquated school in question but merely to demonstrate how times have changed. Our children no longer dread the end of summer; on the contrary, they return to school with a sense of eager anticipation. I don't mean to suggest that every school day is pleasant for every child and teacher, for I know that life will always be a mixture of the bitter and the sweet. I mean to suggest only that we have at last discovered how to make children willing partners in their own education, and that having done so, we can give them a better education today than they could ever have received before.

One of the most important developments in public education (Continued on Page 104)



The author is president of the Illinois Education Association.

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Victory parade at Tahoe City. Gleeful citizens of the Squaw Valley area threw a whing-ding when the news broke: The 1960 Winter Olympics would come to California.

But a feud is on: Alexander Cushing (left) and Squaw Valley boosters want land owned by Wayne Poulsen (right) for their project. Poulsen has balked.

# The Great Winter-Olympics Fight

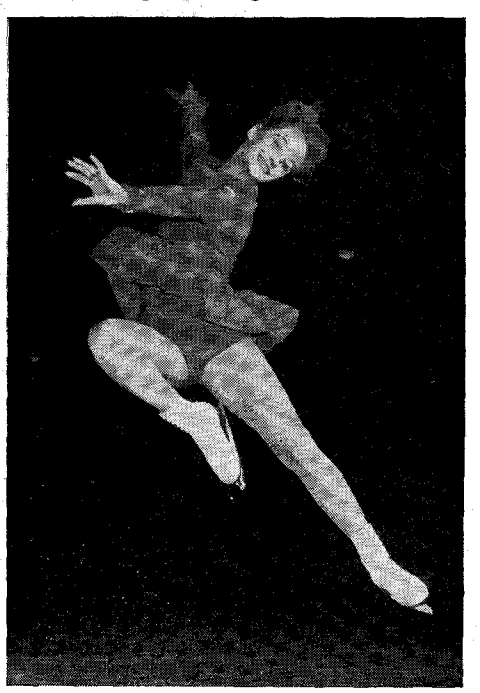
**By Melvin Durslag**

This inside story tells how a wily California promoter snatched the 1960 winter games from the outraged Europeans and located them in an obscure Western valley.

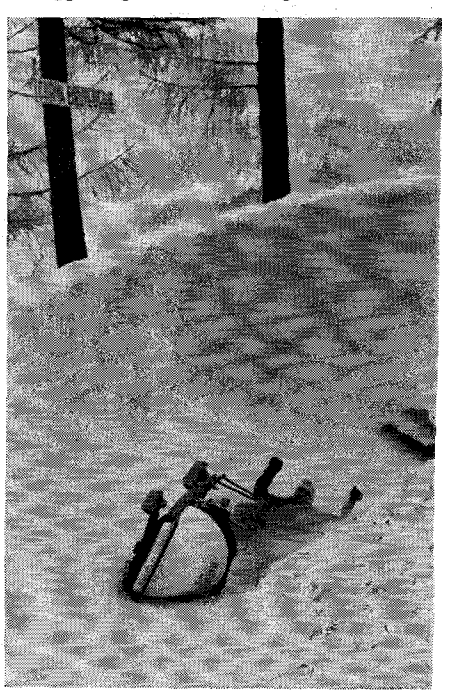
Lyubov Kozyreva, Russia's burly lady skier, won the women's 10-kilometer event in 1956.

Austrian ace Toni Sailer triumphed at Cortina. He has since been upset by Bud Werner of the U.S.A.

America's Carol Heiss will compete for the Olympic gold medal in women's figure skating.



The 1956 U. S. bobsled team in trouble. Squaw Valley may substitute tobogganing for bobsledding.



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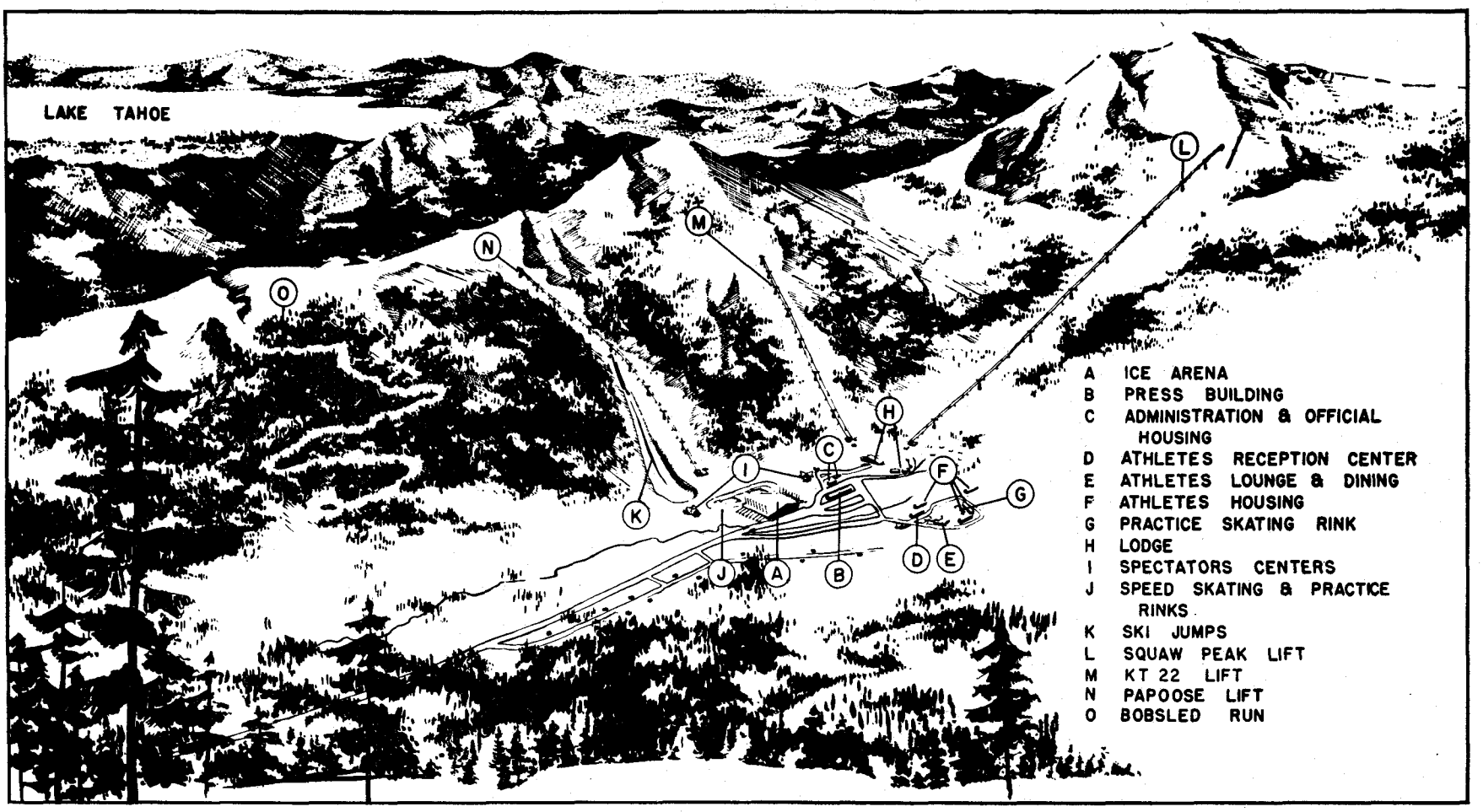


Up to now facilities at Squaw Valley are practically nonexistent. But by 1960, the plan (above) for a tailor-made, $8,000,000 Olympic village should be a reality.

The committee arranging the solemn closing ceremony of the 1956 Winter Olympic Games at Cortina d'Ampezza, Italy, was beset suddenly with panic. Olympic tradition calls for the mayor of the host city for the next games to sit among the dignitaries on the rostrum. But no such official was on hand from Squaw Valley, California, the site of the 1960 Winter Olympics.

An excited Italian raced into the stands and tugged at the arm of John J. Garland, American member of the International Olympic Committee. "Come quickly!" the Italian cried. Garland hurried to the rostrum and was pushed into the vacant chair. The ceremony proceeded and the 1956 winter games concluded, with no explanation being offered of why a stand-in was needed for the mayor of Squaw Valley.

Actually, it happens that Squaw Valley doesn't have a mayor. For that matter, it has no policemen, no post office, no gasoline station. It doesn't have much of anything except some strikingly scenic mountains, oceans of snow and gobs of troubles.

Through a dazzling display of salesmanship by one of Squaw Valley's thirty registered voters, the 1960 Winter Olympics had been given to an area which doesn't appear on most maps. Indeed, except for a sprinkling of ardent ski enthusiasts who have discovered the pristine charm of Squaw Valley and tested its wondrous alpine slopes, there were few people even in California who had heard of it, let alone seen it.

Squaw Valley stretches only three miles long by a half mile wide. It is located in an obscure spot on the eastern side of the Sierras, adjacent to Lake Tahoe and forty-five miles southwest of Reno, Nevada. Squaw Valley is a place of quiet, simple beauty, but since the moment three years ago when it was picked by the International Olympic Committee as the scene of the 1960 winter games, it has been a whirlpool of strife and controversy.

The balloting had hardly concluded before a spokesman for Innsbruck, Austria, which finished second in the voting, hurled a charge of political connivance. A delegate from Saint-Moritz, Switzerland, which was also in the running, described the Squaw Valley bid as a cunning land-and-hotel scheme. Even Avery Brundage, of Chicago, the president of the International Olympic Committee, warned Squaw Valley that the wherewithal for staging the Olympics had better be forthcoming immediately, or he would recommend that its right to hold the games be forfeited.

Skiing and sledding groups joined the detractors. And to add to the complications, the principal landowner in the valley, some of whose property is needed for the games, refused to sell. A hot court battle is pending.

The bringing of the Winter Olympics—and all attendant troubles—to Squaw Valley was accomplished by a nimble-witted promoter named Alexander Cushing, who has been called "a Mike Todd in snowshoes." On December 28, 1954, Cushing, then forty-one, sat reading the morning paper in his mountain home in Squaw Valley. A dispatch from the East put his mental machinery into motion. The United States Olympic Committee, he read, was hearing bids in New York City from various winter-sports centers which were eager to become the American nominee as host for the 1960 Winter Olympics. The more Cushing thought about it, the more he was convinced that the games belonged in Squaw Valley.

His enthusiasm wasn't dampened by the fact that Squaw Valley's facilities consisted of (a) one ski lift, (b) two rope tows and (c) one small lodge. Nor did he worry that the nearest place for groceries, aspirin and mail was seven miles away, at the village of Tahoe City. These were drawbacks, he felt, that could be easily surmounted.

More important in his view were the natural attributes of Squaw Valley, which he considered the finest in the world for winter sports. The flawless wind-free skiing and the clean, fresh air of the valley had enchanted Cushing at first sight, back in 1947. A socially prominent New Yorker, a Harvard graduate—by way of Groton—and a prominent attorney, he chucked his career in law and brought his wife and three children to Squaw Valley in order to enter, of all things, the ski-resort business.

He obtained 574 acres of land from Wayne Poulsen, a Pan American World Airways pilot, and Martin Arrouge, ski-instructor husband of former actress Norma Shearer. Then Cushing built a lodge and ski lift with $400,000 he raised among his Eastern friends. Laurance Rockefeller and John (Jock) McLean were among those who became major stockholders in 1948 in the newly formed Squaw Valley Development Company.

Now, in December of 1954, the problem at hand for Cushing, president of the development company, was how to realize his brainstorm of landing the 1960 Winter Olympics. "I didn't know the first thing about procedure on this sort of matter," he says; "so I phoned the United States Olympic Committee in New York. The man I talked to finally told me to prepare a presentation, not exceeding forty-five minutes, which the committee would hear at eight A.M. on January tenth. You can see I had to work fast."

Cushing began by getting the backing of Gov. Goodwin Knight and the United States senators from California, Thomas Kuchel and William Knowland. "None of them thought I had a chance," says Cushing, "but they naturally couldn't go (Continued on Page 73)



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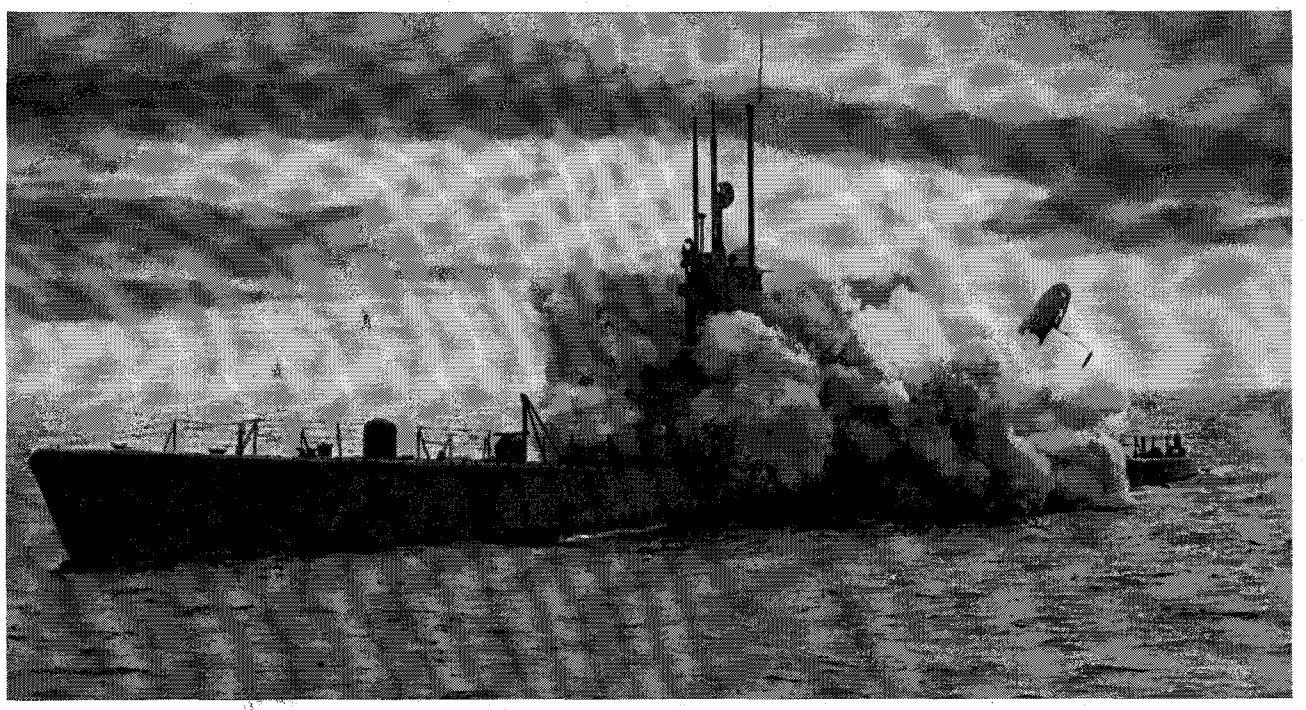
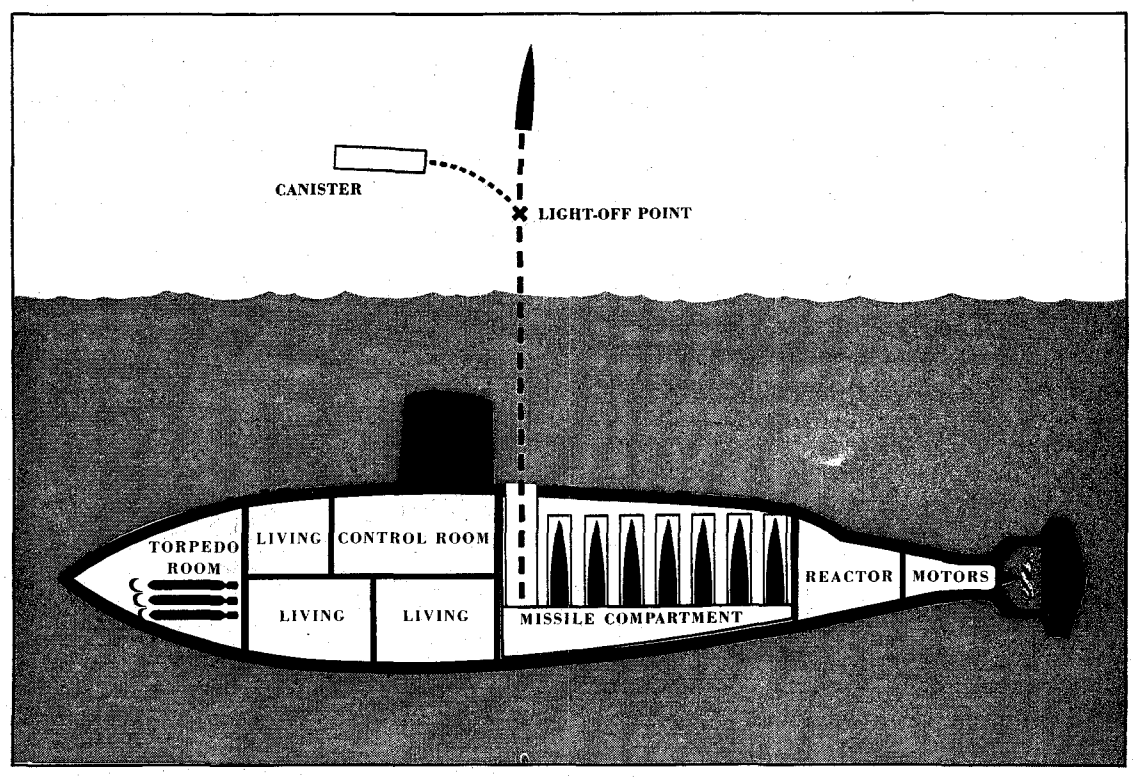
# Our HOTTEST New Weapon

## A Post editor, the first reporter ever to witness a nuclear-type missile firing from a submarine, tells how the surprising Polaris will strike from under the sea.

By CLAY BLAIR, JR.



Four. . . . Three. . . . Two. . . . One. . . . Fire! A Regulus I airplane-type missile, obscured by smoke from jet boosters, takes off from the submarine Barbero's launching rack. A Post photographer took the photo from another sub.




This diagram shows how the Polaris ballistic missile could be launched from an American submarine submerged 1500 miles off the Russian coast. Here the rocket is shot to the surface in a canister, which then falls clear.

We had been at sea on the U.S.S. Barbero (SSG 317)—one of the Navy's two operational, guided-missile submarines—for fifteen hours, maneuvering along the East Coast of the United States in the vicinity of Norfolk, Virginia. Our target, which would be subjected to a simulated nuclear attack, had been selected and laid out on a chart. Now we were in firing position and Barbero's skipper, thirty-three-year-old Lt. Comdr. Carlos Dew, a lean, cool-headed Texan with twelve years' naval service, spoke quietly. "Man battle stations—missile."

The Barbero's eighty-man crew, tense with anticipation, uncoiled and sprang into action as the word was passed over the ship's public-address system. A battle alarm bonged eight times. Dew and his executive officer, Lt. Jack Stufflebeam, along with ten other men, jammed into the traditional command post of the submarine, the conning tower. But in this new concept of submarine warfare—missile launching—the conning tower is primarily a listening post. On the Barbero, the center of decision and suspense has shifted to a closet-sized compartment below the main deck called the Missile Center. Thirteen men, a new breed of submariners trained in the intricacies and techniques of the missile, crowded into the center to man complex electronic equipment. Somehow they found a spot for me to stand, and soon I would become the first reporter to witness a nuclear-type missile firing from an American submarine.

Topside, as the submarine lay still in the cold, gray Atlantic waters, the huge round door of her bulbous, afterdeck missile hangar opened quickly. Inside, ingeniously stored back to back on a revolving rack, were two Chance-Vought Regulus I airplane-type missiles. One of the "birds," painted bright red, was quickly rammed onto the launcher, its wings unfolded, and the rudder, which is taken off during storage, was clamped into position. Crewmen swarmed over the bird, making last-minute preparations. One man topped off the fuel tanks in the nose and midship sections of the missile, while another snapped the tail lock pin into place. Still another connected the umbilical cord which supplies the bird with ship's power to operate its sensitive electronics equipment and controls until a few seconds before launching.

Below in the Missile Center, surrounded on all sides by a bewildering array of electronic devices, dials, meters and controls, I listened as the Missile Officer, Lt. Bernard C. Botula, known as "Boss," made final checks on the bird by remote control. He wore a headset and talked rapidly to his assistant, "Pilot," an enlisted missileer who manned a control panel in the hangar, and to the officers on the afterdeck alongside the missile. "Remove the shorting leads. Prepare to elevate," Boss said. A few seconds later, he intoned, "Elevate the launcher." By now, most of the men who had been tending the bird topside had retreated to the hangar. The simple launching rack tilted skyward at a sharp angle. Commander Dew, manning the periscope in the conning tower, turned the field of his 'scope down to watch the missile roar off.

The decks were completely cleared of men, and the missile lay in its rack poised for launching. Boss gave orders, "Start the sprinkler." A shower of salt water (Continued on Page 76)

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"What was it you wanted?" the girl asked.

# The Lady's Last Fling

For the first time in her life she treated herself to the works.

By MAURICE ZOLOTOW

Lester Abrams was driving north on the West Side Drive. He was driving his mother from her home in Brooklyn to the Mt. Sinai Hospital. She was going there to have a major operation. The way Lester was driving you would think the operation was an emergency. But it was not scheduled until tomorrow or maybe the day after tomorrow. Lester drove like a crazy man all the time. I don't know if you're well acquainted with Lester Abrams. He's a successful lawyer; but a sensible driver from an automobile he isn't. If you want to take an automobile ride with him, it's better you should walk. For a nervous person, it is very upsetting for the nerves. Usually, Mrs. Abrams is not what you call a nervous person. Problems and troubles, usually, she could take with a smile. But she was not so calm riding with Lester now.

She gave a big sigh. "*Kindele*," she said, "don't drive so fast. Who's in such a hurry? I could wait a long time to go to the hospital."

"I'm not driving so fast," he said.

"Do me a favor," she said. "Drive a little slower. We're going to a fire, maybe? The hospital will run away if we come ten minutes later? The doctors ain't going to wait, *kindele?*"

"Please, mother," Lester said, honking the horn and passing five cars, "please don't call me *kindele*."

"What's the matter? You're not my *kindele?*"

*Kindele*, you know, it means "little child." "It's not that, mother," he said. "The word just makes me feel uncomfortable."

Lily Abrams wanted to tell him he made her feel uncomfortable when he called her mother. She was a mamma. A mamma should be called mamma by her children, no? Even if they're forty-seven years old and they're the senior partner in Abrams, O'Brien, Kennedy and Michaels, they should call her mamma. But she didn't say anything. Does a mamma ever complain?

"I'll make a bargain," she said. "I won't call you *kindele*

(Continued on Page 48)



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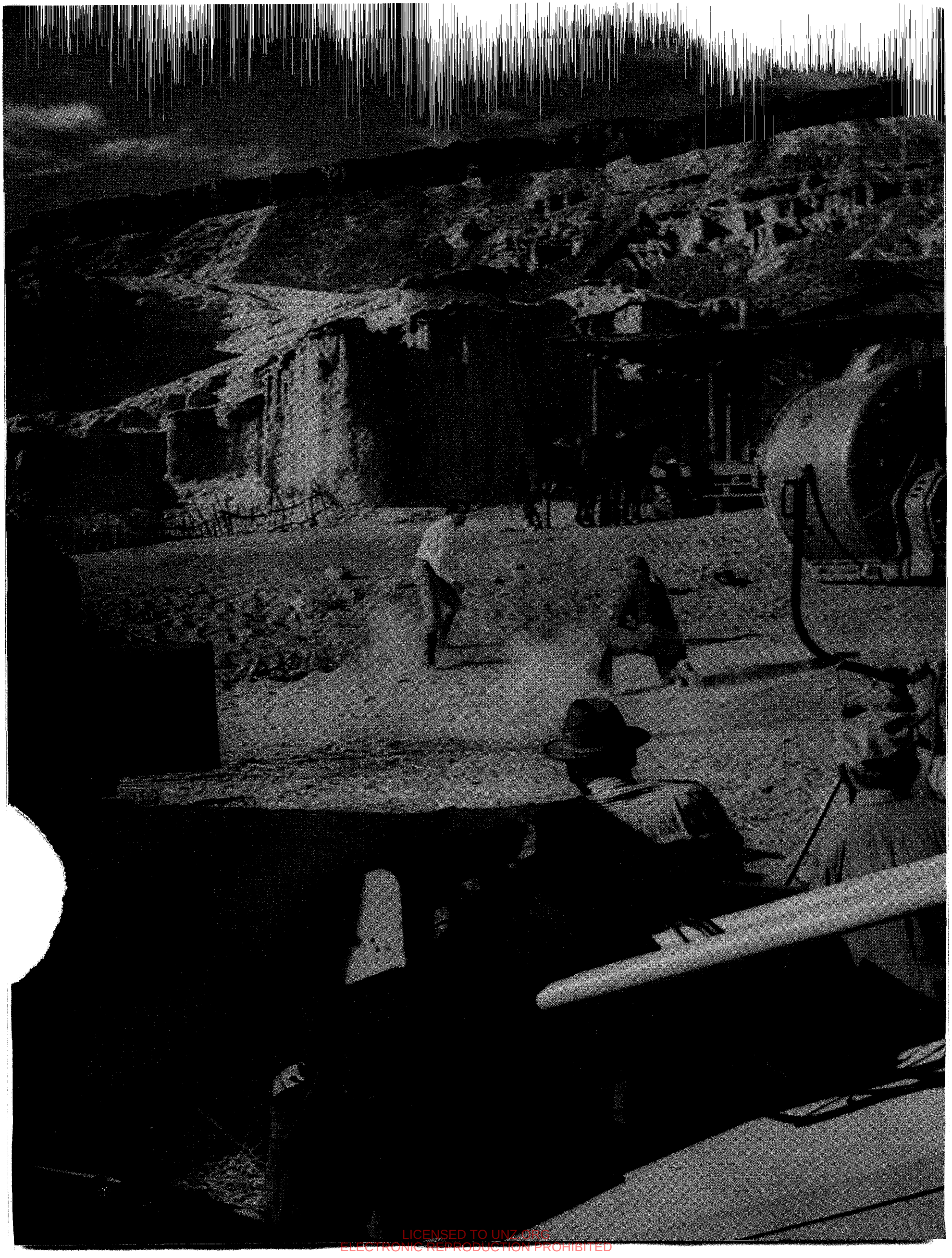

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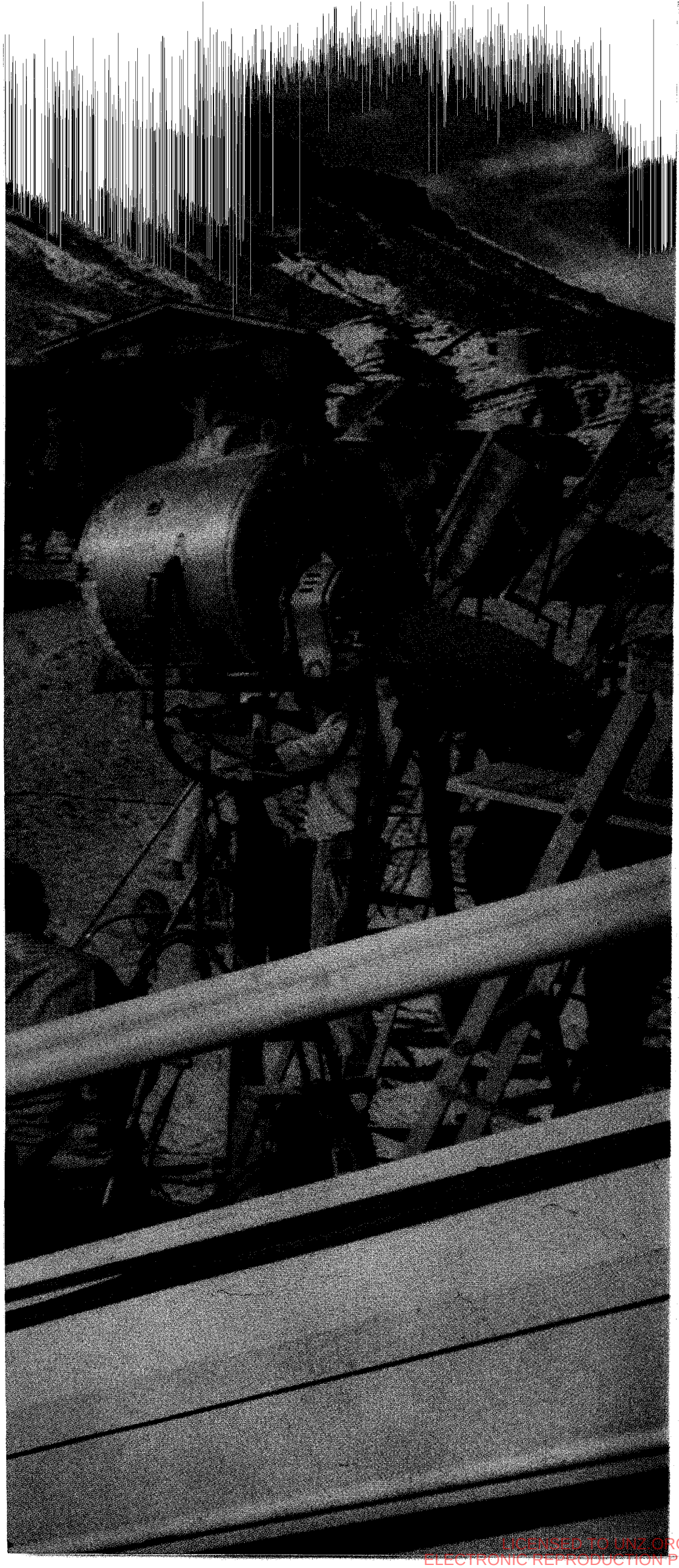

The Face of AMERICA

# On Location

Ever since nickelodeon days, horse operas—made under the Western sun—have depicted one face of America to all the world. Foreigners who may never have heard of George Washington or the Civil War or the New York Yankees know that America is peopled by quick-drawing heroes who look like William S. Hart, Tom Mix, William Boyd, or Gary Cooper; and by treacherous villains with black mustaches. The sun is still the catalyst in a Western production.
Theme and background are unchanged. The duelists at left are Gregory Peck (hero) and Chuck Connors (villain). On the porch at rear: Jean Simmons (heroine) and Burl Ives (bad man with a streak of good).
The director: William Wyler.
The location: Red Rock Canyon in California's Mojave Desert.
The story: Ambush at Blanco Canyon, a 1957 Post serial by Donald Hamilton.
The première will take place next summer.

Photograph by Dick Miller

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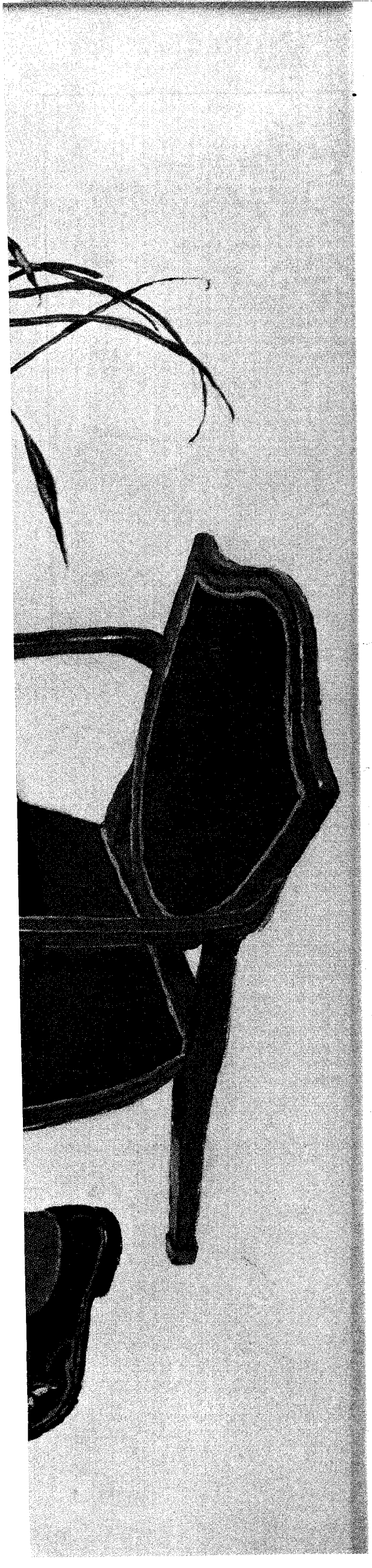

# Pretend You Love Me

By JAN COX SPEAS

## She wanted the illusions of romance—without getting emotionally involved.

Never having picked up a man before, either deliberately or accidentally, Kate Reynolds faced the moment with a great deal of uncertainty and dread.

As she had anticipated, the clubhouse was momentarily deserted. The cocktail crowd, thinning out for dinner, had not yet been replaced by the younger dancing set, and the skaters who had spent the afternoon on the ice had all staggered home to ease their aching feet and frostbitten noses.

He was sitting at the bar alone, apparently engrossed in his drink. To Kate, watching him from the door, he looked very big and unapproachable, and she sought despairingly for the courage to speak to him. It had seemed so simple when she made her plans. She had chosen him with great care, and it would be foolish to spoil everything because of stage fright.

His name was John Morgan. He was a stranger in town, the architect for the new houses on the hill behind the Reynolds' home, and his friendship with the Trospers, who had vouched for him as a temporary member of the club, gave him some claim to respectability. He was not married and, to the chagrin of the local belles, seemed to prefer it that way.

These were the established facts. The local gossip, however, was far more colorful. He was rather attractive, in a roughhewn kind of way that gave rise to ingenious rumors about his probable past, and he was reputed to be cynical, outspoken and brusque to the point of rudeness. "But what is he really like?" Kate had asked Alice Trosper, hoping for something more concrete than rumor. And Alice had merely answered, "Delicious—absolutely delicious. Would you like me to introduce you, Kate? Not that it will do any good at all, but no woman should die without the experience."

Kate had declined the offer. But after watching John Morgan cautiously for the better part of two weeks, she was hopeful that he was the right choice. He might laugh and tell her flatly that she was a fool, and he might easily refuse her request altogether. But he did not seem to be the type of man who would spread the tale around town for the sake of a good laugh.

Before she could lose her nerve completely, Kate walked across the room and stood beside him at the bar.

"Mr. Morgan ——" she began tentatively.

He turned, a look of mild inquiry on his face, and waited courteously for her to go on.

"I'm Kate Reynolds," she said. "Have you had dinner?"

Unlike most strangers, he did not seem surprised by the odd pitch of her voice, low and husky and very deep.

After only the briefest pause, he said, "Not yet. Will you join me?"

"No," Kate said. "Thank you. I only want to talk to you for a moment."

"Certainly," he said. "Here or would you prefer more privacy?" (Continued on Page 68)

Illustrated by Kurt Ard

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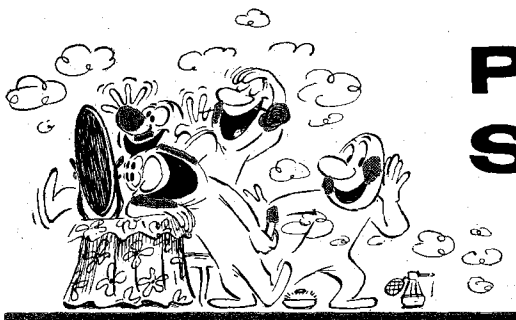


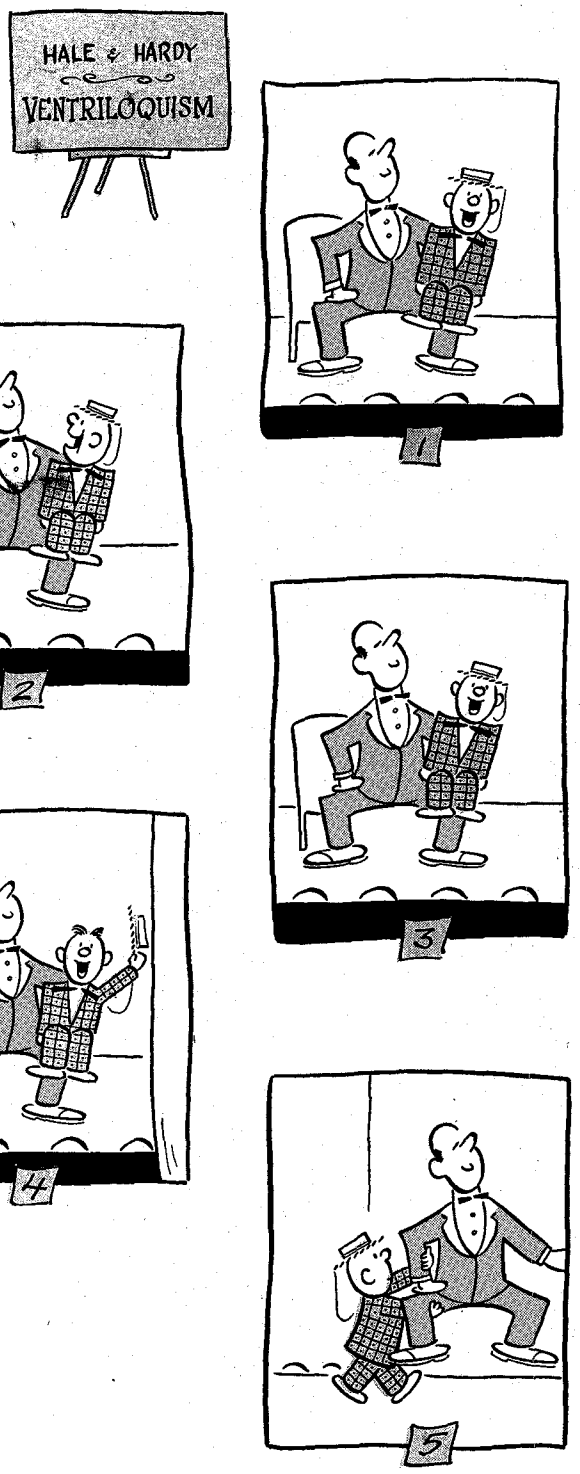
# Post Scripts

## Lines by a Stay-at-Home

I've had the itch,
For quite a while,
To tour the world
In regal style.

I've had the itch,
But here's the catch:
I've never had
The needed scratch.

RICHARD WHEELER




THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

CARTOON BY LEPPER

"We're going to see the vet."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

## "... and Then He Hit Me!"

"Say, George. You've probably forgotten all about it, but remember that time you lost a plush job because somebody imitating your voice called your boss on the phone and told him off? Well, ha-ha, it was me. I figured after all these years that you wouldn't be ——"

"Well, now that you've said it, Bill, I don't mind telling you that I agree with you. Your wife *is* a big-mouthed old bag, and I'd ——"

"Now, Joe, I—I don't want to tell you how to do a job, but those wires don't go together. The red one is hooked up to the green one. Yeah, that's it, and —— Wow! I shouldn't laugh, but when that shock hit you, you looked like ——"

"What'd you say? You'll hit me in the mouth? Why, you skinny little runt, you couldn't punch your way out of a wet ——"

"Do you really mean that you spent three months working on that painting? I don't mean to discourage you, Pete, but I've seen better smearing than that on the bottom of an empty spaghetti plate. In fact, you must have ——"

"Of course this stuff works. Watch! First, I spill this ink on your new suit, then I rub—wait a minute. It'll come off in a minute —— Gee, I could have sworn that this stuff ——"

DAVE DERENCE

## Do Not Disturb

Tell me not in mournful numbers
That I'd best get on the ball.
Leave me to enjoy my slumbers;
Dreaming I don't work at all!

You may have the milk and honey;
All I want is lots of sleep.
You can sit up counting money;
Let me lie here counting sheep.

BOB HARMON

## Inside TV

Recently I managed to get ahold of a copy of the Television Studio Handbook that was lying around someplace.

Although this is a technical book, intended solely for the use of big television bosses, there are a few items which I feel the general public should know about.

Some of the terms in the book explain themselves (such as "Picture Resolution," which is when you resolve not to watch any more pictures after twelve o'clock). Others need explanation. For instance:

SPOT BROADCAST. A half hour which is devoted to showing spots of different sizes. Similar to quiz programs, except that no questions are asked.

SUPERIMPOSITION. A request for a favor which not only takes a lot of gall, it takes more gall than any favor you were ever asked in your life.

BRIGHTNESS CONTROL. This means that the sponsor doesn't want the audience to get bright enough to suspect that his program is no good, so he keeps putting on programs designed to dull their mentality.

AUDIENCE TURNOVER. This is when the whole audience, which up until then has been lying on its back on the couch with its eyes closed, turns over and lies on its stomach.

These few excerpts will give you some idea of the contents of this top-secret book. As you can see, they're not telling us everything.

JOHN BAILEY

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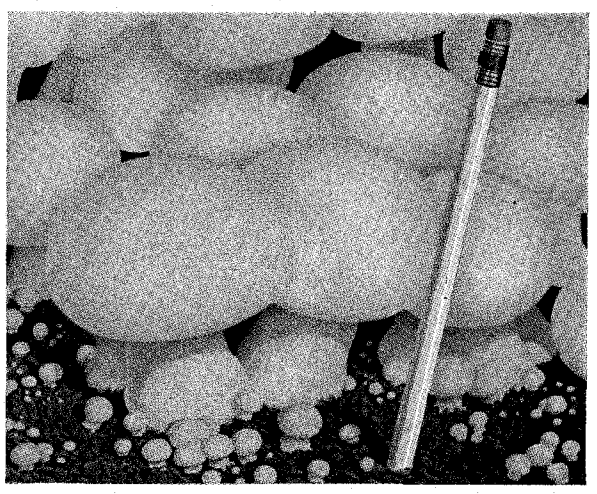
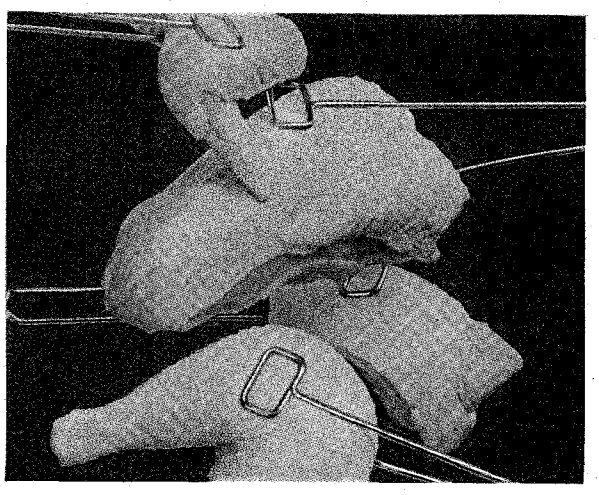
# What is Campbell Quality made of?

We find it a little hard to describe Campbell Quality in words. So we're going to let pictures do most of the talking for us. This little series takes you behind the scenes and shows you some of the things that contribute to Campbell Quality. We hope you find it an interesting tour.

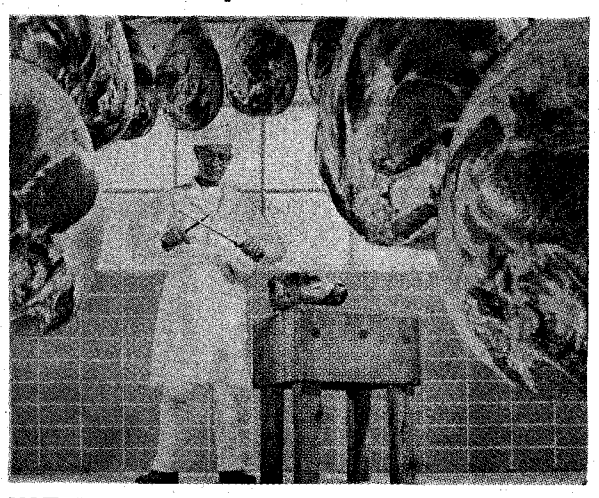
THE CAMPBELL TOMATO has been described as "the famous flavor wrapped in red." Rich and meaty—product of more than 50 years of research.



PAMPERED DELICACY. Campbell Mushrooms are never exposed to light or to drafts. Picked in their prime when the delicate flavor is at its peak.

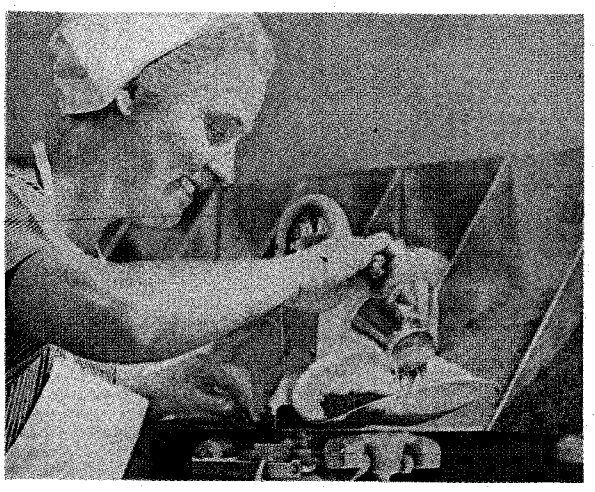


WHICH PARTS would you put into chicken soup? Campbell's uses them all. The white meat from the breast as well as the dark meat from the drumsticks.

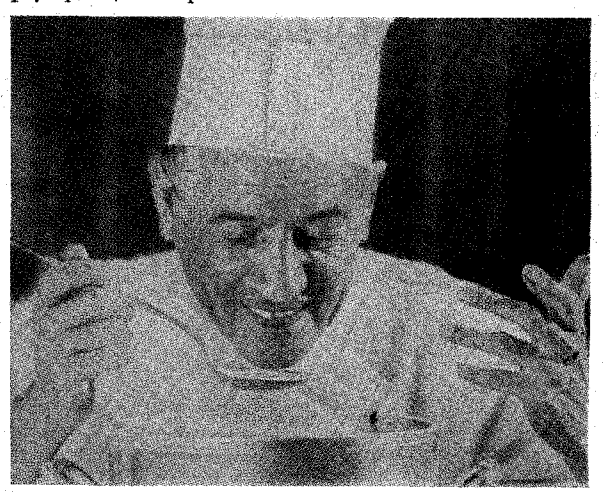


NOT JUST THE HAMBONE but the whole ham goes into our soup kettles. Campbell even dices up center slices you'd pay up to $1.25 a pound for.

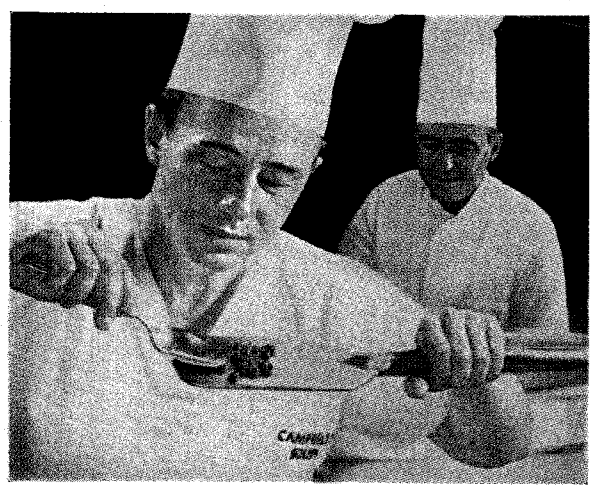
SOME SAY WE'RE OLD-FASHIONED but we still trim our vegetables by hand. It's the best way we know of removing every last little blemish.



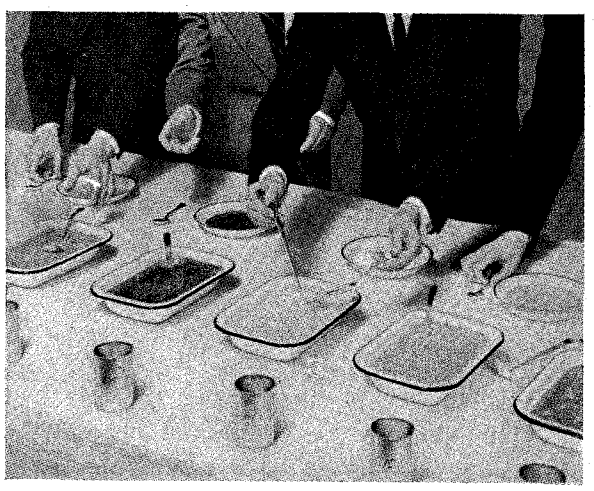
A WOMAN'S TOUCH. It takes a sharp eye and a patient hand to measure out spices at Campbell's. Not a grain too much, not a pinch too little.



FRENCH CHEFS work constantly to improve on products from Campbell's kitchens. They have been known to try 128 times before they were happy with a new recipe.



WE CHECK "DONENESS" the same way you do. With simple home-kitchen tests like this—instead of just cooking by the clock and hoping for the best.



11:00 MANAGEMENT MEETING. Tasting our cooking is part of an executive's job at Campbell's. It's an extra quality safeguard above and beyond our regular sampling.

M-M-M GOOD!

"To make the best, begin with the best—then cook with extra care."

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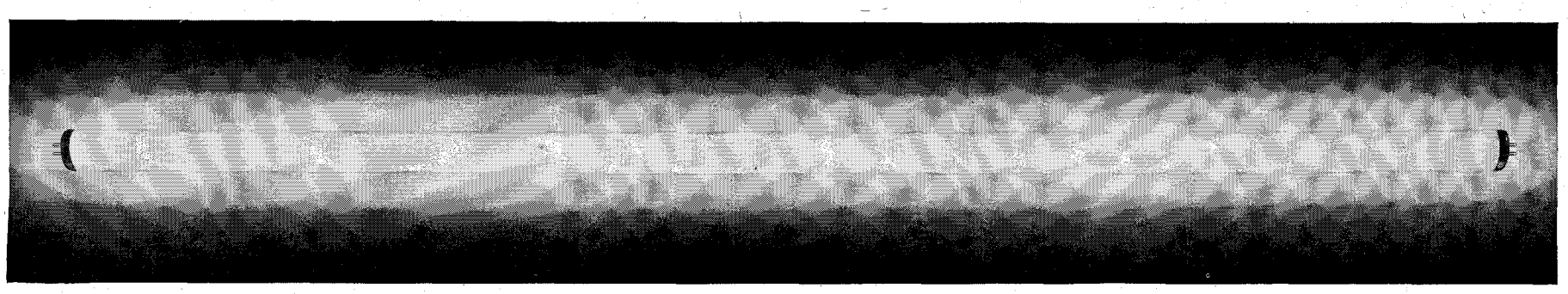
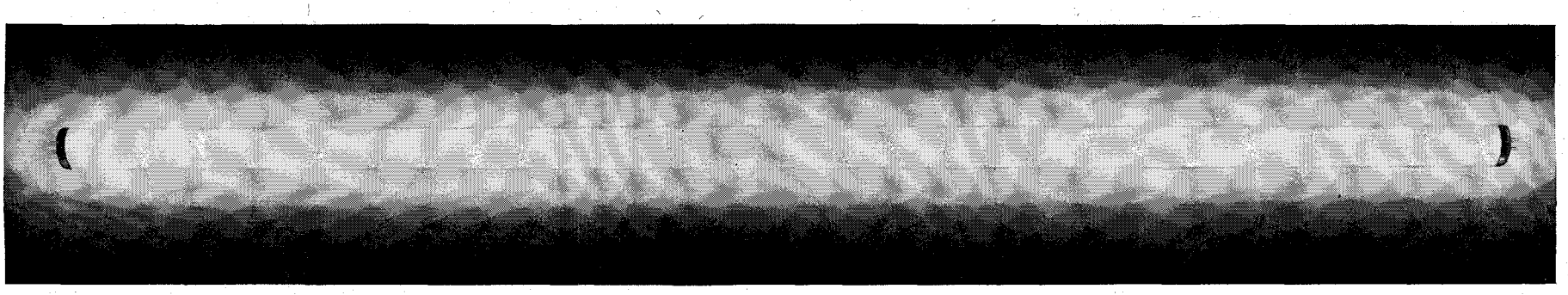
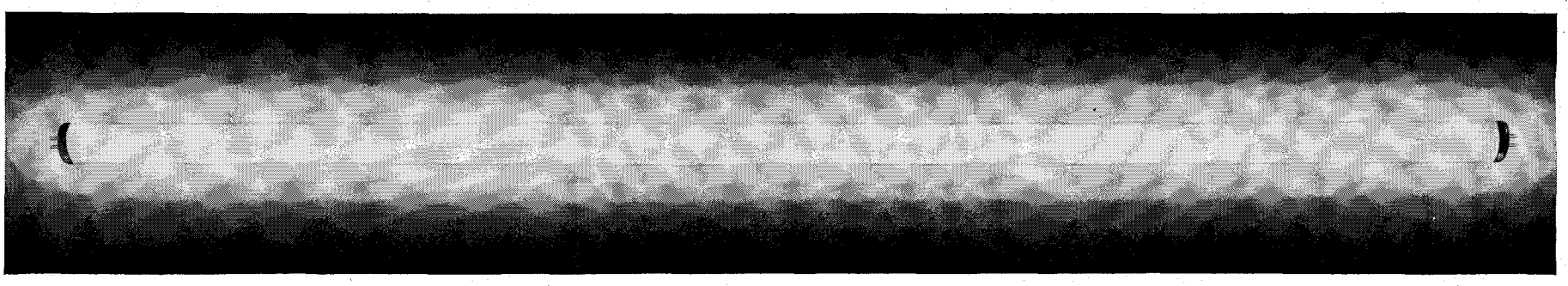
# FACT: Westinghouse lamps with



# Exclusive "Ultralume" phosphors



# give you MORE LIGHT PER FOOT



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**ALL** Westinghouse fluorescent lamps have "Ultralume" phosphors . . . there's one for every industrial, business and home use. Specify Westinghouse on every lamp order. Call your local authorized Westinghouse agent or write—Westinghouse Lamp Division, Bloomfield, N. J.

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## Westinghouse FLUORESCENT LAMPS

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By ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

# THE CASE OF THE FOOTLOOSE DOLL

## Could Mildred Crest untangle her web of lies? Could Perry Mason defend his devious client against a charge of murder?

"You're not Fern Driscoll," Perry Mason said. "You're Mildred Crest. Is that right?"

To escape her private miseries, Mildred had taken the name of a dead girl, Fern Driscoll, who was herself in flight from troubles with the wealthy Baylor family. Somehow Carl Harrod, a blackmailer, discovered the switch in identity. In her darkened apartment a man had lunged at Mildred, impaling himself on the ice pick in her hand. The man turned out to be Harrod. To protect his client from a nasty damage suit, Perry Mason, Mildred's attorney, moved quickly. First, he replaced the ice pick Harrod carried away in his chest. A second pick was planted in Harrod's apartment to confuse the story he threatened to tell the police. Then Mason summoned his own doctor to examine Harrod.

IV

Doctor Arlington took his professional bag, walked up to the door of the apartment house and pressed the button on 218.

"Well," Mason said to Della Street, "we'll soon find out just how much of a problem we have. You got that ice pick placed all right?"

"I'll say I did. I put it in the utility drawer in the kitchen."

"You were working pretty fast," Mason told her.

"You gave me a wonderful opportunity, inquiring about the woman's marital status. Wasn't that rather mean, chief?"

"It was a good way to keep her attention occupied," Mason said.

"You didn't need to rub it in! She'll know what's in the apartment, and when she finds that extra ice pick, particularly since the price mark was left on it, she'll know it was planted, and then she'll put two and two together."

Mason said, "And again she may feel that the ice pick with a price tag on it must have been the one used in the stabbing."

Della Street thought that over, then smiled. "I think I begin to see a light," she said; "a very interesting and significant light."

Baylor tried to slam the door shut on Perry Mason.

Mason lit a cigarette. "We'll see what they tell Doctor Arlington."

"Don't you think you should have gone up with him?"

Mason said, "I don't want to be a witness. Let Doctor Arlington talk with the guy. Any court in the land will take Doctor Arlington's testimony at face value."

"I'll say," she agreed. "He makes a fine witness."

Della Street, who was standing by the side of Perry Mason's automobile, looking toward the back of the car, suddenly stiffened to attention and said, "Oh-oh, chief! Here's trouble!"

"What?" Mason asked.

"A very official-looking car with a red spotlight."

"Coming here?" Mason asked.

"Looks like it."

"Jump in," Mason told her. "We'll get going. We don't dare to get caught."

"There's not time," she said. "They're right on us. Make up a good story."

"Get in," Mason said, sliding over so Della could get in behind the steering wheel. "They may not notice you."

Della Street, with quick, supple grace, twisted in behind the steering wheel, slammed the door shut and rolled the window down.

"Act as though you hadn't seen them," Mason said, "and be talking. They probably won't notice a parked car. They ——"

He broke off as the interior of the car was flooded with red light from a police spotlight.

"Here they are," Della said.

Sergeant Holcomb, of the Homicide Squad, came walking up on the right side of the car. An officer moved up to the left-hand side.

"Well, well, well," Sergeant Holcomb said. "What are you doing here?"

"And what in the world are you doing here?" Mason asked. "We were just leaving."

"Were you really!" Holcomb said. "It didn't look like it to me. It looked as though you were waiting for someone. You know, Mason, you shouldn't have such an attractive secretary. When you get a girl with a figure like Miss America ——"

"Miss Universe," Mason interrupted, grinning.

"All right, all right," Holcomb said with the easy good nature of one who has all the aces in the deck. "When you get a good-looking secretary with a figure like Miss Universe, we naturally notice her when she slides in behind the steering wheel (Continued on Page 98)

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"Rope Jumpers" Photographed by Miriam Young

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# The Lady's Last Fling

(Continued from Page 37)

and you shouldn't drive in such a big hurry."

"It's a deal," he said. So he slows down to fifty miles an hour. This is ten miles above the speeding limit. For Lester Abrams this is slow. "How you feeling, mother?"

"I don't feel myself. I don't know what is coming over me."

"It's neglect, that's what it is. At your age, every man and woman should have a thorough physical checkup at least once a year."

"Who needs such things? In my whole life I never had a sick day. I don't know what is happening to me. All of a sudden I can't sleep. I can't eat. I'm losing weight. All the time I feel so tired, but it comes to lay down the head on the pillow, I can't fall asleep. You think I'll ever come to myself?"

"You certainly will, mother. This operation is a very simple one. You happen to be in excellent health. Your heart is perfect. What you've got there—well, it's just a little cyst, like a node, and once it's out, you'll feel like a new woman."

She sighed. "All my life I don't know from doctors," she said. "I don't know what it is to be sick—and all of a sudden, doctors, doctors, X rays, machines, examinations."

I'm telling you, Mrs. Abrams was plenty frightened. Maybe she thought it was from her son's crazy driving, but she was frightened of everything. She is feeling like this for two weeks already, since Muriel Bergman, her daughter, insisted she must go to the doctor for a checking up to find out why she is losing so much weight. Muriel is a sweet person. She's married to a fine man. He's in the accounting line. But he never has one dollar to rub against another dollar. Children they have plenty. Five of them. Every one a treasure. They live in a ranch house out in Wantagh, Long Island. Well, it's the will of God. To some He gives money. To some He gives children. Blessed be He.

If it wasn't for Muriel practically dragging her to this Doctor Gordon, mamma wouldn't have gone to any doctor. She never believed in doctors or hospitals. All her four children were born at home, in her bedroom, in the same double bed she is sharing with her husband, Leo, since 1907. It was her Aunt Becky, may she rest in peace, who introduced her to Leo Abrams. So it wasn't love at first sight or even second sight? But a woman needs a husband, no? There came the children: Muriel and Lester, Joe—he's in the sportswear line out in Los Angeles—and Tessie, the youngest. She's in Paris right now. She's not even thirty years old and already she's been married two times and divorced two times. Tessie designs jewelry. I mean it, jewelry. You ask me: From this a person could make a living? Hoo-hah, what a living Tessie makes. Such a girl doesn't need a husband. Well, that's America for you. The modern generation.

Anyhow, all the children were born in the house, and for Mrs. Abrams it was no worse than—you should excuse the expression—like she's having a little heartburn after supper.

What, you think doctors can fool a smart woman like Mrs. Abrams with fairy tales? She knows the world. She knows it's a serious condition with her body. For two weeks already, she's convinced she's never going to come out of the hospital alive. She's convinced she's going to die. All her life she was too busy to think about dying. She was busy raising the children, raising her husband, helping out in the store, cooking, cleaning, sending the children to college, borrowing money from relatives and loan companies. Mrs. Abrams was the best customer a finance company ever had.

You know what Lily Abrams is thinking, riding in the car? She's thinking her daughter Tessie maybe had the right idea. Don't tie yourself down with a family. Live a little. Enjoy yourself. It's later than you think.

Mrs. Abrams did not know from any of the enjoyments of life. For instance, a manicure. In all her life she never had a manicure. She never had a fur coat, a meal in a good restaurant, a few weeks in Miami Beach or even in Lakewood, a string of Oriental pearls. Oh, how she loved pearls. But even when her children began to make out—Joe, for instance, is worth a quarter of a million if he's worth a nickel—she wouldn't let any of them buy her fancy clothes or jewelry. She told them they're crazy and they should save the money for the children's education. She used to be of the opinion that nothing is more important than children and the education of children. But all of a sudden when she's sixty-eight years old, she's not so sure she had the right philosophy. Maybe she was a big fool.

Oh, what a sick feeling she had in her soul. To die, to die, not to be on the earth any more, never to be able to smell the cold air again, never to taste a glass of tea

---

The shortest distance between two teen-agers is a telephone line.

HAROLD COFFIN

---

in the morning, savoring the scalding liquid as it went through a lump of sugar between her teeth, never to rub the backs of her grandchildren's necks, never to taste another piece of stuffed fish with beet-flavored horse-radish on Friday night, never to sit upstairs in the women's section of the Orthodox synagogue on 15th Avenue during services and the high holidays, never to light the candles twice a year, once in memory of her mother and once in memory of her father. . . . Ah-h, now it would soon be for her they would be lighting a memorial candle. It was a cold consolation. Nothing could take the place of being alive. Just to fill up the lungs with cold fresh air was a pleasure. Nothing could take the place of it—nothing, nothing. No candles, no prayers for the dead, no visits to the cemetery.

Mrs. Abrams looked over at Lester, like she was afraid he could read her mind and know what was going on there. Such a bitterness there was in her mind, and in her heart, and in her mouth, like she ate a sour apple.

And then, all at once, she saw a picture of a man in her mind. He was a man by the name B. J. Rogerson. He used to live on Riverside Drive in one of those fancy buildings with a canopy to the sidewalk and a big doorman in a uniform. B. J. Rogerson. *I wonder what became of him?* she said to herself. *Did he ever get married?* She looked out of the car and up at the windows of the buildings on the Drive, and a funny idea came into her head. What if, at this very minute, B. J. Rogerson was looking out of one of those windows and thinking of her like she was thinking of him. . . .

"She'll be at the hospital when we get there," Lester said.

"Who's that?"

"Maxine." Maxine was Lester's wife.

"So who's going to watch Sondra?" Sondra was four years old, and smart! Already she knows the whole alphabet from A to Z.

"Don't worry about Sondra. She's in good hands."

"How's Joe? I didn't hear from him all week. I didn't get a letter from him since last Thursday. Something must be the matter."

"Joe is fine."

"How do you know Joe is fine?"

"Because."

"Usually he writes me every week. He's sick."

"Joe isn't sick, mother. Stop worrying about Joe."

"Maybe it's one of the children?"

"Joe is fine and Joe's children are fine and Joe's wife is fine."

"Do me a favor," she said. "Telephone Joe tonight."

"All right."

"Telephone after seven o'clock," she said. "It's cheaper then."

"All right, mother, I promise."

"It's nice of Maxine to come all the way from Scarsdale to the hospital," she said.

"I phoned her after you packed and said you didn't have a bed jacket. She's bringing you one."

"What's a bed jacket?"

"It's like a coat you wear in bed," he said. "You need one."

"For what do I need one?"

"Oh, to receive visitors, nurses—things like that."

"What's the matter with wearing a nightgown?"

"There's nothing the matter with a nightgown, mother. Maxine is also bringing a couple of nightgowns."

"So who needs a bed jacket?"

"You wear the bed jacket over the nightgown, see?"

"I see." She shook her head with a deep sadness. "Papa is taking it very hard."

"Yeah," Lester said. He drove off the drive and went east on 96th Street. "I'm surprised at papa not coming to the hospital with you. It's the least he could do."

"He's a good man, my Leo. But he's got such a soft heart. He was terrible upset about my going to the hospital. He always had a soft heart. He cries when he watches a sad movie on the late show on television."

Leo couldn't say a word to her this morning when she said good-by. His face was white. His eyes were wet. She had always been the stronger of the two, from the first day of their marriage. In the old country, a man like Leo would live out his life as a scholar. But here he was a misfit, as impractical as a butterfly. A regular bungler, he was. But he had a soft heart and such a love for her. He worshiped the ground she walked on. He not even so much as looked at another woman. Well, maybe he looked, but that's all. It was love—love pure and simple.

But how could you not love such a woman? They lived in back of the candy store. She was always running from the back to the front and from the front to the back. Keeping an eye on a chicken boiling in the pot and then running out to mix a customer an egg cream soda or selling a client two cents' worth of licorice. Wiping Joe's nose or kissing away Tessie's tears one minute, and then running out to make change for a newspaper when the bell outside tinkled. Always running, always doing something for somebody else, a customer, a child, a husband, always there to pick up the broken pieces and put them together, and never having a little time for

(Continued on Page 50)

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Gowns by Ceil Chapman

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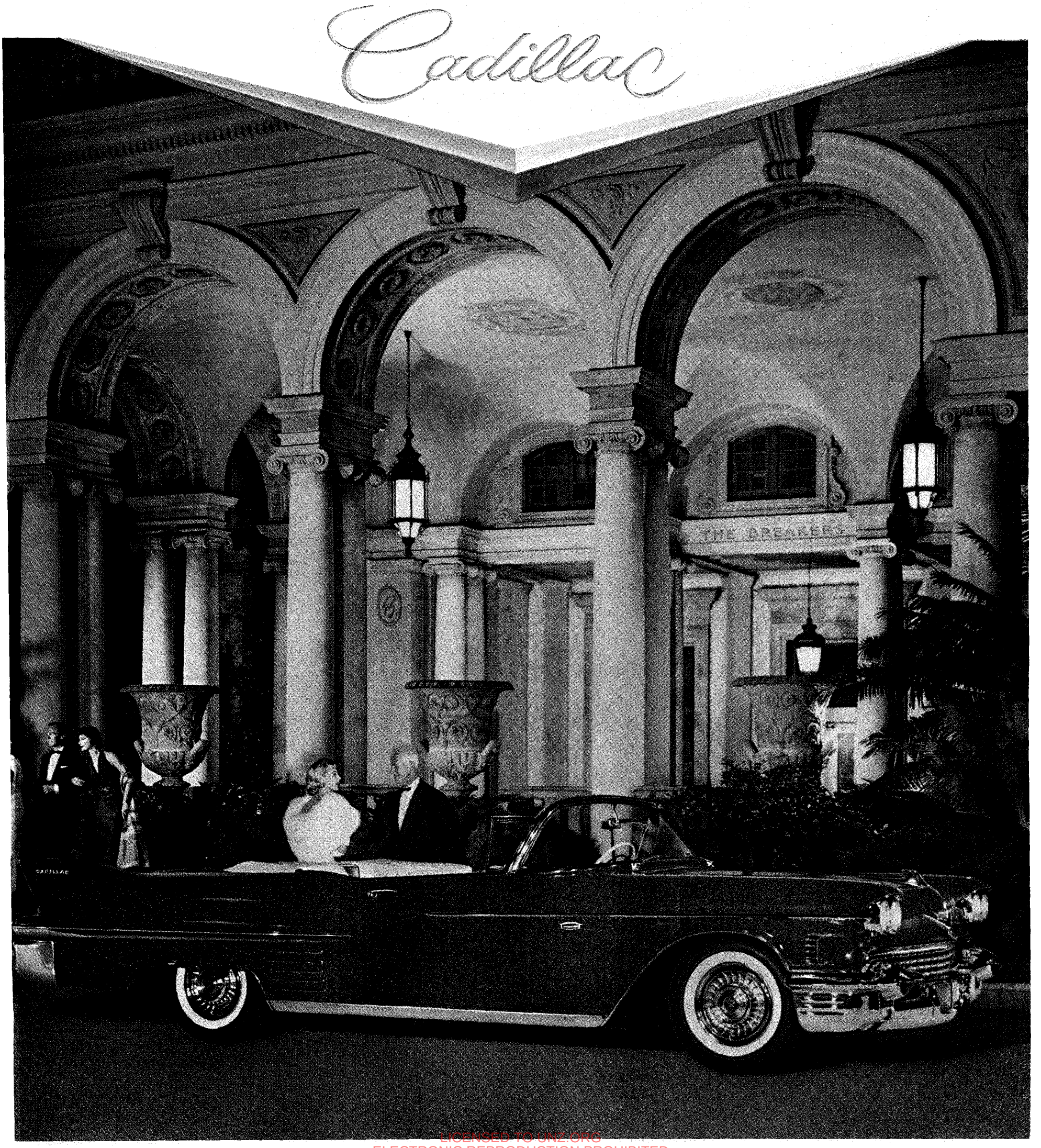


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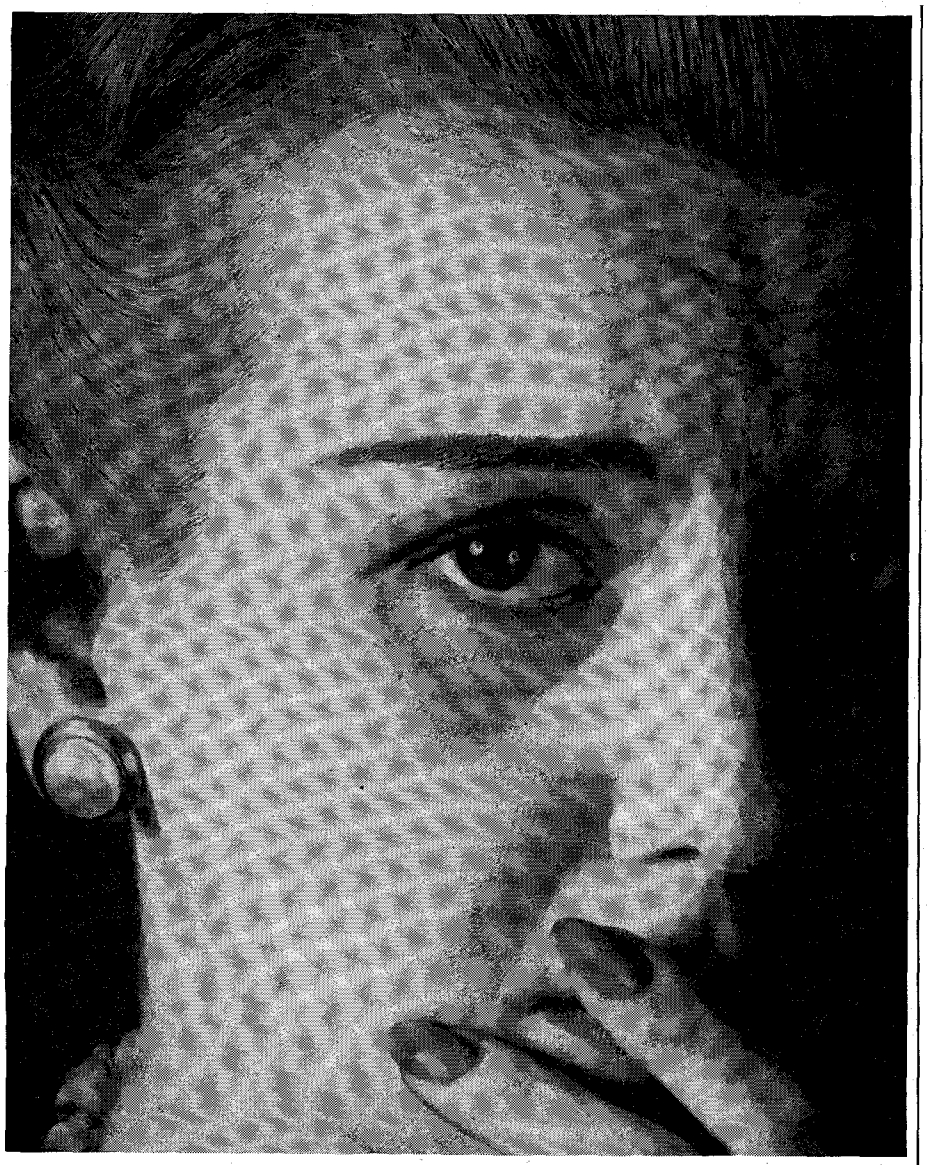

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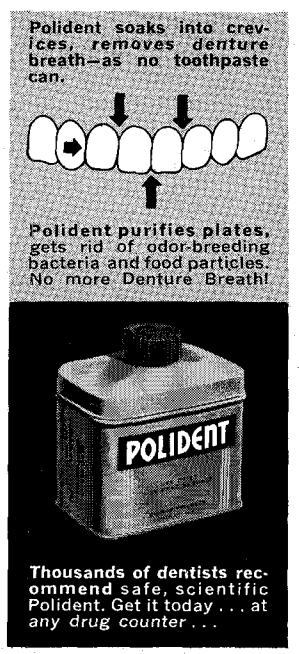
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**LOOSE FALSE TEETH?**
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*Hold dentures firmly in place*
*with this long-lasting cream adhesive.*

(*Continued from Page 48*) herself. Not even a manicure once, not in her whole life, imagine.

She was thinking with sadness, and then the picture of B. J. Rogerson jumped back into her mind. B. J. Rogerson was suave and handsome and polite. She remembered him in a seersucker suit and a straw hat and a big cigar atilt in a corner of his mouth and a big sure-of-himself smile all over his face. She got acquainted with this man a long time ago—in the summer of 1922, it was.

Tessie and Joe weren't born yet. Lester was twelve, and Muriel was nine and a half. Every summer she managed to take the children to the mountains—the Catskills. All year she would hide little sums of money—a nickel here, a penny there—until by August she scraped together enough to rent a room in a *kochalein*. *Kochalein*, it means "to cook alone." It means each party at the farmhouse or the hotel, what you call, does their own cooking and waits on themselves. It was a struggle to get the children away, but children must have a little fresh air. They should know the world isn't all pavements and tenement houses. They should see a tree, a piece of earth, a cow. Her husband stayed in Brooklyn to mind the candy store on New Utrecht Avenue.

In a *kochalein* each family was given fifteen minutes to cook the meal and fifteen minutes to eat it. The kitchen didn't smell so good. It smelled like stale cabbage, old coffee grounds and citronella. All the mammas rubbed citronella on the children as soon as the sun went down. They used to have mosquitoes out there as big as eagles. Also the kitchen was full of flies and the stove didn't work so good. It was no picnic, believe me. Well, one day she is frying some chopped-meat cutlets for supper, when she heard the following: "Madame, I wonder if I might trouble you for a moment?"

She looked around. She saw a fine-looking gentleman. Right away she thought, *He's selling something*. Would an elegant gentleman come to such a cook-alone unless he was a salesman?

"It's no trouble," she said. She wiped her hands on her apron and she looked upon him. He looked straight into her eyes in such a personal way that she blushed like a young girl. I mean, he looked at her, very familiar, if you know what I mean. He took off his straw hat. He had manners, all right.

"I happen to be on my way to the Hotel Nemerson in South Fallsburg," he said. "I was driving up from the city, y'know, and—well, a most embarrassing thing happened. My radiator is boiling over."

"It's—it's boiling hot today," she said. Her voice got hoarse.

"I was wondering if I might borrow a pail of water—warm water?"

"Why not?"

"Thank you. You're very kind." He had a deep voice, a soft voice, and he spoke such a fine English.

She followed him out to the road. His car, an open tourer, was smoking. He took a silk handkerchief from his breast pocket. With it, he twisted off the radiator cap. Hot water hissed up. He jumped back, laughing. "A regular Niagara Falls," he said.

"The car is broken?"

"Nothing at all. She'll be as right as rain as soon as we give her a drink of water." He poured the water into the radiator. He didn't seem to be in a hurry to get into his car. "It's a fine day," he said.

"A little too hot," she said.

"You should be in the city if you think this is hot. It hit ninety-two degrees this morning when I started out. Believe you me, New York City ain't fit for man or beast." He took out a cigar and cut off one end with a gold cutter. He lit the cigar. "Give me the mountains any time. You can't beat the mountains for rest and relaxation. Permit me to introduce myself. B. J. Rogerson." He handed her an embossed card. "I'm a developer and builder. Putting up a block of solid brick homes on Mosholu Parkway this year. You know that neighborhood, perhaps?"

She shook her head.

"You're not from the Bronx?" he asked.

"From Brooklyn—the Borough Park section—if you know it," she said.

"If I know it? Is there a section of the city B. J. Rogerson doesn't know? Some fine apartment buildings going up in Borough Park." Although he, too, was an immigrant—he had come over in 1909 and she had come over in 1906—he spoke a good English. He told her he had gone to night school to learn reading, writing and speech. And then he had worked his way through New York University.

"Yes, sir, America is the land of opportunity," he said. "I came over in the steerage with fifty cents in my pocket and today I have fifty thousand dollars cash money in the bank."

Mrs. Abrams stood in the road watching his car until it was out of sight.

The next morning, he took her and the children for a drive to Monticello. Two nights later, Lester having promised to mind Muriel, she went with him, after supper, to view a program of entertainment in the casino of the Hotel Nemerson. It was a lucky thing she packed the black dress with rhinestones she bought two years ago for her sister's wedding. She powdered her face. She brushed her long black hair and combed it up in a high pompadour. Then she told Muriel to pull her corset strings as tight as possible. Lily looked at herself in the mirror. She looked nice in the black dress. You wouldn't believe she was a mother of two children.

Ah, but it was a wonderful night, she thought, living the whole evening over again like she was having a beautiful dream. B.J. came with a corsage of yellow tea roses. He opened the door of the car for her like she was a princess. The night was warm. The sky was velvet. Every star was shining like a blue-white diamond.

They danced in the pavilion at the hotel. You didn't know mamma could dance? Well, only a waltz, so they waltzed to every song the orchestra played. It was marvelous. Her body was floating like a feather in the breeze. After this, they sat down and B.J. told a waiter to bring ice-cold ginger ale. He poured out something from a silver flask into each glass. He told her he had his own personal bootlegger and this was (*Continued on Page 52*)

... ... ... ... ... ... ...

## Burned Forest

By S. OMAR BARKER

I saw it green a year ago,
Today I saw it black,
With no leaf-dappled trail
to show
The wild deer's timid track;
No treetop bird song on the
air,
No branch where young
squirrels hide—
Only the ache of ashes
where
A little world has died.

... ... ... ... ... ... ...

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# Carries friendship and love across the miles

A telephone call is such a happy and comforting way to keep in touch with family and friends no matter where they live.

Isn't there someone, somewhere, you'd like to talk with right now? It's so easy, and the cost is small.

**LONG DISTANCE RATES ARE LOW**

*Station-to-Station Calls*

| *For example:* | First 3 Minutes | Each Added Minute |
|---|---|---|
| Newark, N.J., to Boston | 60¢ | 15¢ |
| Minneapolis to Chicago | 80¢ | 20¢ |
| Milwaukee to Pittsburgh | 90¢ | 25¢ |
| Atlanta to Cleveland | $1.00 | 25¢ |
| Kansas City to New York | $1.45 | 40¢ |

*These rates apply nights after six and all day Sunday. Add the 10% federal excise tax.*

**BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM**

*Call by Number. It's Twice as Fast.*

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(*Continued from Page 50*) genuine stuff, fresh from the Nova Scotia boats. He tipped the waiter a whole dollar. B.J. was what you call a sport, a big spender.

Lily never drank anything except a glass of wine on the holidays, but this was such an occasion she had a big glass of ginger ale and Nova Scotia whisky. You can imagine what it did to her nerves. Plenty. Then they went to the casino and found two nice seats in the front. She felt B.J.'s arm pressing against her arm. She knew that, being a respectable married woman, she should not allow him to get familiar, but she didn't care. She wanted to feel his arm.

Well, the show was a show to remember. The master of ceremonies told one joke after another, and each joke was funnier than the one before. Three boys in tuxedos, with their faces blacked up, did a number, I'm Alabammy Bound. Then there was a boy dancer and girl dancer and he held her high up in the air and whirled her around and around. They had a little one-act play, and then a soprano that was very well-known in vaudeville came out and sat by a telephone and sang All Alone by the Telephone.

Later, they went out by the lake. B.J. took her in his arms. He kissed her. Her lips parted. She kissed him with all her soul. For the first time in her life, she knew what it meant to love a man and to be loved by the man she loved. He told her she was beautiful and he loved her. He wanted to marry her and lay the whole world at her feet. He said that since he met her all his money and success were like ashes. She was the woman he had been seeking all of his life. He wanted to give her all the comforts she deserved. He wanted her to live in his nine-room apartment on Riverside Drive and have her own servant and never have to pick up even a pin from the floor as long as she lived. She should have the best of everything because nothing was too good for her.

And that night she lay on her bed and listened to the way her children were breathing so deeply as they slept on their cots. She didn't think of the children, for once. She thought over the whole evening and she knew that the greatest of all the things that B. J. Rogerson was laying at her feet was passion, for she had wanted passion more than anything else since she had been a schoolgirl in Russia and used to read the love poems by Pushkin. And now it was hers to take. It was in her arms because a man she loved had been in her arms.

So the next day, what happens? Her husband telephones from Brooklyn and he's in trouble. What else? The company that installed the soda fountain is going to take it out next week unless he makes a payment. For three months they've been dunning him.

You think a man would tell his wife about such a problem, eh? You don't know Leo Abrams. Somebody has to go borrow money somewheres in a hurry. It's got to be Lily Abrams, naturally. Her heart is torn with pity for this hapless misfit. It's the will of God a woman like Lily Abrams should be married to a man like this. If God wanted her to be married to somebody else, wouldn't she already be married to somebody else? That night she said good-by to B.J. She cut herself off from him forever. She allowed him one more kiss—on her cheek. For a good long time she used to get dreamy and her fingers would rub the little place where his lips kissed her. Finally she stopped rubbing the little place.

"Well, here we are, mother," Lester said. He was trying to smile and look confident. But he didn't fool her for one minute. She knew she had a one-way ticket to this hospital. At the admissions desk, a nurse sent him to a room to register her and pay an advance against the bill.

"You just sit here, mother, and relax," he said. "I'll be back in five minutes."

She sat in the reception room and waited. It was a long wait—longer than five minutes. She had plenty of time to think all her bitter thoughts out to the bitter end. She decided she had been a big fool and it had all been a waste, and now she was going to die with nothing to look back on but one golden evening.

Suddenly she had an impulse. She was tired of waiting. She looked up to see if Lester was there. He wasn't. She crept out of the reception room like a thief in the night. If only Lester didn't come out and spy her. She walked faster, going down the hall. She turned around to take a last look. No sign of Lester. She opened a big glass door, and then she was outside, free. She took a deep breath of the chill winter air. She buttoned up her old cloth coat. She crossed to the west side of Fifth Avenue and took a downtown bus.

*Before I die*, she said to herself, *I'm going to see already all the wonders of the Fifth Avenue stores. This much, at least, I owe myself.* She stared out of the bus window at all the handsome women in their fancy dresses, for surely nowhere on this earth will you see such beautiful women in such beautiful clothes as on Fifth Avenue between 50th and 59th streets. She got out at 58th. She went into a bar in a hotel. She sat down at a small round table.

"I would like," she told the waiter, "a cocktail." She was shaking a little.

"What kind of a cocktail?"

"What kind you got?"

"Well, we have martinis, manhattans, old-fashioneds, side-cars."

"Could you recommend me a nice cocktail maybe?"

"I think a Daiquiri might suit you, ma'am," he said.

So she had a Daiquiri. It went down good. It made a nice warm place in the stomach. It made the blood run warmly.

She became part of the swirl of happy people on Fifth Avenue. She felt young. She felt even a little wild. Outside a high-class beauty parlor, she saw in the window a picture showing a blond girl with a hand. The nails were painted red. FIRE RED, it said on the picture, IS THE FIRE OF PASSION. She went in there. It wasn't a beauty parlor. It was a regular palace. She went down to the end of a big room. There was a beautiful girl sitting by a desk, a genuine antique.

"What was it you wanted?" the girl asked. She looked like an actress from Hollywood.

"You have here maybe manicures?"

"Did you have an appointment?"

"No," Mrs. Abrams said.

"I don't know if I can fit you in on such short notice," the Hollywood star said.

She made a telephone call to somebody. Then another Hollywood actress came in. She was even more stunning than the other girl. She took her to a seat in a room where many women were having their nails manicured. Lily Abrams leaned back. Her fingers loosened in a metal dish of soapy water. She closed her eyes. It felt so peaceful to be taken care of like this. She had a big enjoyment of the scissors snipping away at hangnails and small brushes scrubbing around finger tips and scoops digging under nails.

"What shade would you prefer?" the manicurist asked.

"Shade?"

"What shade of coloring?"

"Fire red. What else?" replied Mrs. Abrams.

"It will go beautifully with your ensemble," the manicurist said. Mrs. Abrams didn't know what an ensemble was. Maybe it was a hat or a pair of shoes. She didn't care to ask for an explanation either.

She felt like a Hollywood actress herself when she sailed out of the beauty parlor. She walked south and then she looked in all the windows at Bonwit Teller's. She looked in all the windows on the Fifth Avenue side and then she looked in all the windows on the 56th Street side. Each window had a different lady in it, with a different costume. Finally she went inside. Nobody stopped her. They didn't charge admission either. She didn't buy anything. She just looked. She walked through all the aisles and she looked. She looked at gloves, at hats, at handbags, at perfume. She looked.

She did some more looking outside of Cartier's. Then she went in and asked to see pearls. And they treated her like she was a regular customer. A nice young man with a flower in his lapel took her to a private table and helped her with her coat like her name was Mrs. Rockefeller. He showed her one pearl necklace after another. Then he insisted on putting one around her neck. She took a look at herself in the mirror.

And then the bitterness came back into her heart. She saw an old face, a wrinkled face, a tired-out face. She rushed away from the store, thinking, *I don't want to die. I don't want to die. It's not right I should die before I lived. What a fool I was. All my life what a fool I was.*

Her head was spinning. She was dizzy. She lost her sense of direction. Then she took a cab. She could barely say, "Mt. Sinai Hospital." She sat back in the seat. Her heart beat terrible. She was afraid she was going to faint. She must get hold of herself. She must not give in. She had been forcing herself not to give in as long as she could remember. *And it was all for nothing—all for nothing, nothing. So let death come. What's the use? Let it come quickly—tonight. Let me die in my sleep.*

In the hospital corridor she saw Lester. He was walking back and forth. He kept looking at his wrist watch. He looked upset. Then he saw her and he flew to her. He put his arm around her.

"Are you all right?" he cried. "What's the matter? Where have you been?"

And then suddenly pouring out of the reception room, a regular parade, there was Leo, come all the way from Brooklyn on the subway, and Muriel, and—it was a miracle from heaven—Joe, and even Tessie. Mamma felt the waves of love beat around her body like she was in the ocean.

"Lily, darling," her husband said, "we was all worried sick." He gave her a hug. "Where did you go?"

She leaned against his body. "I went for a nice little walk around the block," she said. And now she couldn't hold back the tears any more. They came down her cheeks like a river.

"Some little walk," Leo said. "Some block. It's two hours already, Lily, that you disappeared from the hospital."

"We're so glad to see you," Muriel said, holding her by one hand.

And Joe, holding her by the other hand, said, "You're looking like a million dollars."

"All the way from California you came?" Mrs. Abrams said. "I can't get over it."

"I got into Idlewild at half past four," Joe said.

"And Air France got me into the same place a few minutes later, and we ran into each other in the bar," Tessie said. "It's old-home week."

"Joe, you look skinny," Mrs. Abrams said. "You're not eating properly. How are the children and Jacqueline? All week I didn't hear from you. I can't get over it. . . . All the way from Europe you came, Tessie. I can't get over it."

"It's wonderful to be here," Tessie said.

Mrs. Abrams looked around at all of them, at how they were beaming with pleasure, at how they leaned upon her and needed her. She realized her life was not poor, but rich. Everybody turned around her, whether they were in California or France or Long Island, and it was good to know this. *I'm not going to die*, she said to herself. *I'll live a long time yet.*

"Tessie," she commanded. Her daughter obediently followed her to a quiet corner.

Mrs. Abrams whispered, "When are you getting married and settling down with a nice boy?"

"I don't know," Tessie said.

"You get married, and this time stay married and have a lot of children," she said. "You can't have enough children. Don't you know that the purpose of this world is to have children? Don't you know that? You hear me?"

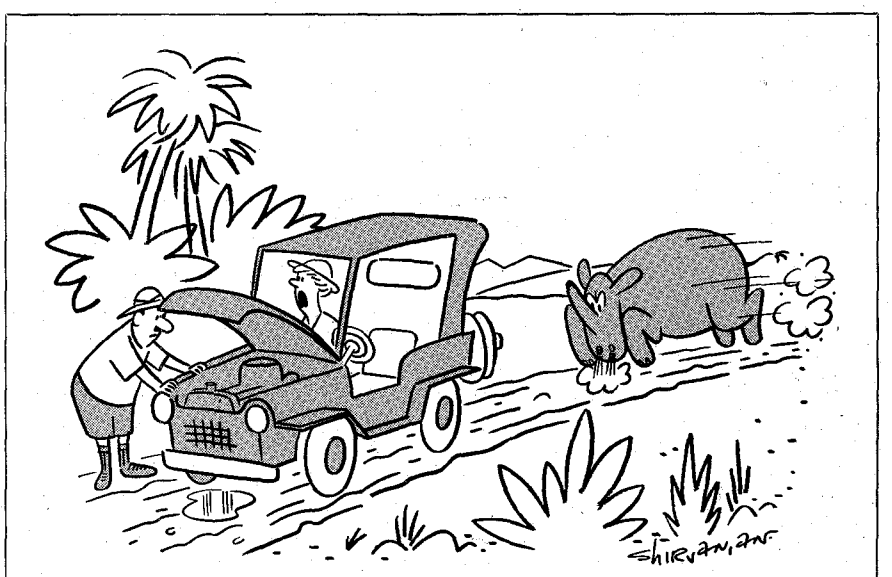
"Yes," Tessie said.

"Listen, you characters," Lester said; "I hate to break up this little party, but we got to get a certain lady up to her private room. I ordered a wheel chair for you to take you upstairs—mamma."

"I don't need no wheel chair, *kindele*," she smiled. "I can walk on my own two feet like I always walked, and I'll live to walk many a good year yet."

And, as proud as a battleship with all the flags flying, Lily Abrams raised up her head and walked into the elevator ahead of her husband and all her children.

THE END




"Hop in. I think we're going to get a push."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Watch "Your Hit Parade" on TV
Saturday nights for the **Hit Parade** cigarette

# $200,000.00 MYSTERY TUNE CONTEST

FIRST PRIZES: **32 NEW '58 CHEVROLET CONVERTIBLES**
4 awarded in each of 8 contests

SECOND PRIZES: **32 $1,000.00 CHARGE ACCOUNTS**
at any convenient store of your choice... 4 awarded in each of 8 contests

**1,280 OTHER EXCITING PRIZES**

160 AWARDED IN EACH OF 8 CONTESTS:
3rd PRIZES...15 Bell & Howell Movie Cameras and Projectors
4th PRIZES...10 Philco Hi-Fi Sets
5th PRIZES...10 Philco Portable TV Sets
6th PRIZES..125 Sheaffer Ballpoint Pens

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## Easy to enter! Fun for the whole family!

**Watch "Your Hit Parade" on dates listed in rules below. Name the mystery tune played on the show. Then tell us why you like new Hit Parade cigarettes.**

It's easy to think of reasons why you like Hit Parade cigarettes, and write them in 25 additional words or less. For instance: "I like Hit Parade cigarettes because a good filter cigarette to me combines fine tobacco and a fine filter. Hit Parade has both." Enter each contest as often as you like. Just enclose one of the end panels from a carton of Hit Parade with each entry (remember, each carton has *two* end panels, so it is good for *two* entries!).

### JUST FOLLOW THESE SIMPLE RULES

**1.** To enter any of the eight contests listed in Rule 2, simply name correctly the mystery tune played on Your Hit Parade TV show for that contest week, and then complete this statement in 25 additional words or less: "I like Hit Parade cigarettes because . . . ." Write your entry on either an official entry blank or one side of any plain sheet of paper. Be sure to print your name and address plainly. You may enter each contest as many times as you wish, but each entry must be accompanied by an end panel from a carton of Hit Parade cigarettes. Mail your entry to:

**Hit Parade Contest**
**P. O. Box 17A**
**Mount Vernon 10, New York**

Be sure to use sufficient postage on your envelope.

**2.** This is a series of eight biweekly contests as follows:

| Mystery Tune Contest | Your Hit Parade TV Show of | Entries must be postmarked by midnight on | Entries must be received not later than |
|---|---|---|---|
| #1 | Feb. 22* | March 7 | March 14 |
| #2 | March 8 | March 21 | March 28 |
| #3 | March 22 | April 4 | April 11 |
| #4 | April 5 | April 18 | April 25 |
| #5 | April 19 | May 2 | May 9 |
| #6 | May 3 | May 16 | May 23 |
| #7 | May 17 | May 30 | June 6 |
| #8 | May 31 | June 13 | June 20 |

*The Hit Parade Mystery Tune Contest begins one week later than dates shown above in the following areas: Yuma, Ariz., Louisville, Ky., Providence, R. I., Nashville, Tenn., Texarkana, Tex., La Crosse, Wis., Milwaukee, Wis., but all entries must be postmarked and received by the dates stated.

**3.** Anyone living in the continental United States or its possessions is eligible, except employees of The American Tobacco Company, its advertising agencies, and the families of such employees. Each entry must be the original work of the contestant submitting it and submitted in the contestant's own name. You may enter as many contests as you wish, but a contestant may be awarded only one prize per contest.

**4.** Prizes will be awarded on the basis of originality, sincerity and appropriateness of the completed statement. Entries will be judged by The Reuben H. Donnelley Corporation. To be eligible for a prize in a contest, the contestant must name the mystery tune for that contest correctly. Decision of the judges will be final. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in the event of ties.

**5.** All entries become the property of The American Tobacco Company to use as it sees fit, and none will be returned. Winners will be notified by mail. For a list of winners in all eight contests, enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope with your entry. Contest subject to all federal, state and local regulations.

## ENTRY BLANK

Here is my contest entry:
The correct name of the mystery tune is.....

.....

Complete this sentence in 25 additional words or less: "I like Hit Parade cigarettes because

.....

.....

.....

.....

....."

My name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

Mail, with either end panel from a carton of Hit Parade cigarettes, to:

**Hit Parade Contest**
**P. O. Box 17A**
**Mount Vernon 10, New York**

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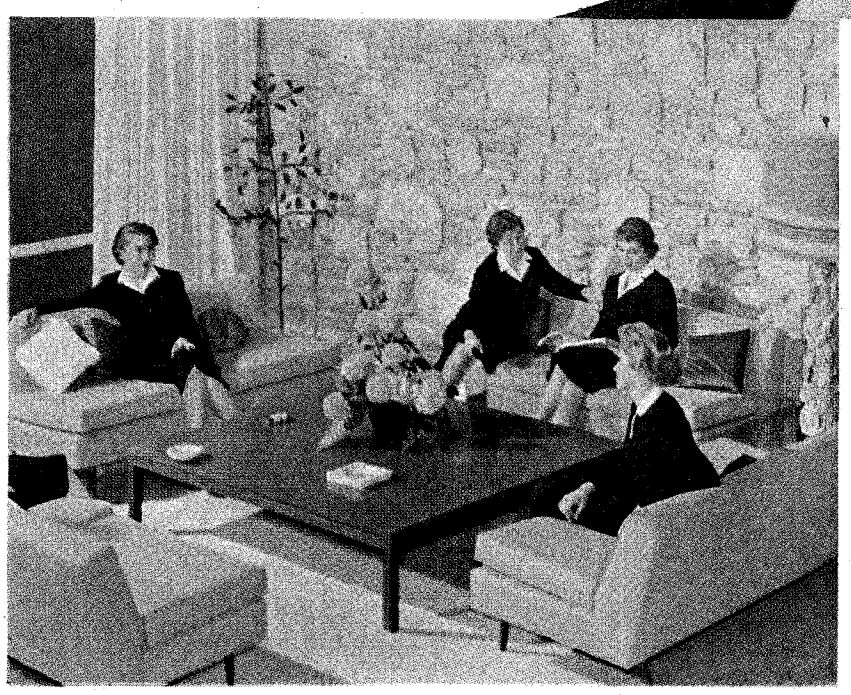
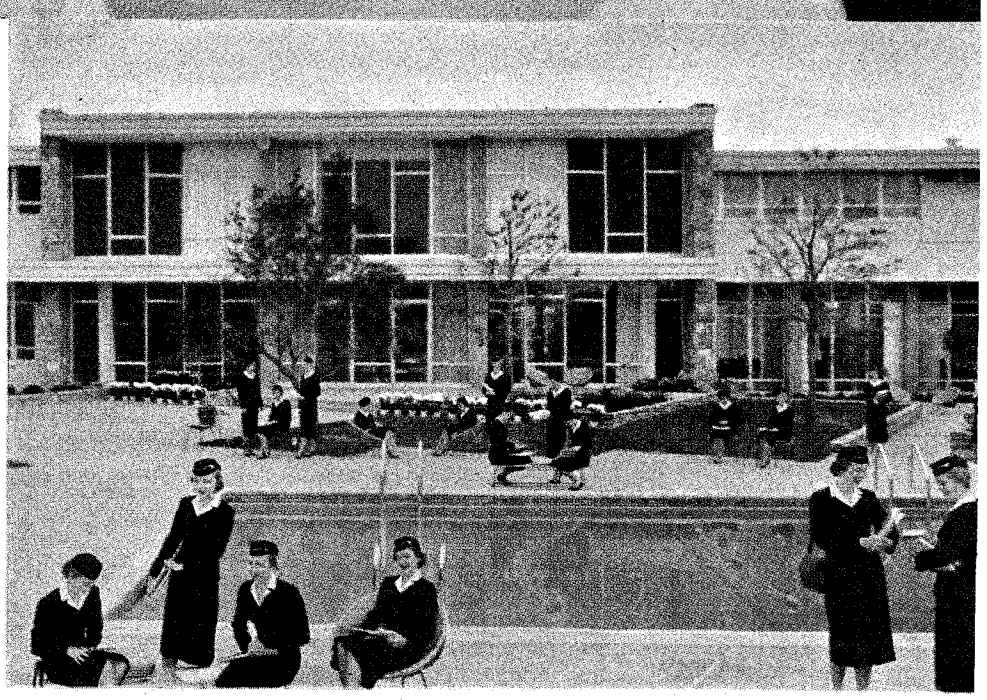
# ONE REASON WHY AMERICAN SERVES YOU BETTER WHEN YOU FLY

*"Here's America's*

*first*





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## *No wonder American Airlines has the best trained stewardesses in the air*

"This new million dollar stewardess college in Texas is a shining example of the special emphasis that American Airlines places on serving *you,* the passenger. It's the only college in the country entirely devoted to the training of airline stewardesses.

"Step inside. Everywhere you see signs of American's advanced training methods. The most modern visual aids! Complete mockups of aircraft! Courses that range from radio navigation to public speaking. 650 talented girls a year will receive training here that can't be duplicated elsewhere in the world. The first graduates are already serving you.

"American Airlines has always been famous for the best trained stewardess corps in the air. With this new college, American is making certain you will continue to enjoy that special blend of hospitality and efficiency you have come to expect on the Flagship Fleet."

*nd only Stewardess College"*

# AMERICAN AIRLINES

*America's Leading Airline*

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MONEY BY WIRE • MONEY BY WIRE • MONEY BY WIRE •

and even innocent. But you must never let yourself be fooled, because he knew how to take advantage of every parliamentary trick and, if you let your guard down for a moment, he would defeat you. We could smile sympathetically at each other when someone was making a long-winded speech, but that did not mean I failed to watch his every move with great care. I learned to have great respect for his ability.

We did not succeed in achieving a meeting of minds among members of Committee 3 on the refugee problem, since the Russians and Yugoslavs maintained their position. When our chairman, Peter Fraser, of New Zealand, made his report to the General Assembly, it was opposed for the Soviet Union by Andrei Vishinsky. In this connection, I think it is important to point out some ways in which the Soviet methods at the United Nations differ from ours, because their system calls for great skill and high legal ability, and it illustrates both the grim determination and the intense training of Russian representatives.

Their system provides for the man who heads their delegation to carry the responsibility for handling virtually every subject—and there are many, many very complicated subjects—that comes before the General Assembly. Other delegations usually designate the person who has been in charge of a particular subject during committee meetings to handle debate on that subject in the plenary sessions of the Assembly. Not so the Russians. Mr. Vishinsky carried on the debate in regard to the refugee question and I marveled at the way he must have been briefed down to the last detail and at his ability to absorb so many facts regarding a complicated subject that had been discussed by the committee for weeks.

Mr. Vishinsky's remarkably developed memory reminded me of something my son, Elliott, had told me when he was in the Air Force. He said the Russian pilots were so intensely trained and had such good memories that they were the only foreigners who could be given the instruction book as to how to fly an American bomber at six o'clock of an evening and be able to fly it away alone early the next morning. Mr. Vishinsky was like a highly trained technician. He gave me the impression of being a legal or business representative of a client rather than a man speaking his convictions. He was able but cold, and I rather thought he lacked any personal convictions.

When the time approached for someone to speak for the United States, our delegation was in a veritable dither. Finally, after consultation among the men John Foster Dulles approached me and asked if I thought I could say a few words. "The United States must speak in the debate," he added rather lamely, "and you're the only one familiar with the subject." I said meekly that I would do my best, but, truthfully, the thought of speaking against Mr. Vishinsky made me tremble. I was tense and excited, but I knew that I believed in what I wanted to say, and I did my best.

The hour was late and we rather feared that some delegates on our side—particularly our South American colleagues—might leave before a vote was taken. So, since their presence was essential, I talked about Bolivar and his stand for the freedom of all peoples. The South American delegates stayed with us to the bitter end and we won a victory in the vote on the right of an individual to decide his own fate.

Neither this nor any other victory over the Soviet delegation was easy. The Russian tenacity is hard for some of us to accept because they often believe that by never giving ground on any point they can wear down their opponents and win. This approach has nothing to do with reason. I remember, during debate on another subject, when Sen. Tom Connally, of Texas, told our delegation with great firmness, "I have discussed this question for the last time with the Soviet delegate. He has brought it up three times and I will not discuss it again."

"He probably will bring it up at every opportunity," I remarked mildly.

Senator Connally arose to impressive dignity. "In the United States Senate," he declared, "when debate is finished it is finished."

But this was not the Senate. We were dealing with a different situation and Senator Connally found himself discussing the same subject on several other occasions, regardless of his own desires. At London and elsewhere, I saw a great deal of the Russians over the years and I felt that perhaps Maxim Litvinov, whose wife was English, was the most skillful in getting along with Western diplomats and government officials. V.M. Molotov, who was so rigid as foreign minister and who made "*Niet!*" such a well-known word at the United Nations, was always correct and polite, but, although I saw him frequently and sat next to him at dinners, I never felt it was possible to know him well.

Andrei Gromyko knew the ways of Westerners far better than he pretended. I had a personal feeling in regard to him because he made a special trip to Hyde Park after Franklin's death to pay his respects. But even then he never ceased to give me the impression that he was always on guard, and he certainly maintained the Communist practice of never showing any kind of weakness in the presence of Westerners. My secretary, Miss Malvina Thompson, noticed, when we were at luncheon, that Madame Gromyko was not eating anything and inquired whether something was wrong. Madame Gromyko explained that she had ulcers and was forced to confine herself to a soft diet.

"I will have some poached eggs and milk fixed for you," Miss Thompson said.

Mr. Gromyko had been talking to me, but he never missed anything. He turned to Miss Thompson and said severely, "My wife is quite capable of eating anything."

For once, however, I did not pay any attention to the Russian stubbornness. I had poached eggs prepared and brought to Madame Gromyko, and she ate them.

Despite the difficult attitude of the Russians, I always felt at the United Nations that the American delegates should refuse to be the ones to show unfriendliness. Some of our delegates would refuse to be photographed shaking hands or talking with the Soviet delegates at the beginning of a session, presumably because they felt the Russians were mortal enemies or perhaps because they felt it would do them no good politically in the United States. The Russians, on the other hand, were always very eager on such occasions to be photographed, smiling and shaking hands with our delegates. I knew that (*Continued on Page 60*)

### Revenge

Sometimes I find it fun to
Do what I've been done to.

Tom Congdon

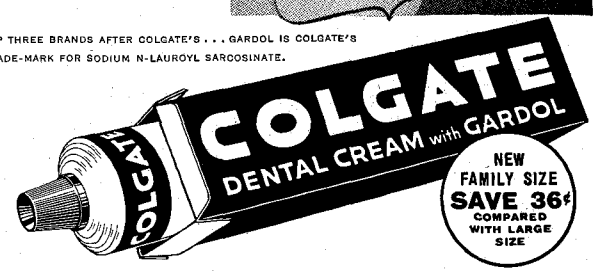
FIGHT TOOTH DECAY WITH COLGATE'S WHILE YOU STOP BAD BREATH ALL DAY!

Brushing For Brushing, It's The Surest Protection Ever Offered By Any Toothpaste!
Because Of All Leading Toothpastes, Only Colgate Dental Cream Contains Gardol!

FIGHTS BOTH BAD BREATH AND TOOTH DECAY ALL DAY—
WITH JUST ONE BRUSHING!

Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol is backed by published results of 2-year clinical research on the reduction of tooth decay. And of all leading toothpastes,* only Colgate's contains Gardol to form an invisible, protective shield around your teeth that fights decay all day . . . helps *stop* decay with just one brushing! One Colgate brushing stops mouth odor all day for most people, too!

*TOP THREE BRANDS AFTER COLGATE'S . . . GARDOL IS COLGATE'S TRADE-MARK FOR SODIUM N-LAUROYL SARCOSINATE.




WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING TOOTHPASTE

CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH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# Who says there's nothing new on wheels?

*Every window of every Buick is SAFETY PLATE Glass*

**THE UNIQUE OPEL** —The imported car made by General Motors in Germany—
can now be ordered in Sedan and Caravan Wagon models through Authorized Buick Dealers.

# THE AIR BORN

See TALES OF WELLS FARGO, starring Dale Robertson, on NBC-TV and THE PATRICE MUNSEL SHOW, starring Patrice Munsel, on ABC-TV

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PLAIN TRUTH IS, this '58 Buick is even newer than it looks—and that's saying plenty.

It has more than the newness of a Dynastar Grille—more than the freshest new styling on the highway—*it has a completely new mode of travel.*

More than any other car ever built, it brings aviation principles right down to earth where they're at your command.

It has a Flight Pitch Dynaflow* that switches the pitch a million ways—exactly like an airplane gaining altitude.

It has a B-12000 engine that can give lessons to anything else on the road.

It has a Miracle Chassis—plus an air ride* that buoys you to stratosphere smoothness.

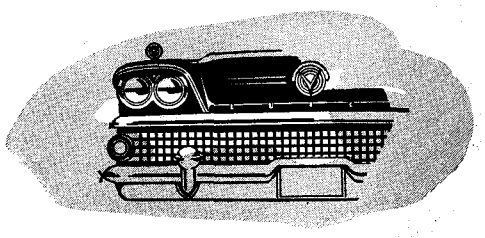
It has advance after advance, triumph after triumph. It has so many new features to make it agile and alert that car engineers dubbed it, *"The first big car that's light on its feet."*

And greatest news yet—all of these new features are designed and built to a precision standard that's worth headlines by itself.

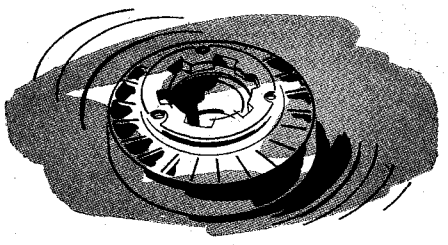
See and drive the B-58 Buick, newest car of this or any other year—at your Buick dealer's today.

BUICK *Division of* GENERAL MOTORS

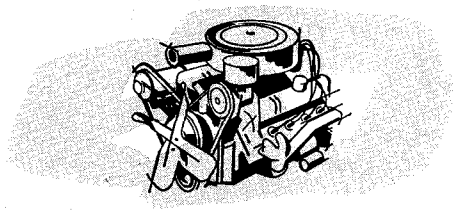
**Flight Pitch Dynaflow standard on* LIMITED *and* ROADMASTER 75, *optional at extra cost on other Series. Buick air ride optional at extra cost on all Series. Aluminum Front Brakes standard on all Series except* SPECIAL.



**Bold Face of '58** is the gorgeous Dynastar Grille that spearheads the completely fresh look of the B-58 Buick—the look of flight on wheels.



**You can Switch the Pitch a Million Ways with Flight Pitch Dynaflow**—yet all you feel with this fabulously different transmission is smooth, soaring and exact response on the instant.



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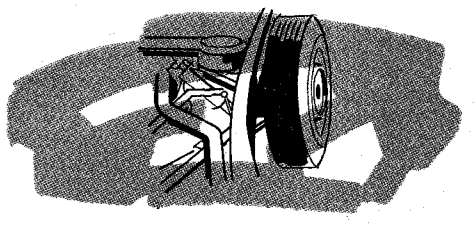

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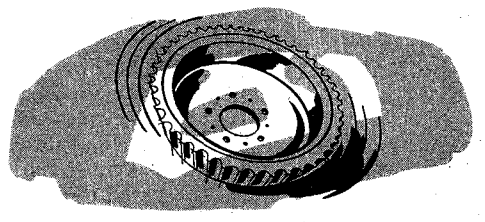

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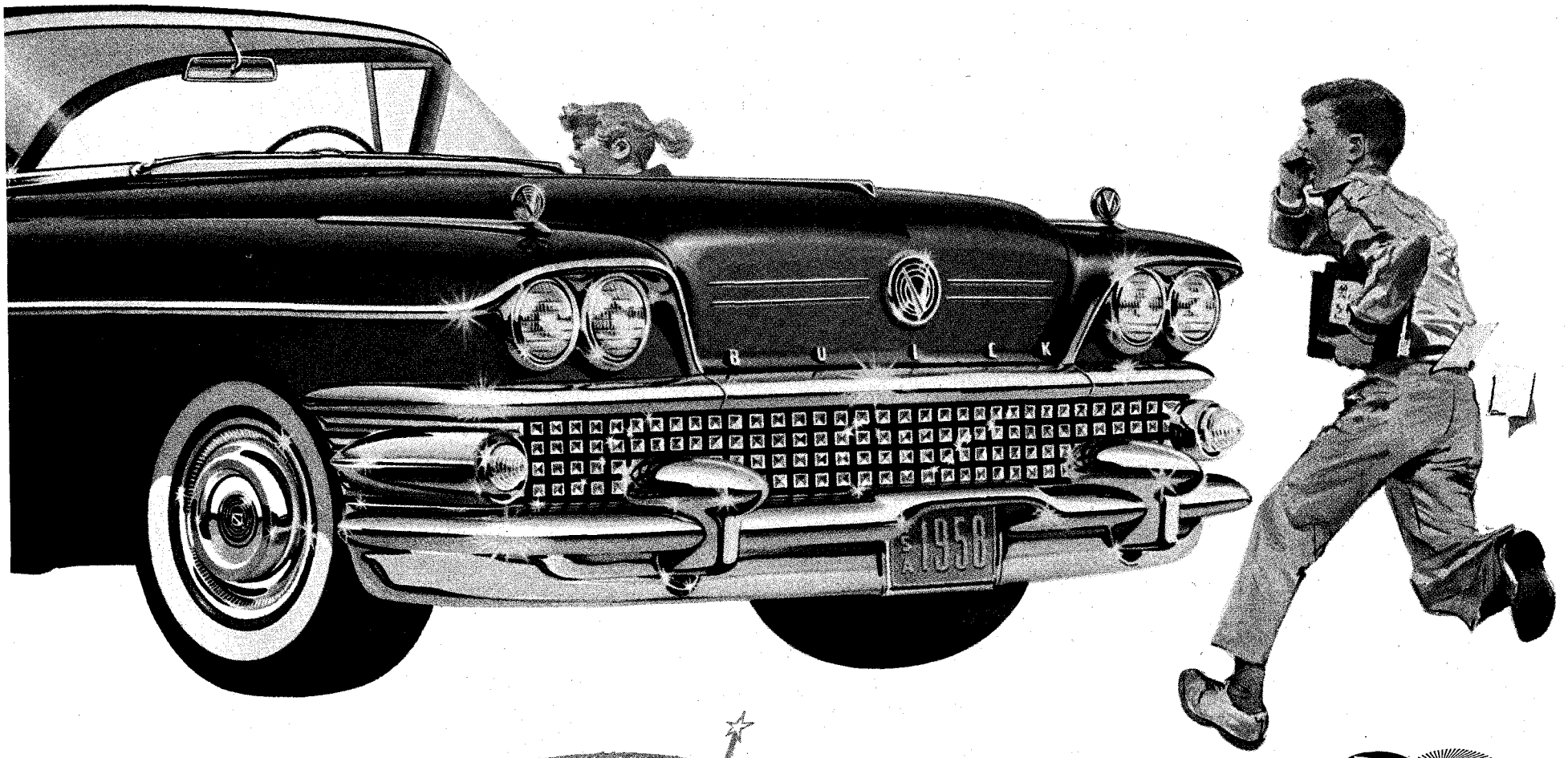


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*When better automobiles are built Buick will build them*

# B-58 BUICK

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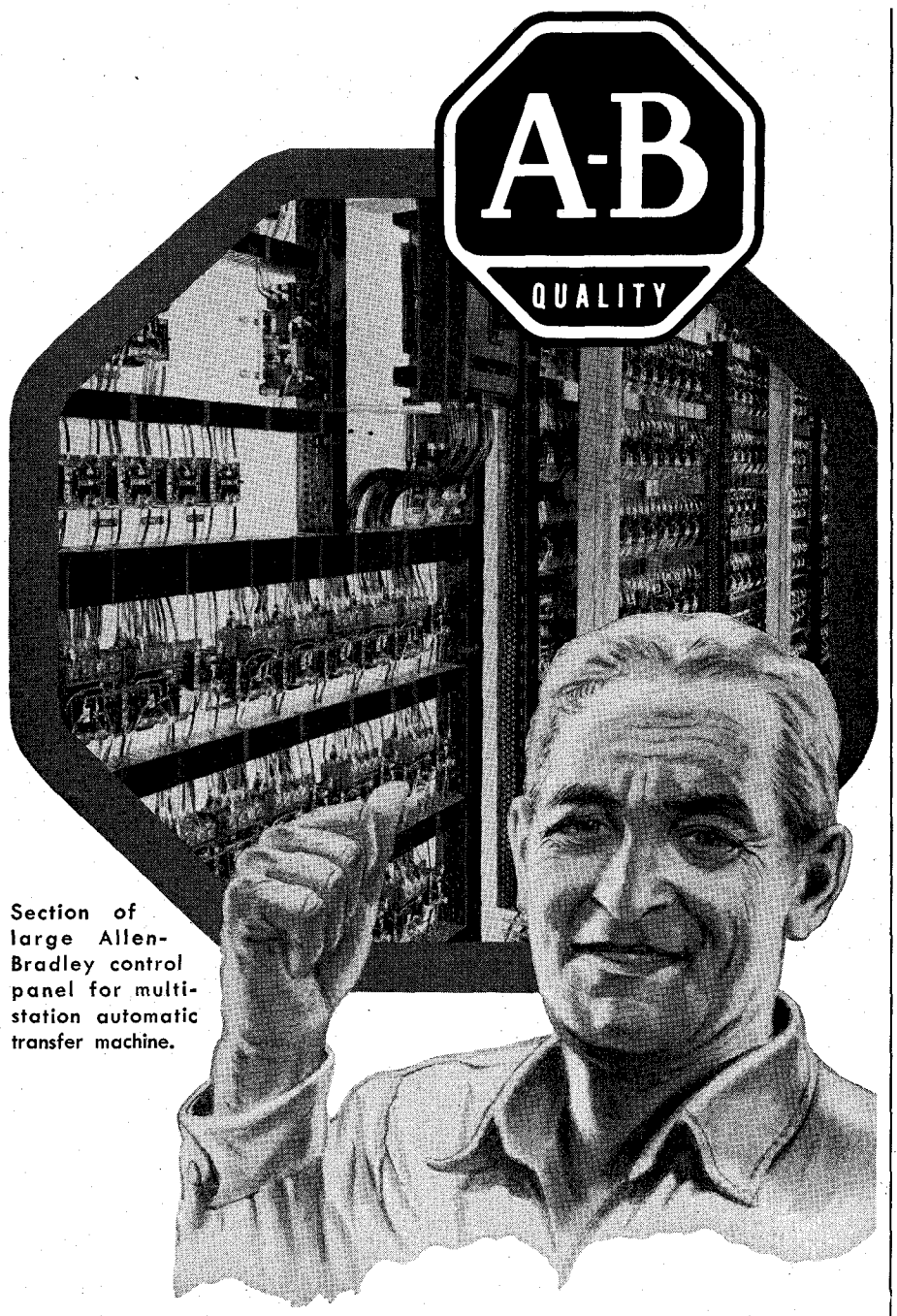


Section of large Allen-Bradley control panel for multi-station automatic transfer machine.

# See that Trademark!

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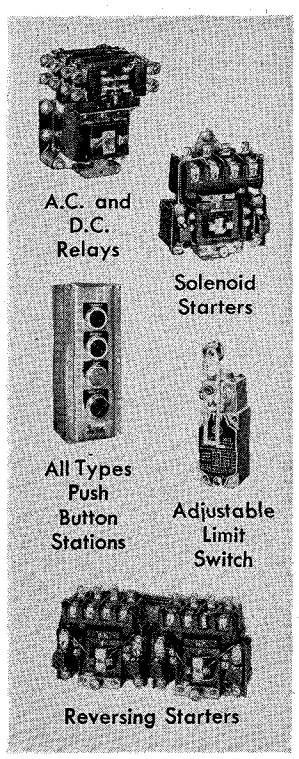


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**ALLEN-BRADLEY**
QUALITY
**MOTOR CONTROL**


(*Continued from Page 57*) after this shaking of hands for the photographers the Russians would stand up in the General Assembly and say untrue things about America, and that the Russians knew they were saying untrue things. But I felt that our only course was to persist in what we knew was right, in the belief that we would eventually get results. I wanted to be firm, but I did not desire to be the one to show hostility and I never hesitated to shake hands with the Russians for the photographers.

I recall an amusing incident in Paris when the entire American delegation received an invitation to attend a reception at the Russian embassy on a Soviet national holiday. This was not long before our 1952 elections, and two members of our delegation who were coming up for re-election to Congress immediately announced that they had no intention of being seen within miles of the Soviet embassy, because so-called "softness" toward Communism was a loudly exploited issue in the election campaign. Then other members of the delegation who were more or less connected with political affairs at home began to explain that they did not, for one reason or another, plan to attend. This situation finally began to look rather embarrassing, even to our two congressmen, because it obviously would be simply rude if none of us attended.

"Well," I said at last, with a smile, "I'm the only one left, and since I am not running for office and have no intention of running for office, I will attend. I don't believe anyone will notice or care whether I pay a call at the Soviet embassy."

So I went to the embassy and, being a little early, I was one of the first guests to climb the long stairs and face the reception line. I was greeted very warmly by Ambassador Alexei P. Pavlov, whom I knew well at the United Nations, but who was quite a different-looking figure in the full uniform of a soldier of the Soviet Union, liberally bestrewn with medals. I stayed only a short time, and then explained that I had to get back to work. Ambassador Pavlov insisted on leaving the reception line to take me back to my car, but I prevailed upon him to let his aide see me ceremoniously to the street. I drove away feeling that I had been granted as warm a welcome as anyone ever received there, but that the next day I would doubtless be subjected to a violent Russian tirade at the meeting of Committee 3 to make up for it!

After a good many attempts, I decided that it was really impossible to have a private and frank talk with Russian officials. I followed the custom for a number of years of asking small groups of United Nations delegates from different countries to my home for tea or dinner, so that we could informally talk over problems that had arisen at official meetings. This often proved an effective way to clear up misunderstandings that had arisen or to explain the position of our governments, and such off-the-record talks helped us to reach some kind of formal agreement. But not with the Russians. They simply did not dare talk.

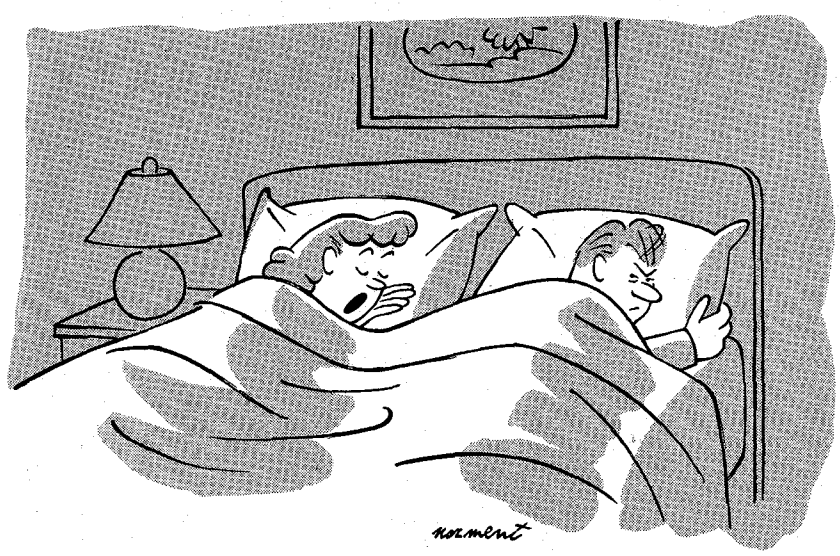
Once when Ambassador Pavlov and his Russian colleague, Alexander Borisov, came to my house after dinner, I also asked a friend who played the piano. They listened in deep silence for a long time while he played the works of various classical composers, including the Russians. When they were ready to leave, I walked to the door with them, but there Mr. Borisov discovered he had forgotten his hat. He returned to the other room to get it, leaving me alone with Ambassador Pavlov. As soon as his companion was out of earshot, Ambassador Pavlov leaned toward me and in an almost conspiratorial whisper said, "Madame, you like the music of Tchaikovsky. So do I."

And that was as close as I ever came to getting a frank and confidential expression of opinion from a Soviet official.

During the first United Nations meeting in London I had learned a great deal, including the importance of selecting just the right word or phrase in framing resolutions. At first I had been impatient because so many days and weeks were spent haggling over a word or a sentence, particularly by the committee framing the parliamentary rules.

Congressman Sol Bloom, who was an expert on this subject, lectured me several times about my attitude. "These things are more important than you think," he said. "Later, when you are working in a parliamentary body, you will see how vital the phrasing of a sentence can be in winning or losing a particular point in debate." I did see later, and was grateful to him for being patient with me.

I was also grateful for an incident that occurred as the General Assembly sessions were being concluded in London. I had been at a meeting until after one o'clock in the morning and was wearily walking up the stairs at my hotel when I heard two voices behind me. I turned and saw Senator Vandenberg and Mr. Dulles. I don't recall now which one spoke to me, but whichever it was, he seemed to be speaking for both.




THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"If you should happen to go downstairs during the night, would you mind turning off the kitchen faucet?"

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"Mrs. Roosevelt," he said, "we must tell you that we did all we could last December to keep you off the delegation to the United Nations. We begged the President not to nominate you. But now that you are leaving we feel we must acknowledge that we have worked with you gladly and found you good to work with. And we will be happy to do so again."

I don't think anything could have made the weariness drop off my shoulders as did those words.

I had no idea there would be further work for me after I returned home from the first session of the General Assembly, but later I received notice that a continuing group working in London had created a committee to set up the Human Rights Commission, naming members as individuals rather than as government representatives. This commission, created by the United Nations Economic and Social Council (UNESCO), met in New York in the spring of 1946 and asked me to serve on what was called the preparation group, of which I was later elected chairman.

We decided that the commission should draft a charter of human rights, the first part of which would be merely a declaration having no legally binding effect on governments, but expressing the aspirations of peoples for human rights and freedom. This would be supplemented, however, by a covenant or covenants that would be legally binding on countries accepting it as a treaty. We also sought to devise rules of implementation that might be invoked against any country that accepted the covenant, but did not live up to it.

I think it is worth mentioning here that in those days we did not have an adequate translation system at the United Nations. There was no simultaneous translation, as there is today. I remember that once René Cassin, of France, spoke so rapidly that our young-woman translator gave up and finally burst into tears and fled from the room. We waited for her to return and translate the notes she had been taking, but she was gone for good. Since no other translator was available, I finally had to translate the gist of the speech into English for the other delegates. When such methods are compared to the present system at the United Nations, I wonder how we made any progress at all!

We did, however, make recommendations for the way the Human Rights Commission should function; and our proposals were accepted by the Economic and Social Council. President Truman then nominated me as representative on the commission and I served both as a delegate in the General Assembly and on the commission until 1953. Of course, I had able advisers in this work, including Miss Marjorie Whiteman, James P. Hendrick, James Green, James Simsarian, Herzel Plane, Herbert Beaser and others.

One of the first meetings of the commission, over which I presided, was at Geneva early in December, 1947. I wanted to get home for Christmas. So I laid out a schedule of work and proposed that we put on full steam from the start—the way we usually worked at the end of a session—in order to be through by eleven P.M. of a certain date, which would give me just enough time to catch my plane home. We did work hard and we probably set some kind of record by concluding our sessions at eleven P.M. of the specified date. But as I was walking down the long corridor of the Palais des Nations Unies I was overtaken by the Soviet delegate, Alexander E. Bogomolov, then ambassador to France, whose wife had acted as a translator.

"Madame," he said to me, "I have never worked so hard at any international conference, and my wife is nearly dead of exhaustion."

I expressed regret for the strain on his wife, but I added, "I am pleased, however, that you have discovered that even we delegates from what you call a bourgeois democracy know how to work hard." He laughed heartily and we all headed home for Christmas.

Very early in our commission meetings we discovered that it would be possible to write a Declaration of Human Rights, but that it could not be done in a hurry. We had differences with the Russians, who proposed various amendments that were defeated. But with their usual tenacity they brought up these amendments again and again, only to have them defeated. We did accept in the second article of the declaration a single word which the Russian delegation proposed be inserted and, so far as I know, that was the only contribution of the Soviet Union to the Universal Declaration of Human Rights.

The work of writing the covenant was far more difficult because we attempted to put into legally binding language concepts of economic and social rights that would be acceptable to, say, both the United States and India. Each of these nations, for example, wanted the best possible article to further education for the people, but the economic and political conditions were so drastically different in India and America that it was almost impossible to find language that would be acceptable to both. In addition, our delegation had to present an article recognizing states' rights, because under our system of government certain things fall to the jurisdiction of Washington and other things to the various states. It was not easy for some other countries to understand that they were being asked to commit all their people to a principle, whereas we could commit only a limited number and hope that all the states would follow suit.

The Chinese delegate, Dr. P. C. Chang, was a great joy to us because of his humor and his philosophic observations, which often pointed up some of our difficulties. I once tried to speed up an agreement by asking Doctor Chang; Dr. Charles Malik, of Lebanon; and Dr. John P. Humphrey, who became permanent head of the Division of Human Rights in the Secretariat, to tea in my apartment to discuss a troublesome point. I was eager to talk business, but the three men became involved in a philosophical discussion that went on and on and led nowhere except to a suggestion by Doctor Chang, who had a twinkle in his eye, that Doctor Humphrey should make a thorough study of Confucianism and Buddhism before any real progress would be possible. Not being a philosopher, I found myself reduced to listening, which was amusing but unproductive.

On another occasion, Ambassador Pavlov was the Soviet representative on the commission. He was an orator of great power. The words rolled out like a river and stopping him was well nigh impossible. At that time, the rash accusations which the Russians were making against the United States and Britain were proving a real detriment to our work. Ambassador Pavlov knew this, but toward the end of one week, when we were about to recess, he began speaking again and seemed likely to go on forever. I waited until he had to stop for breath. Then I banged the gavel so hard that everybody jumped, and before he could continue I got in a few words.

"We are here to devise ways of safeguarding human rights," I said. "We are

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not here to attack each other's governments and I hope when we return Monday the delegate of the Soviet Union will remember that!"

Quickly, before he could resume, I banged my gavel to end the meeting. This was a fairly effective maneuver and for about a week Ambassador Pavlov's orations were brief and more to the point.

Meanwhile, the Economic and Social Council had approved a draft of the declaration and we foolishly believed that it would be accepted without much change or argument by the General Assembly in Paris in 1948. Secretary of State George C. Marshall told me he believed the 1948 session would be remembered as the Human Rights session. However, it took two months of hard work to overcome last-minute objections by delegates from Islamic countries, who feared the declaration contradicted the Koran, as well as many others. Then the Soviet representatives protested that the declaration did not emphasize the most important economic and social rights and that it was an Eighteenth-century concept. The Russians abstained, but no vote was cast against the declaration when it was approved on December 10, 1948.

By 1951 I felt the United States had held the chairmanship of the commission long enough and Doctor Malik, of Lebanon, was elected to succeed me. I continued as a member. Our work on the covenant went on, but this was a long, slow pull because it would be legally binding on governments accepting it. Our delegation finally decided it was almost impossible to get a meeting of minds on economic and social rights and that it would be best to have a separate covenant covering political and civil rights that would be more generally accepted. We did succeed in getting such a separate covenant, but it was not well drafted and neither covenant has ever been accepted by the General Assembly. Nor will it be accepted in its present form. I believe it would be best to start anew by putting into the covenant only a few basic rights on which all could agree and to provide for adding other rights as it becomes possible to have them accepted.

The last session of the Assembly I attended as a delegate was in Paris. Toward the end, early in 1953, Ambassador Warren Austin, the head of our delegation, became ill and for a short time I presided over the delegation. In the concluding sessions, an effort was made to get France to allow discussion in the Assembly of conditions in Morocco, Tunisia and Algeria. The French insisted this was a domestic issue and could not be taken up by the Assembly, although some of us wondered whether human rights could ever be called a domestic issue. Then there appeared an American Negro, backed by both Communist and non-Communist groups in the United States, who demanded discussion in the Assembly of a charge of genocide against the United States because of lynchings in our country. We decided not to oppose the proposal, but it turned out that it was too late to get the charge on the agenda.

Nevertheless, the Soviet delegates brought up the charge in Committee 3 and Ambassador Pavlov was so carried away by his own oratory that he declared "the United States cares so little about its workers that at this very minute they are dying of hunger in the streets of Los Angeles by the hundreds of thousands." I replied vigorously that he knew this was untrue and that I would get affidavits from workers in Los Angeles proving it was untrue. Then a young Ukrainian said that, while I denied workers were dying in the streets of Los Angeles, the thing I did not know was that "they are crawling back to their hovels and dying in their hovels" by hundreds of thousands.

"The workers of Los Angeles," I replied, "will not like having their homes called hovels."

I felt no white person could adequately answer this kind of attack, because it stemmed from the charge of lynchings of Negroes. But later Dr. Channing Tobias, of our delegation, delivered an honest and fine explanation of the racial problem in the United States and of our efforts to remedy inequalities among our citizens.

This was nearly the end of my work for the United Nations, because it is customary for all delegates to resign at the end of every session to give the President a free hand in naming a new delegation. In the 1952 elections, the Republicans had come into power and all of us who were Democrats knew that our services had come to an end. I volunteered, however, to work with the American Association for the United Nations, because I did not want to be out of touch with the work of the one organization that has the machinery to bring together the peoples of the world in a program to maintain peace.

Editors' Note—This is the third of five articles by Mrs. Roosevelt. The fourth will appear next week.

# Out of the Cage (Continued from Page 32)

clenched tightly. He looked like a gnome. It was near midnight, he knew, for the moon was above him, and he wondered if his mother would slap him or hug him when he got home, but since there was never any way of telling, he did not worry. And, besides, there were strange animals in the beautiful wagon, animals he had never seen before.

He knew all the animals on the ridge—where they lived, when they went away and when they came back—and they knew him. They looked at him the way an owl watches the queer behavior of a lonely hawk, but they would not come near him. Sitting quietly, he wondered if he could help the strange animals, if he could set them free from the wild man, if one of them might stay with him and be his friend. *Then I wouldn't feel like I wasn't expected in the world or wanted*, he told himself. *I wouldn't feel so extra.*

*I'll wait my chance and set 'em free*, he thought. *I'll play with them and show them places to hide. But I got to wait my chance, for I'll just about die if I don't find a friend soon.*

Opening the door to the first wagon, the drunken man climbed inside and crawled across the broken wax figure of Benedict Arnold, which lay on its back sightlessly staring at the gilt angels painted on the ceiling of the wagon.

"Blackest heart ever given to man," Simple Sampson mumbled. Shoving aside an Indian ceremonial bonnet, a stuffed albatross, a hunk of petrified wood and a spike which he swore was the one which held Christ's right hand to the cross, he found an unbroken bottle of Sampson's Curative Rejoicer and scrambled, crablike, backward out of the wagon.

He took a long drink of the alcoholic elixir, but it did not give him enough courage to open the door of the rear wagon. Inside, there were a bear, a python and a timber wolf, and he was sure the twisted tilt of the wagon had sprung the cages loose from the floor, freeing the animals.

"I'd be bitten, clawed! Swallowed like an innocent rabbit!" he cried.

It was the wolf he feared most. In the two years since he had bought it from a German roustabout he had convinced himself that one day the animal would kill him. Swaying uncertainly at the edge of the road, he recalled the night, two months before, when, warmed with his elixir, he had got the idea that his animals loved him. Going to the wolf's cage, he had stood looking at it, telling himself that it was very much like a big dog.

"Love all His creatures. All of them," he mumbled, deciding to go into the cage and hold the beast in his arms and calm its terror and its anger.

He had been sick-lonely himself, for he could not recall when he had last seen a person he had ever known before. The world was composed of strangers and he had needed the warm comfort of a living creature in his arms, but he had taken the whip into the cage with him. Stepping through the cage door, he had tripped and sprawled across the cage. With a savage roar, the beast had pounced on him, ripping his clothes and growling so savagely he feared his time had come.

Screaming and thrashing, he had managed to get outside and slam the door shut. Never since that time had he lost his fear of the beast, and when he went into the cage to show the customers how much strength and courage his elixir gave a man, he beat the animal until it cowered and whimpered.

Believing, from the horrible sounds, that the animals were loose and attacking one another, he dared not open the door. Instead he staggered to the center of the road, not knowing whether it would be nearer to go back to the last town or ahead to Allegheny Springs. His first lurch was toward Allegheny and, thinking he already had a good start, he continued, calling on the gods to witness his valiant effort to bring wisdom into the hills, shouting and bellowing and, finally, whimpering, for he was scared out of his meager wits.

Only once before had the boy stayed on the hill so late. He had spent a whole day, unaware of either hunger or thirst, watching two wrens build a nest. He had nodded solemnly and proudly as they gathered little twigs, bits of dried moss and thistledown. Even when it became dark and the wrens went to sleep, he stayed near the apple tree, wondering if the nest was going to be large enough, soft enough inside, deep enough.

Finally, he had started home, walking silently in the dark, wondering if birds could smell, especially little birds. In the spring, he knew, the old apple tree where the nest was being built blossomed like a pretty smelling cloud. He thought that while the little birds were waiting to grow up, as he had to wait, it would be nice for them to have the blossoms to smell and, as he loped along, he had told himself that surely God up in His high heaven wouldn't allow birds to be born, to fly through the woods and the deep ravines, through the spring and summer and fall, through new grass and flowers and ripe cherries and plums, past heated apples and wild grapes ripened by the frost, and never be able to smell them. Still, God worked in mysterious ways, as his mother always said when she wasn't sure about anything, and he thought so hard about God being mysterious and silent and everywhere in everything that he hardly had been aware of crossing the porch and going into the house.

Suddenly his mother had shouted, "Where have you been? You got me worried near to death! I'll swan, Mister Lyerly, you roam these hills like a animal. Or a old hermit man. One more time and I'm going to start tyin' you to a tree. Then you'll not be late."

Mister looked at her, frightened, for he could not think of anything worse than being tied up. Of not being free. He started to turn and run, but she grabbed him and boxed his ears. He flinched and stared in wide-eyed amazement, but he did not say anything, for he had never been able to understand what being early or late meant. Wherever you were, whether it was day or night, something was happening, so how could you be late?

He took one glance at his mother and knew that she did not see him, not the way he was, and when no one really looked at you or understood how you felt, it was as if you weren't alive. As if you didn't exist. Once in a long while a deer or a rabbit would look at him, and he knew they saw him, saw who he was and how he was, and it always made him so happy that he would jump up and down and beat his hands against his britches. The animals would bound away and his heart would hurt. Throwing himself onto the ground, he would weep.

Suddenly an animal screamed wildly from the rear wagon. Mister's heart leaped. By the sound its voice held, it was scared, he knew. Maybe it was hurt, he thought; and, making sure the man had gone, he scooted down the wet, mossy bank. The horses were frightened and restless, and he pulled hunks of grass and fed them. And then he unhitched them. They were heaving and he patted their wet sides, feeling the wonderful, warm, throbbing life inside the great stomachs. The horses shook. Their harness rattled.

Inside the wagon, the animal began to howl. In the cage with the little white metal sign marked TIMBER WOLF, the two large eyes darted back and forth like those of a frightened child. The noise of the leather and the chains, shaken together, were associated with the terrible beatings it had taken, and the animal howled in terror.

There had been a time when a man had petted it, let it sleep beneath his bed and romp through the tents where all the animals were and where the ground was covered with clean straw to play in. It had been a wonderful time.

And then, when it was a little older, the man began to beat it and kick it, and when it tried to lick his hand, tried to tell him that it did not know why it was being whipped, he struck it so hard that it staggered and fell down. Dragging it outside, he tied a chain around its neck and for days and (*Continued on Page 66*)

About all you can do with some party leftovers is send them home in a cab.

CY N. PEACE

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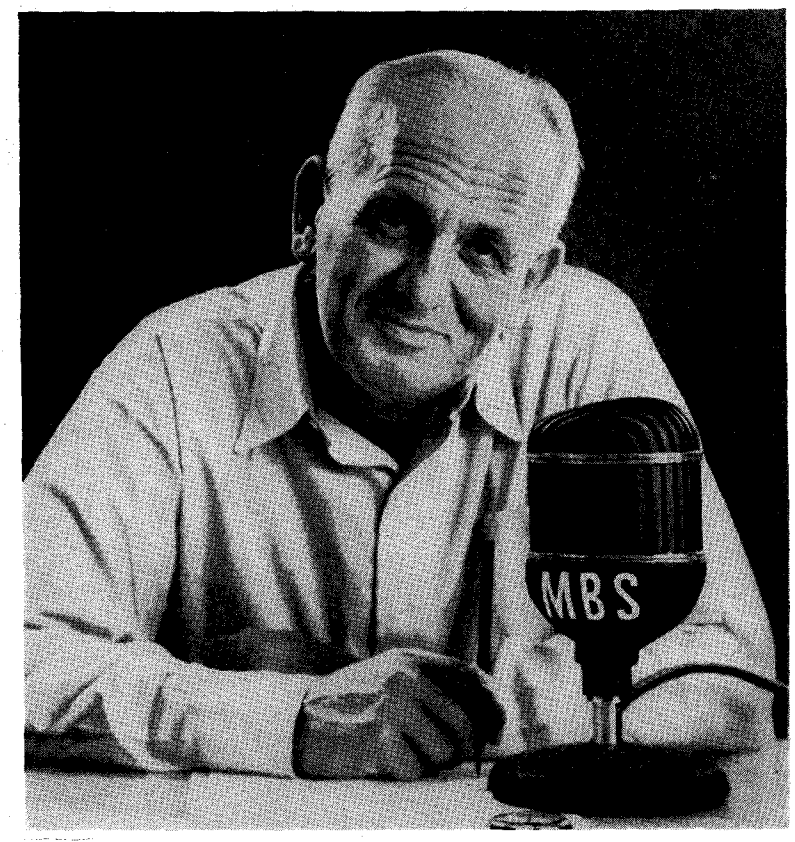


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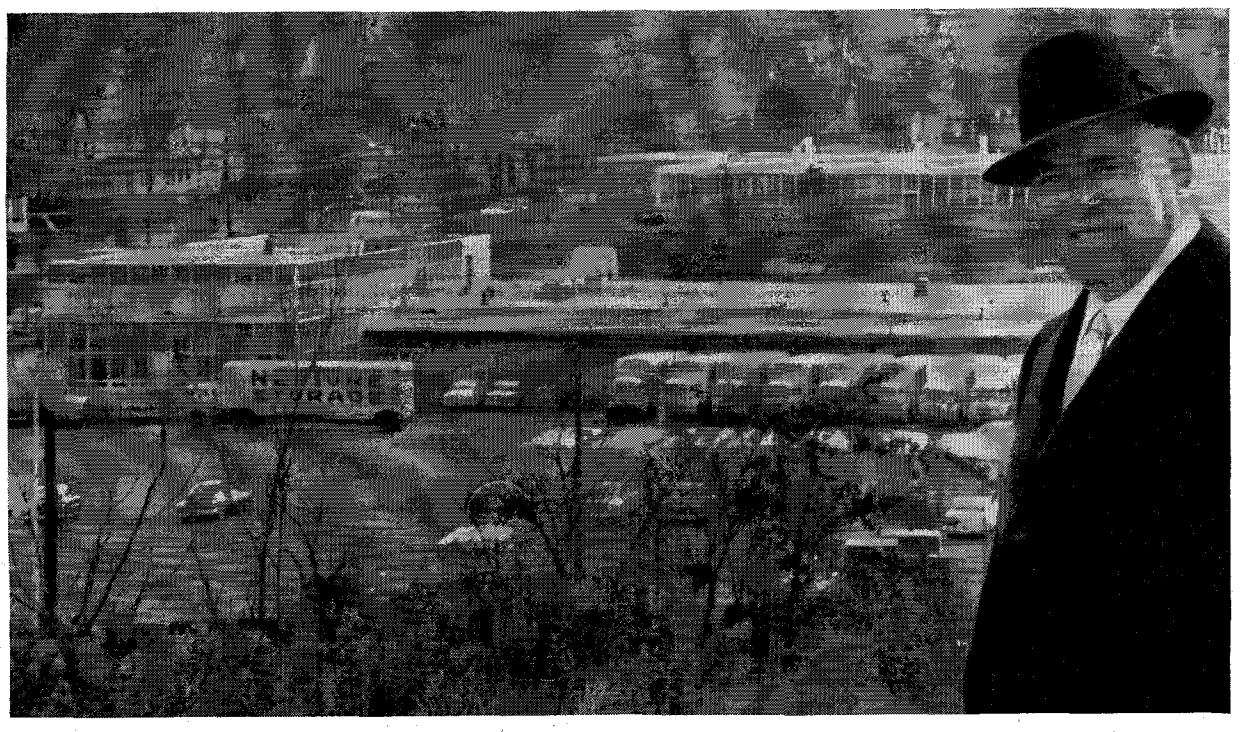
**"THIS STARTED OUR BOOM,"** reports George Vergara, Mayor of New Rochelle and one-time lineman on Notre Dame's Four Horsemen football team. "This great new highway has attracted new industry and persuaded old industry to stay. It got us a new $41 million shopping center, providing 5,000 new jobs and a million dollars a year in taxes. It will clear heavy through-traffic from Main Street, helping our shoppers and merchants. It has enabled us to start on a proposed $5½ million slum

# "The whole amazing story started with this



**"WE WERE READY TO LEAVE** because of traffic congestion," declares David Kirschenbaum, President of Neptune Storage, Inc., one of the nation's largest long-distance movers. "But the new highway solved the problem and changed our minds. Instead we built a million dollar headquarters here for our 500 people. Our trucks will be able to get on the new road in no time at all—operating faster and safer than ever before." Standing on the highway, he can see the new terminal —just two minutes away for his 300 trucks and vans.

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It was only two years ago that the first big Caterpillar earthmoving machines appeared in New Rochelle to clear the way for a modern six-lane Interstate-Defense System highway—a connecting link between nearby New York City and New England. At first some residents were annoyed at the temporary inconveniences. But no longer. The new highway is bringing the people of New Rochelle new prosperity . . . new conveniences . . . new opportunities.

"Let's be realistic about it," states Mayor George Vergara. "That highway has been a shot in the arm for the 72,000 people in our city. It shook us out of our lethargy. Its benefits are everywhere—millions in new taxes and thousands of new jobs."

New Rochelle is among the first of thousands of cities and towns that will benefit from the nation's new highway program. In all 48 states

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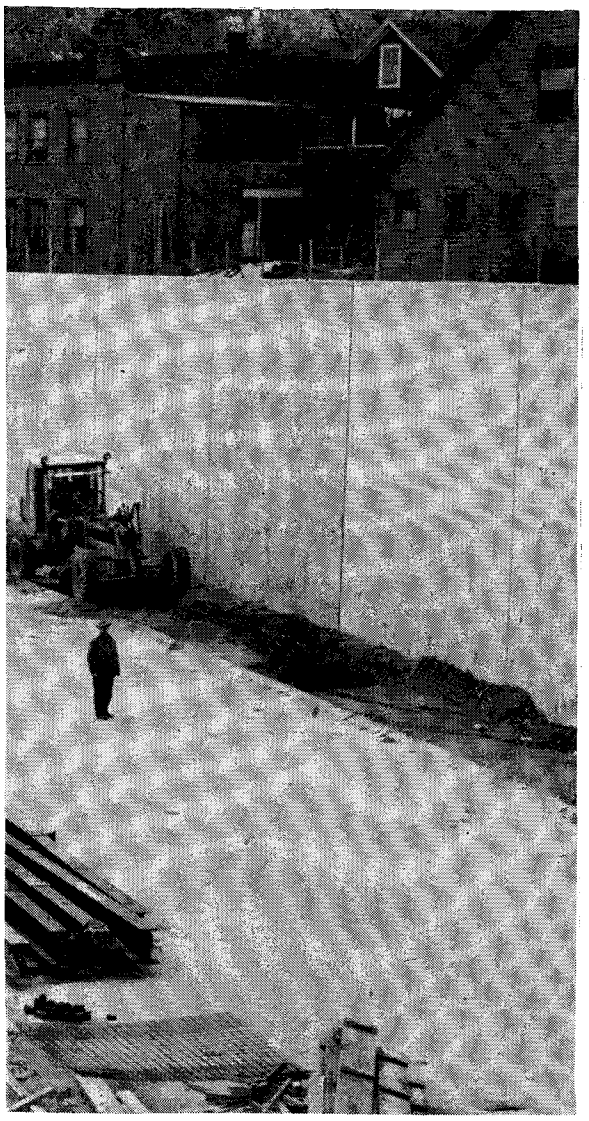

learance program. It even persuaded the New Haven ailroad to make our city an express stop for all its rains. All this, before the highway is even open."

# iew highway"

oday, work is under way on other sections of the Jational System of Interstate and Defense High- vays . . . the greatest construction job in history. he result will be 41,000 miles of modern free- vays, serving big and small communities across he land . . . opening up new economic frontiers vherever they touch.

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**"THAT TERRIBLE TRAFFIC JAM WILL BE GONE,"** predicts Walter G. Monahan, Managing Director of Arnold Constable, nationally known specialty store on heavily traveled U. S. 1. "Through-traffic will be diverted to the new highway. And hundreds of women, who were frightened at the thought of driving in it, will shop on Main Street more frequently."

**"ON THIS SITE A $41 MILLION SHOPPING CENTER,"** says Edward J. Aronow, Project Manager. "A perfect location, right off the new highway. Make no mistake about it, if that road hadn't been built here, neither would this center." The project will include two office buildings, 70 stores including a major department store, a hotel, and an 8,000 car parking garage. Nearby the city expects to level 74 acres of sub-marginal buildings to make room for low-cost housing. Twenty acres will be available for industrial sites and office buildings.

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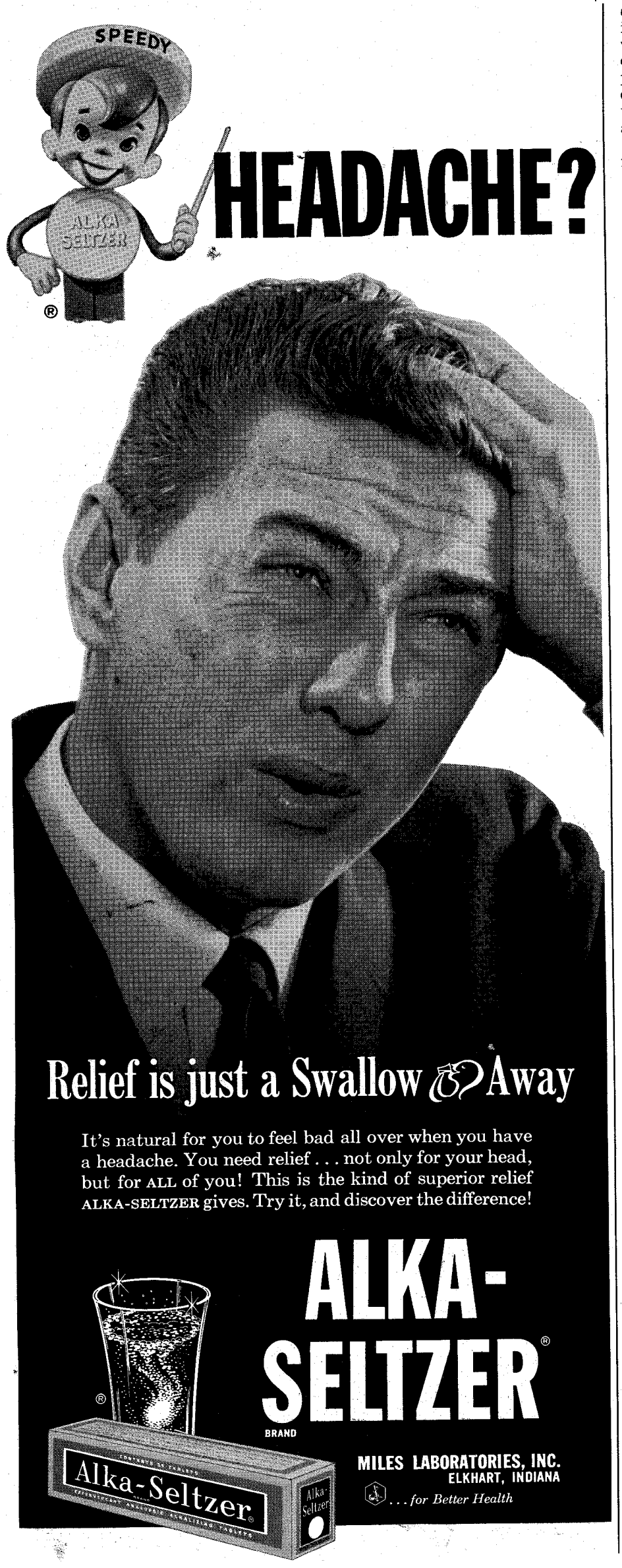
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(*Continued from Page 62*) days, weeks, it wondered why it was chained. It lay with its head between its paws, raising its eyebrows and looking at anyone who passed, wondering what had changed everything, but only the man ever stopped, usually at night, and then only to kick and beat.

The animal remembered when it had first bitten the man. He had come stumbling around the circus tent, shouting, rattling a chain in his hand. The first blow of the chain almost broke its back, but before the man could strike again, the animal lunged forward as far as it could and grabbed the hand with the chain in it. Suddenly something warm and sticky came into its mouth which made it know it must kill if it was to live.

And then the man in the long coat had come and taken it away and placed it in the cage, where it could only walk twice its length and turn and walk back. But he only beat it when people were watching. At those times, he opened the cage and came inside holding a piece of meat in one hand and the chain in the other. The animal remembered that each time it had been so hungry that just seeing the meat made its belly hurt, but when it started to go and get it, the man struck with the strap with the chain on the end. At first the animal had run into the corner and tried to hide, but that was worse. The man beat it harder and harder, until it got up, growling and showing its teeth. The strange people who were watching screamed, and the man threw the meat to it and hurried out of the cage.

But now, even though it heard the rattle of the chains against the leather, it was not afraid. There was something in the air, an odor which came into its nostrils; the long-remembered smell of earth and trees and water and food that was somewhere to be found. And there was something else. A smell it could not remember, but knew—knew so well that its fur stood stiff and cold along its back. It was the smell of a free life, a life in which there were no beatings, but only running, eating something that was warm to the mouth, something that made a loud noise, but only for a little while. And there was sleeping. And lying in the sun and the night without fear.

Hunched quietly in the back of the cage, knowing that this time it must bite and tear and claw, it waited. If anyone opened the cage, it would rip him until he could not move, and then it would run out of the cage and into the dark woods. It would probably never find the warm feeling it had known a long time ago, when it had been held and loved, but there would be places to hide. There would be clean air and strong winds and land to roam. Just knowing this, it made a low, angry sound deep in its throat.

As the horses started up the road, trotting hesitantly, not knowing where to go or what to do, helpless in their sudden freedom, Mister watched them go, his heart proud with joy.

Turning he saw the little iron steps at the side of the rear wagon. He climbed up and reached for the door handle. As he opened it, a terrible odor came out. It was the stink of manure and dirty fur and rotten food, and it was the stink animals made when they were mad.

*Oh*, Mister Lyerly thought. *Oh, oh, oh.*

Once in Sunday school, he remembered, the preacher had said something about God's creatures and how He loved the biggest of them and the littlest. And standing in the stifling odor, Mister knew there were strange and angry animals in the wagon, but if God loved them they were not to be feared.

He climbed up the steps and crawled into the dim inside of the wagon. There were three big cages with iron bars, like a jail, and there was a painted sign on each one of them. In the thin, gold light coming through the door and the small windows, he looked at the first sign: PYTHON, WORLD'S LARGEST SNAKE.

Peering inside the cage, Mister's eyes widened and the whole world seemed to grow small because the snake was so big. It was coiled like a huge rope, its head resting on its body. Mister was filled with awe. It was nearly big enough to ride, but it was sleeping and he did not disturb it.

Running his hands along the bars, as if to strum music, feeling very lonely and outside, he went to the next cage. A big bear, its white fur all dirty, was walking back and forth on the slanting floor, tossing its head as though it were having an argument with itself. It glanced at him a couple of times, and Mister leaned against the bars, wanting to tell the bear that he knew how it was not to be able to swim and fish when you wanted to, or steal the bees' wild honey, or shake the tree where the red apples grew. A lump came into his throat, for the bear just walked and walked, and they both knew it was never going to be free again.

And then he saw the bright, glistening eyes staring from the last cage. He wished he knew how to read, for just looking at the sign, TIMBER WOLF, didn't do much good. He sat cross-legged before the cage and said softly, "Hello."

Slumped on the floor, its chin resting on its forepaws, the animal watched him intently. For a while there was no sound but the brittle rattle of the bear's claws on the wooden floor as it paced restlessly.

"You hungry or anythin'?" Mister asked.

Slowly the animal got to its feet. The bright brown eyes lifted, but they did not leave the boy. Quietly, warily, it began to pace back and forth.

The fur on its belly and halfway up its sides was a soft brown, but on its shoulders and high, pointed ears it was a dark gray, almost black. Each time it crossed the cage, it came a little closer. Not quickly, but slowly, inch by inch.

Mister's heart warmed. *He likes me. He's going to be my friend*, he thought, imagining the way they could race across the hills, with him on the big dog's back, his arms held tightly around the soft woolly neck.

"You and me could go fast, I'll bet you," he said. "We could keep up with any old animal. Even deers. We could probably go places nobody's ever been." Just thinking of it made his heart ache.

As the animal came closer and closer, Mister saw that the hair on its back and neck was standing stiffly in the air.

*He's mad*, Mister thought, and looked around to see if there was something he could feed it, someway he could show the wonderful big dog that he wanted to be friends. And then he saw, hanging just below the barred window at the rear of the wagon, the metal ring with the single iron key.

Suddenly he knew why the dog was mad. It couldn't race and frolic and drink cold water at the brook where the other animals came. Walking to the wall, Mister reached and strained until the key ring slipped off the nail and clattered to the floor. Opening the lock, he let the door swing free. The animal stopped its pacing. It growled low in its throat and showed its teeth.

Mister felt hurt and sorry. Still he did not move, for he knew, wild or tame, you must wait for an animal to smell you, to smell the way you feel, whether you like him or fear him or want to make friends.

He looked into the bright eyes, wanting to tell them he had never seen such a beautiful dog. He thought of himself and

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the dog racing through the woods, swimming in the creek, rolling and tumbling in the white snow.

A big dog like this, he told himself, would be more than a friend. He'd be like a grown-up man you knew, someone who'd help you, like maybe a father who'd pick you up and carry you when you were tired or sit beside you when you were so lonely that being happy seemed a far-away thing, farther than the stars.

Again the animal growled low and its lips curled. It moved closer, its muscles tense.

Mister remembered he had once tried to explain to his older brother, Duane Diller, and to his next brother, Refrain Bougham, how much he wanted a friend. But they had only laughed at him and shoved him down on the ground. That was probably because they had fathers, he had told himself, and for many, many days he had tried to figure it out. There did not seem to be any way of telling why some people had fathers and some did not.

He decided it probably had something to do with God. It must be a thing God gave you or didn't give you.

He had asked God about it. Lying in the field near the top of the ridge, smelling the lilacs which grew where a cabin once had stood, lying there stroking the cool head of the black snake until it went to sleep, he had asked God why some people had fathers and some did not. God didn't answer him outright, except maybe to make him think it was something he would know about when he grew up.

He had asked his mother about it. "Momma, Duane's got a father, ain't he?"

His mother sat on the sloping porch of the cabin, drying her long blond hair in the sun. "Why, sure. Of course and for certain. John Diller's his sire. That's why John comes, now and again, and fetches his clothes for me to cut down to Duane's size and shape."

Tossing her hair back, she looked out over the distant, misty ridges, counting the ones she had lived on. Almost all of them, she knew. She had been left an orphan over on Hodom Run when she was three years old, and she had been told her name was Alarka Lyerly, but when she was a child and heard people talking, they always called her woods colt. *Maybe that's why I'm so fanciful*, she thought, smiling, remembering the summer she was sixteen, twelve years before, and worked at washing dishes to the fancy hotel in Allegheny Springs. On the Fourth of July there had been a big play-party and frolic on the lawn for the help.

It had been as pretty as anything you told about in a ballad. The summer people stood around, dressed as royal as kings and queens, and when she had danced, her hair flying and her skirts flying, she had thought of herself wearing silks and satins, jewel-pretties in her ears, and men like princes of the realm swinging her in the air. Never in her life had she felt so pretty and so gay-hearted. All during the time the moon crossed the sky, her heart had sung and she had felt beautiful. Even near dawn, after John Diller had had his way with her beneath the willows by the river, she had felt beautiful.

"Yes, Duane's got a father," she said again.

"And Refrain, he's got one too?"

"Well, sure, honey." Hanson Bougham!

Hanson was a man, and a good one, if you didn't cross him. *And I sure didn't cross him*, Alarka told herself. *In the whole year he lived here, I didn't cross him once.* Some people might say she had done wrong not to marry him, but with Duane already borned, it was a little late, now, wasn't it? Hanson was a good provider and it wasn't easy for a woman alone in the hills. Furthermore and besides, she told herself, to starve to death was like denying the life the Lord gave us, and that was sinful. You got to make out somehow. Only Hanson had wanted to marry up and move to Holly Junction and work the coal mines. She couldn't abide all that nasty black dirt and no fresh air to breathe. And besides, he wanted to farm Duane out, like he wasn't a rightful child, and Duane hardly more'n a chit. That would have been wrong, and she knew that better than most.

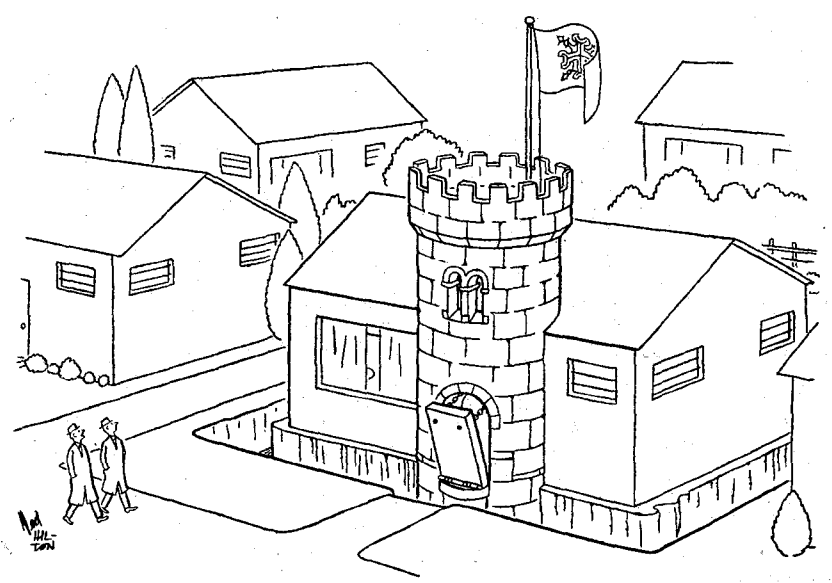
"Refrain's father lives to Holly Junction," she said. "That's why he only stops by oncet or twicet a year. . . . I ever tell you how I come to name your brother Refrain?"

Mister sat beside her. His thick black hair, when he shook his head, spun outward like the strings of a mop.

"Well, I found it in a hymnbook to church. I think it's about the prettiest name I ever come acrost."

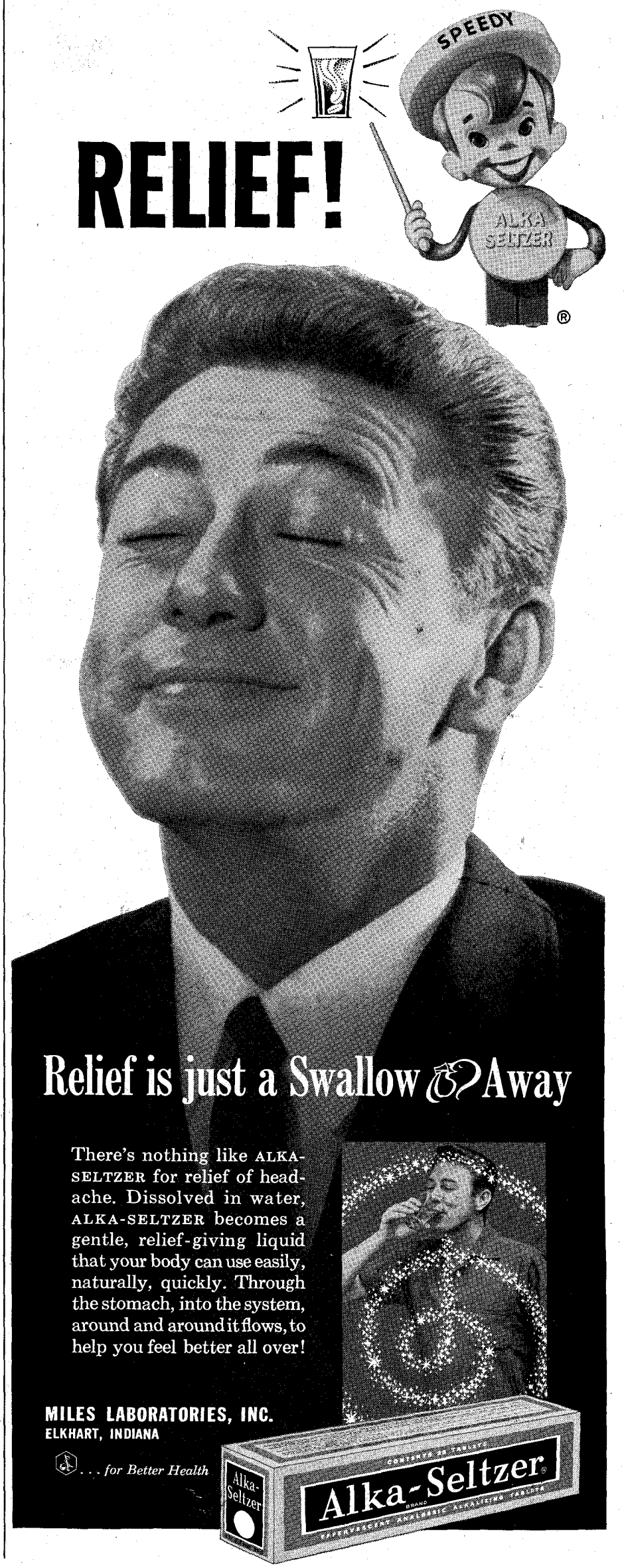
"Why am I named Mister? I'm not a growed man. I ain't even been a full boy yet."

Alarka put an arm around his shoulder and hugged him. She couldn't think of any way to tell him that after Duane and Refrain had come into the world and surely had to be fed, she had taken to pleasuring men. They'd come riding up to plow her garden, or cut wood, or bring deer or ham meat; and there was no way of telling which one had sired her



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"They say he lords it over his neighbors."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youngest. She had always been proud and careful to name her sons after their rightful father, showing respect and all, but she couldn't be sure about her third, so she had called him Mister—Mister Lyerly.

"You'll be a man one day quick enough," she said. "It's a thing you can't help."

"Ain't I ever goin' to have any full name?"

"Times I've thought on callin' you Abraham Lincoln Lyerly," she told him, remembering her history storybook. "Abraham Lincoln Lyerly," she repeated softly. "It's got a sound to it."

"He my father?"

"No. Not rightly."

"I don't want to be Abraham Lincoln. I want a name all to my own."

"Then I reckon you'll be just plain Mister." Leaning over, she did something she had never done with any of her sons; she kissed him—on the cheek, for he was a stranger to her.

The kiss sent Mister's heart to racing. For a moment he felt loved and wanted. He glowed and smiled, shoving his long hair back from his sweaty forehead, but it only lasted briefly. And then he felt extra again. Like he didn't belong. He wanted to be in the woods. He was an outsider there, too, he knew, but he was free and he was allowed to love, and it took away the sadness, just as sitting before the big dog took away the emptiness.

Again the animal growled low in its throat. The hair bristled on its neck and it crouched low, ready to leap.

Sitting on the floor near the open cage, Mister thought of his always loneliness. Every minute of his life, he knew, he had yearned for something which seemed to be beyond the next ridge, hidden in the dark wood, something as mysterious and unknown as the night sky. He had never had anyone with whom he could share even his yearning, for there had never been anyone to whom he belonged. He had never been given love. And the love in his heart was so great it embarrassed people and frightened animals. Still, it was all he had. It was the only thing which made him feel he was supposed to be in the world. He told himself, as he looked at the huge eyes of the dog, that he must feel love with all his heart. He must feel it and think it and be it.

He forgot his home, the fields and the hills and the animals. He forgot himself. Love and yearning and need flowed from him. All he felt or saw was a kind of radiance gleaming through his tears.

Abruptly the animal dropped onto its haunches. Its mouth opened and its tongue dangled. It twisted its head to one side and began to pant. The tongue flicked quickly over each side of the upper lip, and it started to whine. Not looking at each other, the two sat crying.

> More homework would be accurately done if parents hadn't been out of school so long.
>
> HAL CHADWICK

For years, penned and abused, the handsome German shepherd dog had growled and snarled, becoming mean. Its first owner had sold it to Simple Sampson, swearing it was a vicious wolf from the hills of North Dakota. He did not mention that he had had the dog since it was a pup because he liked to hear animals whimper. Nor did he say that the dog was getting too big and fierce for him and that he feared for his life. He saw a chance to sell it for five dollars, though it was one of the first German shepherds ever to be brought across the sea, so he said it was a wolf and not to be trusted.

"Don't you like me at all?" Mister sobbed.

Slowly, on its belly, its chin almost to the floor, the dog began to inch forward. Mister reached out his hand and touched its cold nose, patted the head and stroked the beautiful black ears. The dog shuddered.

For a moment, as loneliness left Mister and fear left the dog, they sat trembling. And then, leaning forward, Mister flung his arms about its warm neck and hugged for all he was worth. Struggling loose, the dog pounced on him, knocking him backward, licking his face and hair, nudging his chin. Mister rolled and giggled and wept with joy. After a while he managed to get to his feet, put his arm around his friend's neck and start for the door.

"We're, us, goin' home," he said, not meaning a house, but somewhere on the ridge, someplace where they wouldn't feel inside or outside, but a part of the world. The bear watched them go, but the snake slept.

At the door the dog balked. It was frightened at the strange, once-known odors, the vastness of the night, frightened of its freedom. It was so frightened and joyous that its heart thumped and its tongue turned red in the moonlight.

Climbing over the dog, Mister dropped to the ground and held up his arms. "My name's Mister. You call me Mister."

The dog jumped down, knocking him to the wet ground, and Mister squealed in delight.

The world lay quiet on the top of the ridge, fixed in the moonlight. Nothing moved. Even the golden light seemed permanent. Yet in every clump of grass, beneath the bushes, beside the great boulders, animals waited silently.

Up from the woods came the sound of loud and shrill barking, and with it a strange, joyous shouting they had never heard before. The deer's head moved slowly, but its eyes remained fixed in the direction of the sound. Beneath the clumps of field grass, rabbits sat with their eyes closed and their ears erect. Only the soundless, unhearing snakes remained unperturbed.

Suddenly from the edge of the woods, from beneath the hazelnut and sassafras and sumac bushes, the great dog bounded. After it came the small boy, laughing and crying and shouting, blind with tears, but running. In a half dozen leaps the dog was far ahead. It stopped, turned quickly, and frisked back, throwing itself against Mister and knocking him to the warm wet earth.

Mister lay for a moment, his arms clasped about the dog's neck. He could see nothing but the red tongue, the great brown eyes and the stars twinkling every place else. For the first time he felt like a boy, a very young boy, and holding tight to the thick skin of the dog's neck, he flung a leg across its back and tried to ride it. But he was much heavier than he thought, and much bigger, and the dog collapsed to one side, rolling over.

Mister screamed with glee and the dog ran around and around him, waiting for him to get to his feet. But Mister lay there, his arms thrown back, his eyes bright. Oh, how mysterious, how mysterious, he thought, for he knew he would never be alone again and never, after tonight, would he be a boy.

When he did not move, the dog came to his side, licked his cheek and then abruptly dropped on its haunches, panting happily, watchfully. Mister closed his eyes and felt all the world moving around him.

The rabbits bounced softly out into the moonlight and began to nibble at the short green shoots of grass. The deer moved away from the boulders and started down toward the brook, its head moving awkwardly with its ungraceful strides. Birds flew out of the trees as though it were daylight.

Finally the dog lay down beside Mister and rested its chin on his small chest. Mister laid his arm across its neck and told himself that you couldn't really be too early or too late, not when you loved all that you saw.

Only the owl, wide-eyed, appeared astonished, as though it alone had seen what had happened.

## Pretend You Love Me (Continued from Page 41)

"A table will do, if you don't mind."

He took his glass and followed her.

She shook her head absently when he asked if she wanted something to drink, and the moment had lengthened uncomfortably into silence before she realized that he was watching her with a rather odd smile.

"It can't possibly be that difficult," he said.

Kate flushed, but she drew a deep breath and plunged, "Mr. Morgan, have you made any plans for the club dance tomorrow night?"

"The famous Holiday Ball? No, I haven't any plans. Quite an affair, if you like that sort of thing."

"Then," she said carefully, staring at her hands, "perhaps I might be able to hire you for the evening." Feeling almost ill, she waited for his reaction.

He looked at her for a long moment, face expressionless. Kate was not addicted to mirrors, not liking what she saw there, but she knew what a man saw when he looked at her in that measuring way. A tall, thin girl with strong bones and decisive features. A mouth too wide for her face. A cloud of dark hair pushed carelessly back from her forehead. A look of being all bones and eyes and awkward height. It was hopeless, she thought miserably; she should have known better.

Then he said quietly, "I'm sure it could be arranged."

Relief washed through her in painful waves. "I'll pay you fifty dollars," she said. "From nine until midnight."

"The Holiday Ball must be an expensive piece of entertainment."

"Look," Kate said, "it's very important to me." She added soberly, "You'll earn every cent of it."

He raised one brow. "Special duties? Besides dancing and making myself useful?"

"Yes," Kate said. "I'm asking a great deal for my fifty dollars, Mr. Morgan. Flowers, champagne, candlelight on the table. The orchestra playing my favorite song. Tender glances, eyes only for me. That sort of thing."

"My clients call me Morgan," he said, "even when they pay outrageous prices for my services."

Kate sighed. "I don't think you understand, Morgan. I want a romantic evening. So obviously romantic that no one could possibly mistake it for anything else."

Another silence. His eyes narrowed slightly. Then he said, very gently, "You're old enough to know better, Kate. It isn't a thing you can buy, not at any price."

"I'm not trying to buy it. Not the real thing. I only want a pretense, an illusion, for one single evening."

"Trying to impress anybody in particular?"

"No man," she said hastily. "No particular one, I mean."

"The whole world, then?"

He was being unexpectedly kind; suddenly it seemed imperative that he understand. "I'm no wallflower, Morgan, languishing sadly at home while life passes me by. I turned down three invitations to the dance."

"I'm glad to know there are at least three intelligent men in town."

Kate's eyes widened. "You don't have to begin yet," she said bluntly. "I'm only paying you for the dance."

"My apologies," he said, but somehow he did not look at all apologetic.

"I've lived here all my life," Kate said. "I have a fine time. I like people and they seem to like me. I can swim. I play a hard game of tennis. I do fairly well on a horse, and I don't need a handicap for golf. I lug my own stuff when I ski and bait my own fishing lines. I know how to handle my gun when I'm hunting, and then dress my game. I can also dance without stumbling over my feet, and I never drink to excess."

"Quite a list of accomplishments. No wonder you're in demand."

"Certainly," she said without conceit. "I can take care of myself, never cause any bother, and I don't cling. Good old Kate, that's me."

"Without exception?"

Kate almost hated him for a moment; surely he must know how it felt to have a raw nerve end exposed and prodded.

"Without exception," she said flatly. "Maybe they know me too well. I grew up with them, after all, and most of the men in town have been calling me good old Kate since I was in pigtails. Or maybe"—it had to be said, painful or not—"maybe that's all I'm worth. I'm no judge of that, Morgan."

"No, you're not," he agreed. "And how do the women feel about good old Kate?"

"They couldn't do without me. I'm an excellent baby sitter, I listen to all their troubles, and they know their men are safe with me."

"Good old Kate," he said again. "It's not a bad epithet, you know. I've heard worse."

"I'm tired to death of it," Kate said. Her throat prickled alarmingly. "I want to be a woman, not an institution."

This time his smile went all the way. "It's a good gamble," he said. "I'll try my best."

"Thank you," Kate said gratefully. She stood up and held out her hand. "You've been very kind, Morgan."

He took her hand in a businesslike clasp and looked down at her thoughtfully. "Kate, do you really think it will help?"

Kate, unaccustomed to men whose height and breadth gave them ample leeway to look down at her, felt an odd pang of pleasure.

"I don't know," she admitted. "But it'll be good (*Continued on Page 70*)

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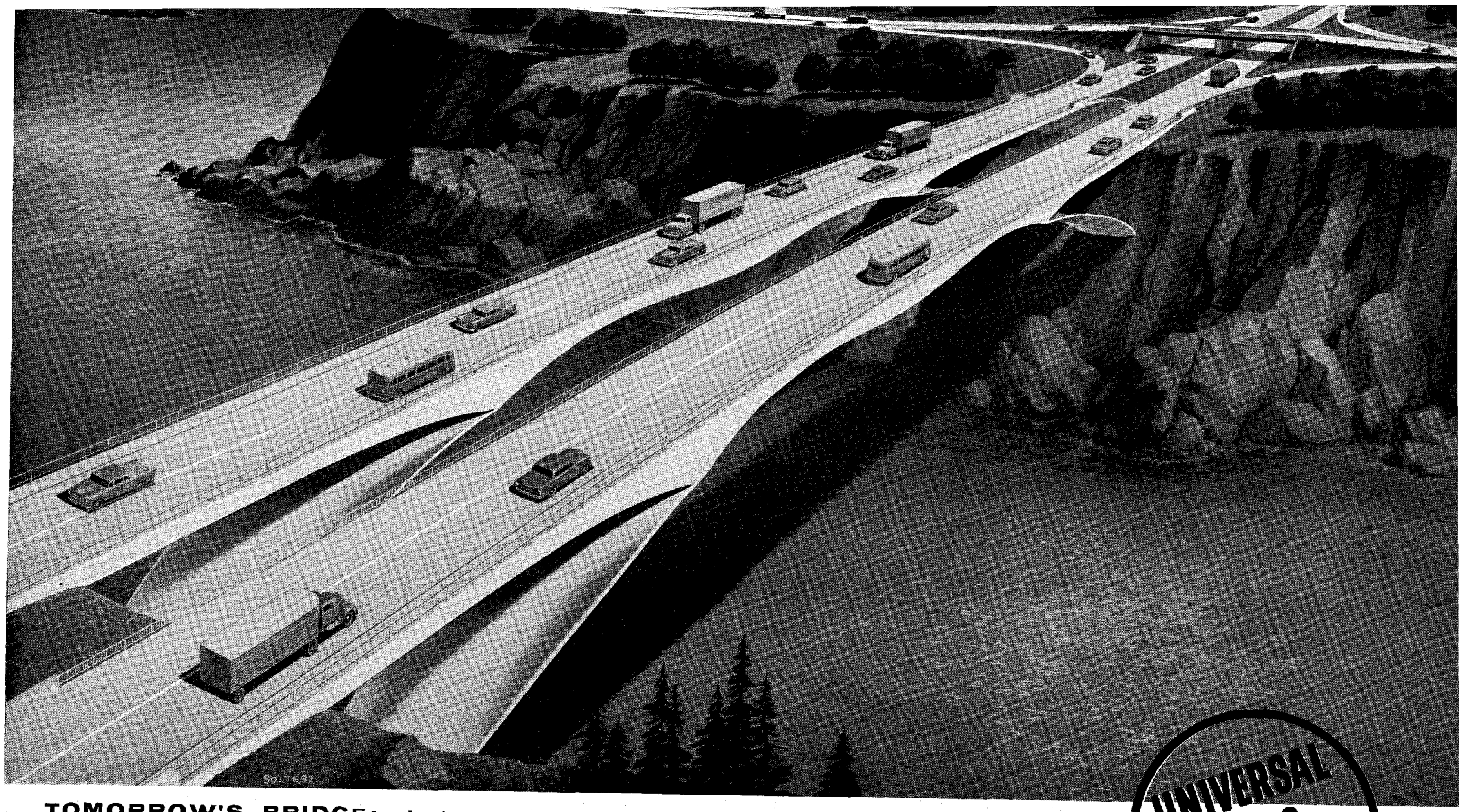


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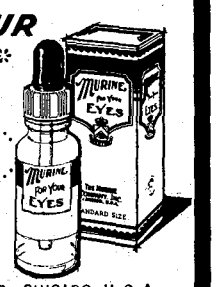


THE MURINE CO., INC., CHICAGO, U. S. A.
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(*Continued from Page 68*) for my soul." She hesitated, then went on honestly, "I'll be thirty before I know it, Morgan. I want them to sit up and take notice, just once, before I reach the point of no return."

"I hope it'll give you something to remember," he said, "when you're an old lady nodding in your rocking chair."

He was laughing at her. But she didn't mind; it was impossible to have been good old Kate for so many years without acquiring the ability to see the funnier side of things.

"Well, I don't expect miracles," she said reasonably. "Not for a mere fifty dollars."

He nodded. "Inflation," he said. "But fifty dollars still has a certain amount of purchasing power. Maybe a surprise or two, if not a full-blown miracle."

She stared at him, uncertain of his meaning. But as she walked home in the cold winter's dusk, she felt giddy with exhilaration.

The hardest part was behind her; now she had only to complete the preparations so carefully planned in advance, and because she had wisely chosen a weekend when her parents would be away, she had no embarrassing questions, asked in all good will, to distract her.

By Saturday evening she had attended to the smallest details. The new dress, bought secretly in an elegant New York shop, looked strikingly beautiful. Bittersweet, the saleswoman had called it, with its flowing silk skirt and embroidered white lace top; Kate had been amused, and now she reminded herself to tell John Morgan, who also had an appreciation of ironic humor.

She was not, however, feeling very amused when she called Morgan a few minutes later. Waiting for his answer, she stared at herself in the large hall mirror with so much dislike and repugnance that the reflection blurred and wavered.

"Morgan, I can't go," she began without preamble. "We'll have to call it off."

"What's happened?" he asked calmly.

"I had my hair done." She had refused to allow the hairdresser to comb it; she would do that herself, she had reasoned, thus viewing her New Self for the first time in guarded privacy. "Morgan, I look like a Ubangi. If I had a brass ring in my nose, the picture would be complete."

He didn't laugh. "It can't be that bad, Kate."

"It is." She looked at the fuzzy black mop with distaste. Then the mirror blurred again and she closed her eyes.

"Kate, listen to me. Sit down and take it easy. I'll be right over."

"You can't help. Nothing can help. It's done."

"I'll decide that for myself," he said, and hung up.

When he came, Kate was sitting on a chair in the hall, meekly obeying him because she felt too dazed to do anything else. He rapped once and then opened the door, not waiting to be admitted; stopping short, he stared at Kate without speaking.

Kate met his scrutiny squarely, seeing nothing else to be done, and tried not to mind so dreadfully that she must look like a fugitive from a sideshow.

He shook his head slowly and sighed. "Kate, somebody has done you wrong."

"I know. I tried to tell you." At least he hadn't laughed yet, but he must be exerting a tremendous restraint. "It was my own fault, I expect."

"Yes," he said rudely. "You should have known better. You aren't built for curls and furbelows." He looked at her again with narrowed eyes and seemed to come to a decision. "Wet it. Brush it straight again; then pull it back into one of those bun-shaped affairs."

Kate blinked. "Wet it?"

"It's almost nine, Kate," he said patiently. "You haven't much time."

Kate wanted to protest that it was hopeless, but it seemed easier to do as he said. She went back upstairs and followed his instructions, brushing her wet hair vehemently until the tight little curls disappeared. Then she pulled it back tautly into a round bun.

It did very well. Amazingly so, in fact, with her wide mouth and strong bones.

"It's not bad," she said to John Morgan, "if you like the Egyptian type."

He grinned at her. "Stop fishing, Kate. You look magnificent and you know it."

Magnificent. Not pretty, or beautiful, or lovely—flattering adjectives her honesty would have instantly rejected—but simply and sincerely magnificent. It was obvious, Kate reflected, that he meant to earn the fifty dollars; it was equally obvious that he knew how to go about it.

The club was resplendent in its holiday attire. Kate sat at the table for two by the window and smiled at John Morgan. He had not forgotten anything: candlelight, the flame reflecting like a star in the frosty panes; pink roses on the table, as if he had known they were her favorite color; champagne in a silver pail of ice.

But he had added a few unmistakable touches of his own. The way he looked at her, for instance. Listening to her every word with close attention. Putting his hand on hers, across the table, and smiling his remarkably intimate smile.

Her heart thudded unevenly. "Don't overdo it, Morgan. You'll give the game away."

"No point in doing a thing halfway," he said calmly.

"Well, they're beginning to stare," she said. "At first they were only curious, but now they're wildly speculating."

"That's what you wanted, isn't it? If the weather were more favorable, I could take you out on the terrace and kiss you. As it stands, however, I suppose I'll have to be satisfied with merely looking as if I want to kiss you."

Kate's eyes widened. "Morgan," she said slowly, "that wasn't part of the deal."

"Romance," he said. "You wanted the illusion." Then, with a shrug, "Look misty-eyed, Kate. One of your childhood buddies is coming this way with a purposeful air about him."

Kate did not know how to look misty-eyed. Nor had she ever been looked at, even in her boldest dreams, as if she would have been kissed on the moment were it not for inclement weather on the terrace. But Morgan, a man of experience and talent, did his part admirably, and Kate was so shaken that for a lengthy moment she could not pull her eyes away from Morgan's, much less remember the name of a man she had known all her life.

But it made no difference. Morgan, when confronted with a polite request for permission to dance with Kate, refused with equal politeness and a cool stare of discouragement. Kate, struck dumb, watched the retreating back of a bewildered childhood buddy and turned to stare at Morgan with awed amazement.

"Am I to dance with you," she asked, "exclusively?"

"Certainly." He smiled at her. "I'm jealous of every man in sight, you see. I want you all to myself."

"You're very good at this."

"You knew I would be," he said, "or you wouldn't have asked me."

He took her off to dance, a step which necessitated several more polite refusals, at regular intervals, to part with her company. "Popular cuss, aren't you?" he said.

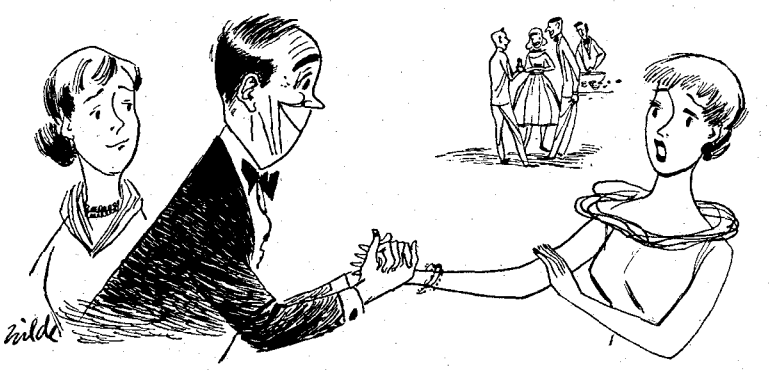
"I told you I was no wallflower."

"Except in affairs of the heart, I believe you said. But it's hard to believe that such persistence on the part of so many is purely platonic."

Kate was somewhat puzzled herself. She had never been a wallflower, true, but neither had she been sought out with such flattering frequency. "They're only curious," she said finally. "You've shaken them up a bit."

"Not so much as I intend to."

He smiled down at her. From such close proximity the effect was shattering,



## The Perfect Squelch

When George, an eligible bachelor for too many years, finally was wed, he had difficulty adjusting to his changed social responsibilities. At parties, dropping his wife with his coat and hat, he would move inevitably toward the youngest and prettiest girls. There he would happily stay, proving to himself that he still was irresistible to women.

Once, having followed this format, George found himself facing an especially lovely girl. His reaction was automatic. "Well, well," he breathed in his best premarital tone, "this one is a real delight. Tell me," he said, turning to his host, "is she married?"

"No, dear," George's wife said at his side. "But you are."

**Eve Cecil**

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and Kate looked away quickly. "If we aren't careful," she said, "I'll be a full-fledged scandal."

It was not long, however, before Kate realized that no one seemed unduly scandalized by her behavior. On the contrary, people went out of their way to be pleasant to her. Several women stopped at her table to chatter inanities about the ball, the orchestra, the seasonal parties, the weather. They smiled sweetly at Kate, complimented her dress, asked the name of her hairdresser. And without exception they acknowledged John Morgan with cool aloofness, and then pointedly ignored him. Even Alice Trosper, Morgan's local sponsor, appeared to have changed her mind about his deliciousness.

"Kate, darling," she said warmly, "we haven't seen each other for ages!"

"Since last week," Kate said warily.

"But not to talk. Do come for lunch Monday. I've been longing for a good chat, just the two of us." Then, with a distinct drop in temperature, Alice nodded to Morgan. "Having fun?" she asked vaguely. "I do hope you're enjoying yourself. But you mustn't monopolize our Kate, you know."

Morgan raised one brow. "Why not?"

Alice patted Kate's cheek, smiled an odd little smile and shook her head. "I won't have you abusing my hospitality, John Morgan."

She left a profound silence behind her. Kate looked at Morgan. Finally she said awkwardly, "I'm beginning to think you're the sensation, Morgan, and not me at all."

"I've confiscated public property," he said lightly, "and it isn't done in the best circles."

Kate sighed. She reviewed the past hour in her mind, seeing again the affectionate smiles for her, the frowning silence for Morgan, the men so determined to wrest her away from him, the women so anxious for private little chats.

Her heart jolted painfully. "They're sorry for me," she said blankly.

Not envy, not admiration or disapproval or amusement, but pity. Pity because she was making a fool of herself. Pity for her gullibility. They did not for a moment believe that Morgan was serious—who could be romantic about good old Kate?—and with the loyalty of old friends they were closing ranks about her.

In all her elaborate plans she had not once anticipated such humiliation. "I'm afraid I've made things difficult for you," she said slowly.

She saw the flicker of anger in his dark eyes, but she was oddly certain that it was not directed at her. After a moment he said, "You can't have it both ways, Kate."

She put her hands on her hot cheeks and wished her head would not throb so abominably.

"You've traded good old Kate for a new model. Give them time to get used to it."

"You have a kind heart, Morgan," Kate said wearily, "but it's no use."

"I think I should warn you," he retorted, "that I am not famous for being the kindly type."

She tried to smile at him. The evening had fallen apart like a flimsy house made of cards, but it was not his fault. "I'd like to go home now, if you please. I never cared for the Cinderella bit."

He didn't argue, and Kate felt an illogical disappointment. But she would not admit, even to herself, how badly she had wanted to dance with him until the orchestra packed its instruments and the club was empty, to smile at him over the flickering candle and pink roses, to grab greedily at each moment until her fifty dollars was spent to the last penny.

She waited in the foyer while he got her coat, feeling the icy cold creep up from her feet and hold her in a frozen vise. She wondered if one should love one's friends for their good intentions or hate them for their perception; surely there was nothing so wicked about an illusion that friendship must instantly expose it for the foolish pretense it was.

"Let's go home, Kate," Morgan said. "It's beginning to snow."

His matter-of-fact voice broke the spell. She went with him docilely, like a child willing to be led, and neither of them spoke again until they stood on her porch in the thickly falling snow.

"Kate ——" he began to say, then stopped.

"I almost forgot," she said hastily. She reached in her purse and took out the crisp new fifty-dollar bill. "I'm sorry you had to remind me."

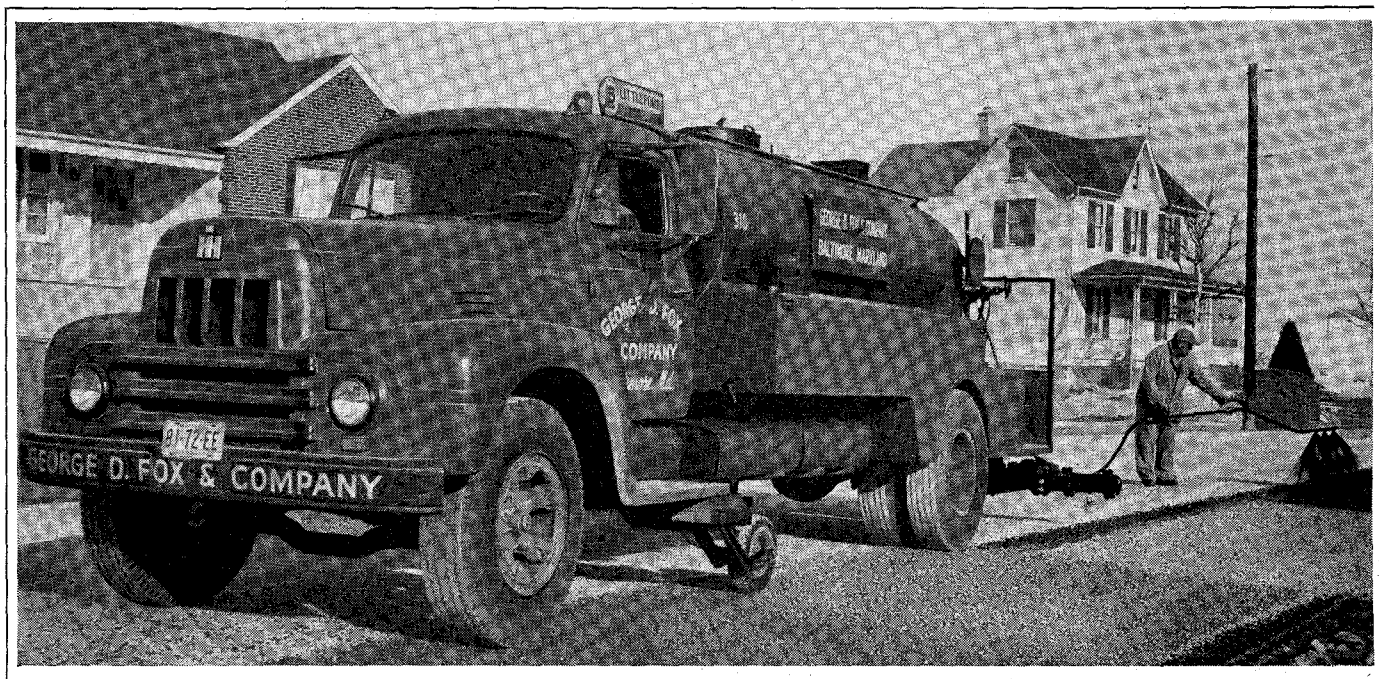
He had not been thinking of the money, and she knew it, but she did not think she could bear sympathy from him, or even understanding.

"Thank you, Morgan." Her voice was like a foghorn, Kate thought, mortified that it could so easily betray her. "I'm very grateful."

He looked at the bill in his hands; then carefully folded it and put it in his pocket. He started to speak again, then evidently thought better of it.

"Good night, Kate."

She stood inside the door until his car left. Then she went slowly upstairs and undressed for bed with the blind ease of habit; when she had finished, she sat before the mirror on her dressing table and propped her chin in her hands. She sat there for a long time, staring at the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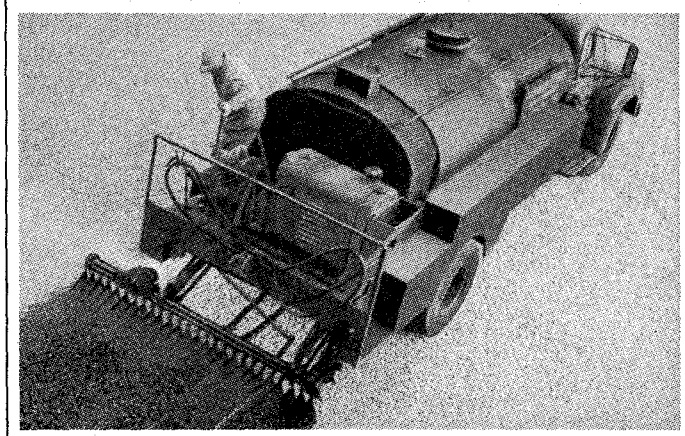

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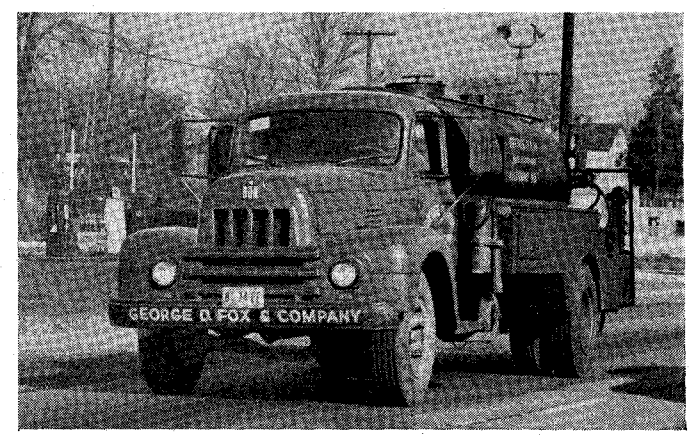


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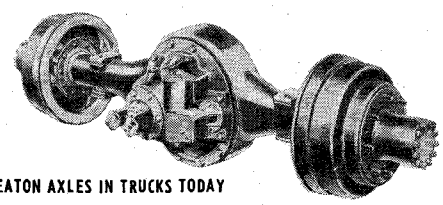

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scrubbed face, the wide mouth and firm bones, the enormous eyes. She disregarded the tears, falling silently, one by one, and stared at her face as if she had never seen it before.

"Poor old Kate," she said softly. "What a spectacle you made of yourself."

Finally she stirred, wiped her face and went quietly to bed. The chiming clock in the hall struck midnight. She heard it strike once, twice, four times. When she counted six chimes she sighed and admitted defeat; getting out of bed again, she put on a warm robe and went downstairs to the kitchen.

The snow had stopped during the night and the world was white and chaste and faintly tinged with pink. Kate cooked breakfast absently, and then found it too dry and tasteless to eat, so she took her coffee to the window, where she could watch the quiet approach of dawn.

She didn't have to see him again. She could stay away from the club and the hill behind the house where his houses were being built; he was a stranger in town, and he would soon be gone. But the others—the lifelong friends who had watched her performance at the dance—she could not avoid indefinitely. And there would be Holiday Balls, she thought despairingly, for the rest of her life. One after another, year after year, as long as she lived.

The front-door knocker rapped sharply and Kate's cup rattled uneasily in its saucer. She put it down with great care and went to the door, holding her robe closely around her.

John Morgan stood on the porch. He wore a bright plaid woolen shirt, a leather jacket, and heavy pants tucked in his boots; he looked disgustingly alive and wide-awake.

"It isn't a respectable hour to call," he said, "but I waited as long as I could."

Kate stared at him, holding to the door to steady herself. She said nothing because there was nothing sensible to say.

"Did you sleep at all?" He studied her closely. "I thought not. Well, neither did I." He looked as if insomnia were a thing that amused him hugely. "I'm hungry, Kate. Have you had breakfast?"

He sat at the kitchen table, very much at his ease, watching her while she cooked breakfast for him, and then ate every bite with the appetite and enjoyment of a healthy male without a worry in the world.

"You can cook, Kate. One of your many virtues, and far from the least."

"You don't have to keep it up, you know. That was last night."

"Which reminds me." He took the fifty-dollar bill from his pocket and laid it on the table between them. "Any plans for the day?"

Kate looked at the bill. It was slightly crumpled now, no longer crisp and new.

"I'd like to hire you for a few hours," he said casually. "Nothing special. A walk, if you'd like it, and a lot of talking."

After a long moment, Kate picked up the bill.

"I have a few things to say to you. I waited because you were in no condition to hear them last night." He stood up, made an impatient gesture. "Get a move on, Kate. It's a grand day and we're wasting it."

Sunlight greeted them outside, a pale yellow haze touching the snow-laden spruces with gold and giving an illusion of warmth to the aching cold. Morgan took her hand and turned toward the hill, and they broke the crusted snow into a path as far as the first empty house on the crest.

The view of rolling hills and the wide valley below was breath-taking. Kate pointed to the last house, alone on the edge of the hill with the trees behind it and the far horizon in front, its wide stone chimney seeming necessary to anchor it to the earth.

"I like that one best," she said. "It's been my favorite from the beginning."

"I know," Morgan said. Kate looked at him in surprise. "I saw you looking it over a couple of times," he said, "and I could tell from your face that you liked it."

She had never imagined that he had noticed her. "I had to check on their progress now and then," she said quickly. "I love to watch houses being built."

"A good thing."

Her surprise grew. "Why?"

"You may have to watch a lot of them being built from now on."

Kate stared at the white snow until her eyes burned. "I know you mean to be kind," she said at last. "But you needn't. Feel sorry for me, I mean. I'll get along, I always have. Last night wasn't that bad."

"Kate, Kate," he said gently. Then, "O.K., I'm going too fast for you. Let's start at the beginning again. I'm available for dinner tonight, at some quiet spot with an open fire and good food and privacy enough to talk. Think it'd be worth your fifty bucks?"

"I'm sure of it," Kate said faintly.

"Then I'm also taking an option on your company tomorrow. Lunch at the club, and if I can get away, we'll have a go at the skates and ice. Same fee, you understand."

Kate took the bill from her pocket. "If we aren't careful," she said unsteadily, "we'll wear it out."

"I don't doubt it," he said. "By the time we're through with it, we'll have spent several fortunes." He put his hand under her chin and lifted her face, kissing her briefly. "But not this, Kate," he said, smiling a little. "This I intend to keep nice and new and shining for a long, long time."

Kate found her voice finally, but it was so queer and hoarse it startled her. "Why?" she asked simply. "Why me?"

"I liked the way you look, even before I met you," he said, "and now I find I like what goes with it. That's not all, but it's enough for a start." His smile deepened. "Don't worry, Kate. I'm not going to crowd you. We've got the fifty bucks and all the time in the world."

It was generous of him, Kate thought, to pretend a need to persuade her when any fool could see that she had been lost, hopelessly and irrevocably, from the very beginning.

"No one will believe it, Morgan," she said. "It'll be last night all over again."

"They're a lot of blind idiots," he said grimly.

"They've known me all my life."

"And I'm going to know you the rest of it. I'm not really surprised, at that," he said carelessly. "You're a lot of woman, Kate, and I can see how the ordinary man would be overwhelmed."

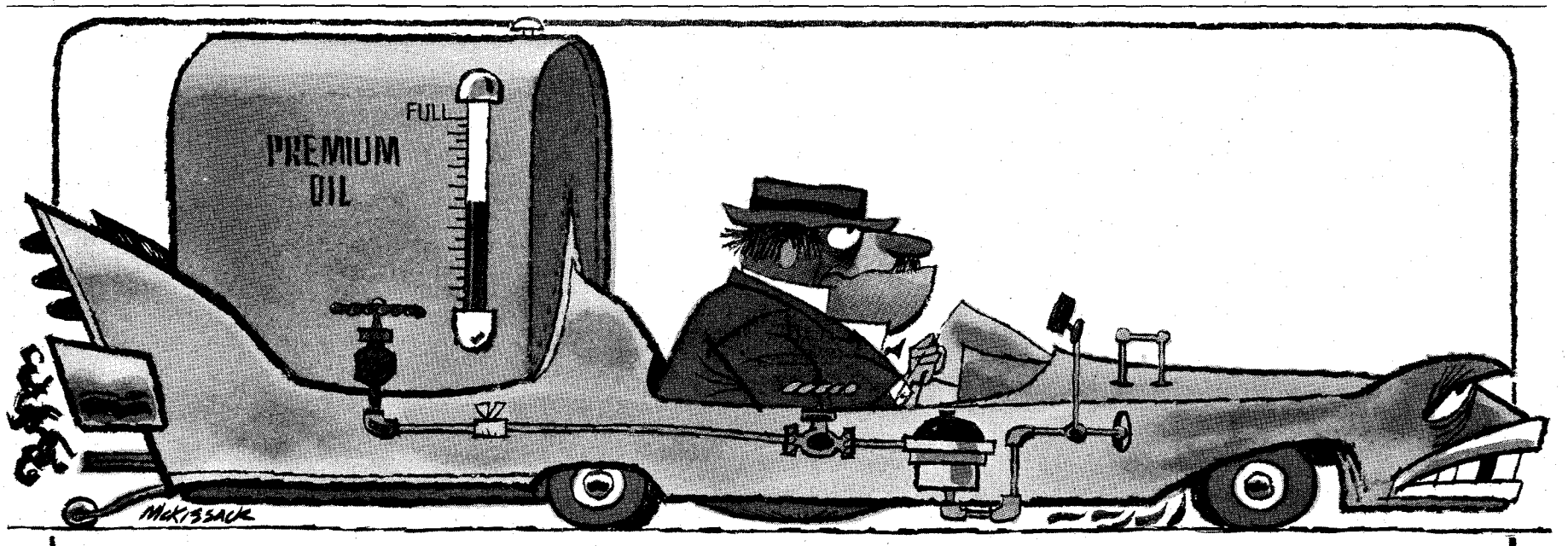
The small conceit implied by this remark was not lost on Kate, and her immediate laughter, springing up from some deep well of contentment inside her, was the most satisfying thing she had ever known.

"Morgan," she said very quietly, "I paid for an illusion and look what I got. The real thing, gilt-edged and certifiable."

"I told you it was a good gamble. No miracles, maybe, but a lot of surprises."

They laughed at each other. Then, swinging their hands together, their long strides matching, they went back down the hill in the cold, bright sunlight.

THE END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# The Great Winter-Olympics Fight

(Continued from Page 35)

on record saying they were against the Winter Olympics' coming to California. All gave me an endorsement."

The next step was to get a promise of financial backing from the California legislature. For this project, he enlisted the help of state senator Harold T. Johnson, of Placer County, in which Squaw Valley is located. Cushing extolled the endless benefits that Placer County would reap from a Winter Olympics. He assured the senator that the cost would be nominal. Johnson introduced a bill in the state legislature that would appropriate $1,000,000 for the winter games—if Cushing should be able to bring them to California.

Thus armed, the one-man delegation from Squaw Valley was off for New York to make his pitch against such widely publicized contenders as Sun Valley, Idaho; Lake Placid, New York; and Aspen, Colorado. Other candidates included Reno, Nevada, and Anchorage, Alaska.

Cushing is a tall, distinguished-looking man who appears completely at home in the sports jacket and slacks in which he is usually attired. He is a cool, imposing speaker. His words flow evenly, and they hit with the clear ring of fine crystal. In his presentation before the United States Olympic Committee, he talked eloquently of Squaw Valley's beauty and its magnificent slopes, which offer skiing with all exposures to the sun. Squaw Valley's unique layout, he continued, was such that spectators, all of whom would be quartered in surrounding areas, could commute for each day's events and empty out at night, leaving the valley free of constant congestion. Finally, he assured the committee that all resources needed for staging the games had been pledged by the state of California, whose hospitality had no peer.

Much to the shock of winter-sports authorities around the nation, not to mention Cushing's rivals, Squaw Valley was chosen as the United States candidate. Snorted a delegate from Lake Placid, "If you ask me, the whole place"—Squaw Valley—"is a figment of Cushing's imagination."

The selection came as a surprise even to Cushing. "Up to then, I was going mostly on palaver," he says today. "I had won the first round, but the big problem was still ahead—how to sell Squaw Valley to the foreigners."

The final choice was to be made by the International Olympic Committee at a meeting in Paris in June. The Winter Olympics are traditionally a European proposition. Of the seven winter games staged in the past, six have been awarded to Europe and one to Lake Placid. Since 1936 European athletes have dominated the Winter Olympics. The honors at Cortina were divided largely among Russians, Austrians, Swiss and Scandinavians. The United States won in only two divisions, the men's and women's figure skating.

Cushing felt that although he could do nothing to improve the skill of our winter-sports athletes, he at least could arrange for them to lose on their own soil. He went back to Placer County. Victory, he assured officials there, was now within sight. They came up with $12,000. From the Southern California Committee for the Olympic Games he got $2000 more, even though Southern Californians aren't ordinarily in the habit of encouraging promotions in the northern part of the state. The remainder of a $50,000 war chest was donated by the Squaw Valley Development Company, whose stockholders were convinced by Cushing that opportunity at last was knocking to put Squaw Valley on the map.

Money matters now out of the way, Cushing departed for Europe to make his reconnaissance of the opposition. Other cities bidding for the 1960 winter games were Austria's Innsbruck, Switzerland's Saint-Moritz, and Garmisch-Partenkirchen in West Germany. Since previous Olympics had been awarded to Saint-Moritz and Garmisch, the overwhelming favorite this time was Innsbruck.

In Europe, Cushing met a veteran foreign correspondent for the Chicago Daily News, George Weller. The picture that Cushing painted of Squaw Valley was so intriguing and his arguments for bringing the games there so convincing that Weller was moved to volunteer his services—if his editor in Chicago was agreeable.

Returning to America, Cushing went directly to the offices of the Chicago Daily News. In no time at all, he persuaded executive editor Basil Walters to keep Weller on the Daily News payroll while letting him work gratis for Squaw Valley. Cushing and Weller began to plan their strategy. To offset the strong support that would go to Innsbruck from Austria's neighbors and from anti-American strongholds behind the Iron Curtain, they figured they needed votes from nations that generally don't concern themselves with the Winter Olympics. Cushing and Weller decided they could best secure votes by personal contact with Olympic committeemen. They divided up the world. Weller would go to South America and the Caribbean, heading from there to the Scandinavian countries. Cushing would salvage what he could in Western Europe.

Their strongest talking point, they figured, was Squaw Valley's physical layout, which for the first time would make it possible for all the Winter Olympics events to be seen in the same place. At Cortina in 1956, for instance, the skating was held in a village eighteen miles away, and the ski jump in another village three miles distant. In Squaw Valley, every event either would finish or be staged in its entirety in the one area.

A second selling point was the idea of having a Winter Olympics Village for the athletes. This was another "first." Participants in the summer games are always quartered in the privacy of their own village, but the winter competitors usually live in public hotels, where, as Cushing puts it, "other guests drink beer and raise hell until all hours."

A third argument for Squaw Valley was the need for holding the Winter Olympics in a new locale—namely, "among the Pacific family of nations." Satisfied that their case was sound, Weller departed for South America and Cushing left for Europe, enlisting the help en route of a Harvard classmate named Marshall Hazeltine, a polished expert in the field of public relations.

"Hazeltine is what you'd call a top-level man," says Cushing proudly. "He attended Eton, has worked on diplomatic missions abroad for our State Department and has excellent contacts all over Europe. He also speaks French, Italian and German fluently."

By the time the Squaw Valley triumvirate reached Paris for the meeting of the International Olympic Committee, they had a dossier on each of the sixty-two delegates attending. They had also obtained an endorsement from President Eisenhower, who had signed a joint resolution, passed by Congress, inviting the world to Squaw Valley.

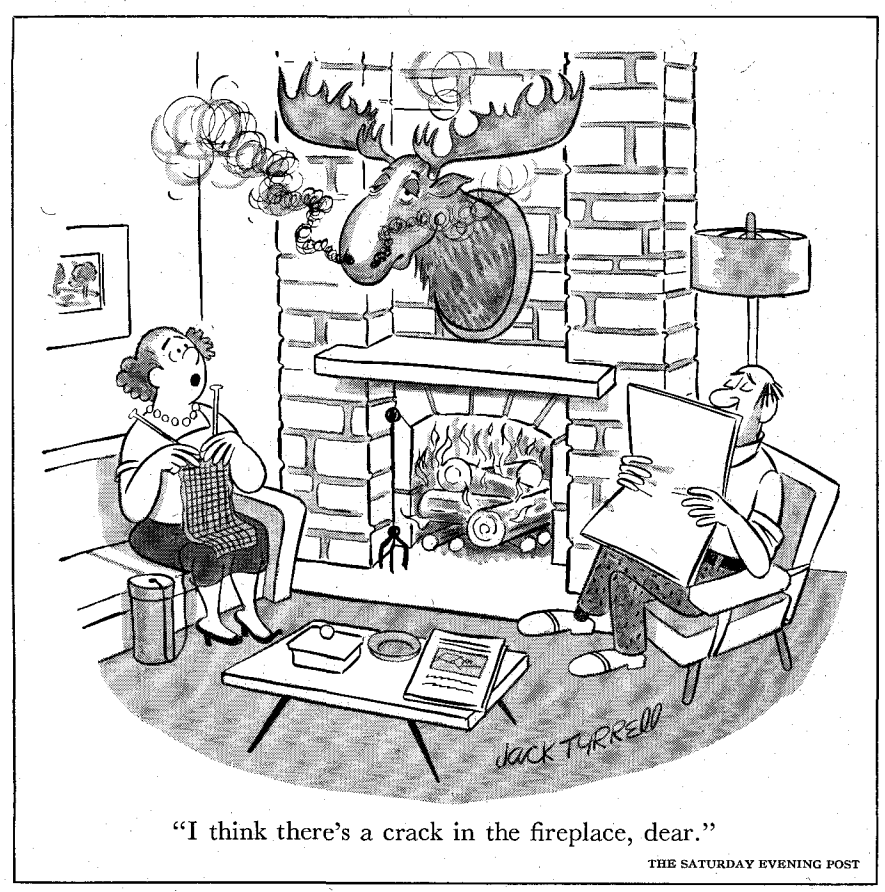
Each group bidding for the Olympics was granted thirty minutes in which to state its case before the committee. In preparing the all-important speech, Cushing, Weller and Hazeltine realized that Squaw Valley's chief weakness was the scarcity of facilities there. Considering the $1,000,000 budget, there was no prospect of startling improvements. However, they conceived a way of converting this liability into a sales asset.

"It came to us like a vibration from heaven," says Cushing. "Psychologically, this was our knockout punch. We would plead poverty—poor-mouth it all over the place. When had Americans ever admitted abroad that they had nothing? We wouldn't try to compete with the rich European resorts, which would stage the games with Roman grandeur. Ours would be a healthy, unadorned games in a clean, simple atmosphere, free from commercial pressure and public interference."

And so the Squaw Valley bid officially was dedicated to "Restoring the Olympic Ideal to the Winter Games." Cushing and Weller decided that the speech might have added impact if delivered by Hazeltine in French, the language of the revered founder of the modern Olympics, the late Pierre de Coubertin.

Hazeltine, a man of quiet charm, spoke impressively to the delegation for twenty-two minutes. In the remaining eight minutes Cushing delivered a crisp summary in which he emphasized that the cost of sending athletes to Squaw Valley would not be high. He guaranteed that transportation on a charter arrangement and three weeks of room and board with decent accommodations would not exceed $500 for any athlete.

On the first ballot cast by the committee, Squaw Valley, aided by strong South American support, polled a surprising thirty votes, as opposed to twenty-four for Innsbruck, six for Saint-Moritz and two for Garmisch. Squaw Valley and Innsbruck moved to the finals. To most observers, it seemed a foregone conclusion that the Europeans who had backed Saint-Moritz and Garmisch would now swing their votes to Innsbruck. On the second ballot, however, Squaw Valley won by a count of thirty-two votes to thirty, the closest finish in I.O.C. history.




"I think there's a crack in the fireplace, dear."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Innsbruck took the defeat hard. Not impressed by the Squaw Valley platform of a friendly but humble games, the Innsbruck newspaper editorialized tartly, "The rich Americans may have won, but the Olympic ideal has been defeated."

In California there were jubilant headlines. Champagne toasts were drunk to Cushing, the supersalesman. Then the roof fell in. The state quickly discovered that it had a sputtering bobcat by the tail.

To begin with, Cushing's guarantee to the I.O.C. of a $500 maximum cost per athlete for travel and living expenses turned out to be a slight miscalculation. State experts figured the bill at $725 per athlete. This meant a total cost to California of $270,000, because, as an official of the California Olympic Commission explains, "Rather than renege on a guarantee, we will make up the difference."

Secondly, the $1,000,000 originally allocated for the games proved a noticeably short figure. Cushing's revised estimate came to $2,400,000. When state architects and engineers got busy and started totaling up such sums as $2,000,000 for an ice arena, $440,000 for a sewer system and $300,000 for flood control, the cost quickly expanded to $4,000,000.

When it was found that the ice arena would cost a million more than originally expected, and the next total estimate came to $5,000,000, the California Legislature rebelled. Some members suggested it would be sinful to take the Winter Olympics away from such a garden spot as Innsbruck. Many taxpayers agreed.

There was, however, the matter of California pride, not to mention the endorsements of the President, Congress and Governor Knight. The feeling soon grew in the California Olympic Commission and the Olympic Organizing Committee, both appointed by Governor Knight, that if anything was worth sponsoring in California, it was worth sponsoring in a manner befitting the state's reputation. They eventually won out in a hard fight over the economy-minded faction.

Right now the cost of the games has risen to $8,000,000, and with heavy expenditures still in sight, Squaw Valley has asked Congress for a $3,800,000 appropriation. (Note: not due for action until April.)

H. D. Thoreau, executive secretary of the commission, explains, "To justify all the spending for the Winter Olympics, it has been decided to make a state park in

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Squaw Valley of all the land on which the state is doling out money for improvements. To do this, the original $5,000,000 investment must be protected by expenditure of an additional $3,000,000 to convert the area into a permanent installation."

The idea of a state park for winter and summer recreation is acceptable to most taxpayers in California, but not to the biggest landowner in Squaw Valley, Wayne Poulsen, who has opposed the plan from the outset. Of the 1200 acres that Poulsen holds in the area—valley and hillside—the state wants to buy sixty-three and a half and lease 129 for two years. This land is an indispensable part of the proposed 480-acre Winter Olympics tract.

For two years, Poulsen refused to sell. When he finally agreed last fall, he demanded a price so high that the state balked. At the time, the state had wanted to buy seventy-three and a half acres, for which it offered $103,000. Unblinkingly, Poulsen made a counter offer of $440,000, whereupon the state invoked the law of eminent domain and carried the case to Placer County court. Since the state has amended its complaint, asking for only sixty-three and a half acres, plus other land for lease, the court must now determine an equitable price. The court is due to take up the case sometime this month or next.

Of the California Olympic Commission's many headaches, Poulsen currently rates as No. 1. A quiet, sturdy man of forty-one with a penchant for the outdoors, Poulsen flies the polar route for Pan American from San Francisco to London. As a ski fan and hunter, he first came to Squaw Valley in 1938, shortly after his graduation from the University of Nevada. He began to buy acreage on credit, acquiring tiny parcels at a time. After World War II, he and his wife, Sandy, and their five children moved permanently to the valley, occupying a tent until they could build a home.

To the best of Poulsen's knowledge, he and his family were the first full-time residents there since the gold prospectors cleared out in the 1840's. Remains of the mining villages of Claraville and Knoxville can still be seen at the east end of the valley, through which the old Emigrant Trail passed, leading across the Sierras. It was only a few miles away that members of the Donner party perished in 1846.

The Poulsens have dreamed for years of developing Squaw Valley into a charming alpine-type community—a sort of small-scale Saint-Moritz. Poulsen cringes at the thought of a state park. Envisioning campers, hamburger stands, souvenir hawkers and the like on land where he had planned his dream village, he has fought the state doggedly.

California officials, however, are resolute in their feeling that one man's real-estate ambitions shouldn't take precedence over the public welfare. P. K. Macker, assistant to the president of the Organizing Committee, adds, "Despite himself, Poulsen will become rich off the Olympics. They will considerably increase the value of his land"—the bulk of which is not directly involved. "He should make a $3,000,000 killing."

Poulsen's opposition isn't all that the state has had to cope with lately. It has a major rhubarb on its hands, with the International Federation of Bobsledders and Tobogganers, which is protesting the elimination of bobsledding from the Squaw Valley program. Olympic rules specify that no single event need be staged unless entries have been received from at least twelve nations. Since fewer than that number answered in a poll that they would compete in the bobsledding, Squaw Valley seized the opportunity to drop the event, thereby saving the $750,000 cost of building a bobsled run.

Says Alan Bartholemy, technical director of the Squaw Valley games, "The federation has demanded we build the bob run, under threat of exposing us to the world as American cheapskates." The Amateur Athletic Union of this country has joined in asking that bobsledding be offered.

The Russians, too, have been unhappy. They have roared their indignation over fingerprinting requirements made of all foreigners entering this country. The California Olympic Commission has asked Congress to waive the McCarran-Walter Immigration Act for all Olympic athletes.

Further concessions are needed for Russian-satellite countries not recognized by our State Department. Caught in a crossfire between the International Olympic Committee, which doesn't acknowledge political differences, and Sen. John Butler, of Maryland, who has demanded that the satellites be barred, Squaw Valley has appealed to John Foster Dulles to admit all nations which wish to compete in the games. Barring any world upheaval, Dulles has promised to comply.

Meanwhile, trying to balance a budget that's shaking precariously, Squaw Valley is still moving ahead with preparations for an elaborate Olympics. "We have spent $200,000 for expert advice alone," says Bartholemy. "We will probably have the finest and most novel winter games of all time."

At this stage, four ski courses have been completed in Squaw Valley and foundations laid for new buildings. Land has been graded for the ice arena and a hillside cleared for the ski jumps. Work has been finished, too, on a $155,000 ski chair. As a flood-control measure, engineers have also begun the rerouting of Squaw Creek, which runs through the heart of the valley's meadowland, where much of the proceedings will take place.

When snow melts this spring, the bulk of the construction, delayed a year by Poulsen's land fight, will start at an accelerated pace. This is the first Winter Olympics ever planned from the ground up. In the past, Olympic construction has been mostly superimposed by the host cities upon existing facilities. But almost everything at Squaw Valley will be new, including a sprawling Olympic Village, which will quarter some 1200 athletes, trainers and coaches from thirty-five nations.

The village will overlook a scenic ten-acre artificial lake, for which ground will soon be removed. About 500 yards away will be built the ice arena, center of Olympic activities. From there, a walk of no more than 200 yards will bring one to any event. It won't be necessary to go even that far to see what's taking place because, from a comfortable seat in the heated arena, spectators will be able to watch the show flashed on a giant screen by closed-circuit television. Camera towers to be built along the Alpine and Nordic ski courses will bring viewers a picture of the races in progress.

For not-so-hardy members of the press who don't relish an invigorating trudge in the snow, there also will be closed-circuit television in the lavish press center, adjacent to the ice arena. This structure, complete with restaurant, cocktail lounge, snack bars and locker rooms, will accommodate 600 working writers.

Other new facilities will include a speed-skating rink, three hockey rinks, three ski jumps, a ski chair, several restaurants, cafeterias, warming huts and a network of spectator centers, all equipped with closed-circuit TV.

Squaw Valley has made arrangements with the Navy to conduct snow-compaction tests this year to determine whether automobiles could be parked in the meadowland. If this doesn't prove feasible, a unique traffic plan has been worked out whereby private cars will be barred from the valley entirely. The expected 30,000 people per day will be shuttled instead by 250 busses, leaving every few minutes from the nearby communities of Tahoe City and Truckee. Bus service will be free to those purchasing tickets to the Olympic events.

Alexander Cushing's original theme of "restoring the Olympic ideal" in a natural setting devoid of embellishments has long since been forgotten. With deep-felt pride, Governor Knight recently told the International Olympic Committee, "In the state of California, there are many monuments to the creative and engineering genius of our citizens. . . . We are confident that this same technical skill will lead to construction of winter-sports facilities in Squaw Valley which will greatly exceed the expectations of our visitors who will come to this great event from all parts of the world."

Cushing isn't in the least crushed that most of his poverty-inspired ideas have been discarded in favor of more-grandiose plans. "I truthfully don't see the need for such extravagance," he says. "But as far as I'm concerned, my feelings won't be hurt if they spend twenty million—just as long as all the stories on the games are date-lined 'Squaw Valley.'"

THE END


## NEXT WEEK

**What Negroes Can Learn From Gandhi**

**We Hunted Sharks and Sunken Gold**
Hair-Raising Search for Caribbean Treasure

**Fiction by:**
Allan Seager
Ronald Sercombe
Williams Forrest
C. S. Forester
Frank A. Clarvoe
Erle Stanley Gardner

**The Navy vs. "Going Steady"**
Force-Feeding Social Life to Annapolis Midshipmen

**My Round-the-World Adventures**


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# Our Hottest New Weapon

(Continued from Page 36)

sprayed on the submarine's superstructure, in line with the exhaust port of the missile, to protect the sub from the blast of the powerful jet. Boss grasped a throttle on the missile-control panel. "Starting the engine," he reported, as he fired and revved up the air-breathing jet-power plant of the bird. The submarine vibrated slightly. "Sound the one-minute warning," Boss said. Then the engine was revved up to 100 per cent power and all eyes in the Missile Center were fixed on the instrument panels, searching for a wavering needle that would spell trouble.

As the seconds ticked by, I found myself swept up in the tension; beads of perspiration popped out on my forehead. Boss opened a small door on the control panel. His fingers felt for and found the firing switch. Only a few seconds remained: Five. . . . Four. . . . Three. . . . Two. . . . One. . . . Fire! Boss' finger moved forward and a reverberating boom, not unlike a depth charge, jarred the sub, as two powerful JATO boosters, slung under the missile, ignited. The bird shot up amid a cloud of smoke, which swirled back and enveloped the submarine.

There followed a moment of complete silence, then someone shouted, "Clean bird!" indicating that the launching had been successful. His job done and the tension relieved, Boss slumped against the control panel. The Missile Guidance Officer, Lt. Paul Trejo, then moved into action, and as the missile zoomed toward the coastline, he traced its course on radar. Our Regulus I, packing a large simulated nuclear warhead, winged toward the target at just below the speed of sound, responding perfectly to remote control.

Soon I heard the command, "Dump!"—the signal to dive the missile toward the target. In this instance the "dump" was also simulated—to save us taxpayers money. A chase aircraft took the $200,000 bird under wing, extended its retractable landing gear, and steered it by remote control to a "hot" but safe landing at Chincoteague Naval Air Station, north of Norfolk. Its mission successfully completed, the Barbero submerged and headed out to sea, hidden beneath the waves.

The Barbero is old and ungainly. Her missiles, which she must launch from the surface, where she is most vulnerable, are little more than jet-powered drone aircraft. Nonetheless, this long-ignored ship holds her head high today because she has suddenly become the center of attention—the dramatic but primitive forerunner of a new concept of warfare that is causing a sensation in Washington.

Since the Barbero was first conceived as a missile sub, impressive scientific breakthroughs, especially the development of the nuclear engine for submarines and the ballistic missile, have made it possible to design modern atomic-powered missile submarines "one hundred times more efficient and lethal than Barbero," as one admiral put it, "adding an entirely new dimension to war as we know it." With such submarines, experts hold, the U.S. could surround the Soviet Union with ever-moving, submerged missile platforms that would be difficult if not impossible to detect, enormously expensive to build any defense against, free of entanglements with our allies, or possible sabotage, instantly ready for a retaliatory attack, and, in the long run, much cheaper and less vulnerable than our elaborate, fixed, foreign-based IRBM's and U.S.-based ICBM's.

These arguments, combined with breath-taking progress on a small, relatively inexpensive missile—the Polaris—to arm the nuclear-powered missile submarines, have mightily impressed our top defense and congressional leaders. Defense Secretary Neil McElroy, and former Air Force Chief of Staff Gen. Nathan F. Twining, now chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, believe Polaris submarines to be one of the most important new weapons of the decade. Senator Stuart Symington, former Secretary of the Air Force, and still a strong Air Force supporter, recently told a group of senators, "A submerged submarine with a unit like Polaris may perhaps be the most lethal weapon of all."

Indeed, as of the moment, the only debatable questions about the Polaris submarines seem to be: How many? How soon? Recently, as a starter, the National Security Council, presided over by President Eisenhower, who is much pleased with Polaris, approved a proposal to spend well over a half billion dollars on the program.

Three nuclear-powered missile submarines will be rushed into production this year, and the Navy plans to seek money to start six more. The Polaris missile, the final version of which has not yet even been fired, and other necessary hardware are being pushed ahead at breakneck speed. A proposal to devote an even larger share of our defense dollars to the Polaris weapons system is now being considered.

Sen. Henry M. (Scoop) Jackson, who has been prodding the Navy to "crash" the Polaris program for more than two years, urges that the United States build a fleet of 100 Polaris submarines—with missiles, this might well cost ten or fifteen billion—which would enable the Navy to keep at least fifty on station, while the others were being overhauled or in training. All this swift action has left the admirals and the naval scientists slightly astonished by their own brainchild, and, incidentally, caught on the horns of a dilemma. On the one hand, they argue the enormous advantages of the Polaris concept. Yet at the same time, they actually downplay Polaris, lest it seem so attractive that the nation would build it to the exclusion of other weapons, including aircraft carriers.

"Polaris is a massive retaliatory system like the Strategic Air Command," Chief of Naval Operations Adm. Arleigh Burke explains. "It's good only for the big, all-out war. We must also maintain a capability to deal with the cold war, the small war and other situations as well."

"Examined in detail," says Senator Jackson, who is also in favor of maintaining a wide variety of weapons systems, "the arguments for Polaris are overwhelming." Take a piece of string representing the 1500-mile range of the Polaris missile, he suggests, and lay it out on a globe. "From water bases you can reach every target in Russia. Polaris subs can operate in the Atlantic, the North Sea and the Mediterranean, the Arctic Ocean—as the Nautilus recently proved—the Indian Ocean and the Pacific, literally ringing the Soviet Union. With these subs you can achieve the same military effect as an ICBM launched from the United States, at a fraction of the cost. Better effect, in fact, because the shorter the range, the more accurate the missile." The admirals add, "It's also harder to intercept."

Anyone in the Kremlin who contemplates an attack on the free world, Jackson maintains, would be faced first with the almost impossible task of dealing with these hidden submarines. "If they seriously considered an attack," Jackson states, "they would first have to spend billions of rubles and an enormous portion of their scientific talent to build a submarine-detection system or build a defensive missile system capable of defending Soviet targets from all points of the compass. There is not enough time or talent in all of Russia to accomplish this," Jackson says, "and that is why the Polaris submarine is a superb deterrent." An admiral adds, "But if they want to try it, let them go ahead. For a relatively small ex-

"If you don't mind, Ruth, could we have a more accurate treasurer's report than 'the fund drive brought in scads, and we have oodles in the bank.'"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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penditure on our part, we force the Soviets to spend billions."

Jackson characterizes our proposed land-based overseas IRBM launching sites and those of our allies as immobile "strategic magnets" which would draw the first blow of an enemy in event of all-out war. "Failure to destroy these bases first," Jackson says, "would leave the Kremlin open to a devastating counter-blow—a rain of rockets." The problem, however, would be very difficult if densely populated Britain, for example, were primarily defended by a force of submarine-based missiles, Jackson argues. "A sneak attack from Moscow, if designed to eliminate the deterrent, would not fall on the British countryside; it would fall instead on the empty stretches of the Atlantic and Arctic oceans." Thus the bull's-eye would

... ... ... ... ... ...

**Perfect Moment**

By Maude Rubin

Out of the tub, all wet and
glistening,
His downy cowlick curling
tight,
I hold him close, my
heartbeat listening
To his small heart. To
arm-reach height
I toss his gurgling squeal of
laughter,
Nuzzle my lips against his
neck—
In heaven or earth there's
nothing softer!
He answers my talk with
wordless talk.
Then I fold him, like a
snowy owl,
In his great white wings of
terry towel!

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United States Navy's admirals make
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postwar snorkel submarines. Re-
the Soviet magazine, Red Fleet,
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rines are capable of firing missiles.
g ago Khrushchev boasted, "Our
ines can block American ports
oot into the interior; America's
nters are just as *vulnerable* as
*bases.*" Admiral Burke has in-
Congress that the Soviets are
on a nuclear-powered submarine
Russia "will soon have a nuclear-
nissile sub." Recent disclosures
allistic-missile progress, such as
in Red Square last fall, indi-
oviets are well along in the de-
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an reach almost every vital
n the United States—and
e have no long-range radar
any kind of warning at all."
y experts in Washington
Soviets will ultimately have
nuclear-powered subma-
lieve that the recent slow-down in Soviet conventional submarine construction indicates a shift to nuclear boats, and that they will soon be coming down Soviet launching ways in great numbers. As Senator Jackson puts it: "Moscow knows that a fleet of underseas missile ships flying the Soviet flag would be the equivalent of Communist missile bases a few hundred miles from Seattle and Los Angeles and New York." Navy men argue, logically, that the best defense against a Soviet submarine missile fleet is a good offense—that is, a fleet of our own missile subs poised off the coast of Russia.

The second-best defense, the experts say, would be to improve our ability to find and kill enemy submarines. To meet this future threat, the Navy has announced a sweeping reorganization of its Undersea Warfare Division. A separate division in naval operations, headed by Rear Adm. Charles E. Weakley, has been created especially to direct antisubmarine-warfare (ASW) procedures and programs. The Navy has not been neglecting ASW since World War II. We now have many improved weapons such as atomic depth charges. Significant improvements have been made in the range and quality of sonar. Some publications have revealed that the Navy has constructed a vast long-range sonar network to warn of approaching enemy submarines much the same as our radar warning nets warn us of hostile aircraft. Such a sonar warning net might well be effective against enemy snorkel submarines engaged in close-in World War II-type commerce raiding. However, the net may prove useless against an enemy missile submarine, experts say, if the sub remains beyond range of the sonar net, yet close enough to reach our shores with a 1500-mile missile. Even if an enemy sub is detected, there remains the ticklish problem of what to do about it. "Most of them will be in international waters and who would authorize an attack on the sub?" one admiral asks.

In order to provide Admiral Weakley with money for "urgently needed" antisubmarine-warfare vessels, to augment the thin line of hunter-killer forces that guard our coasts, funds for a nuclear aircraft carrier were deleted from this year's budget. More drastic steps may be in the works. Rear Adm. Hyman G. Rickover, father of the atomic submarine, told Congress that, apart from Polaris subs, the best defense against Soviet missile submarines are nuclear-powered killer submarines which can seek out the enemy submarine in its own element. Submariners—nuclear submariners—agree. At the present building rate, the United States will have about fifteen nuclear submarines with killer capability by 1961. Rickover urges that we vastly increase this number immediately. This urgent demand will have to be considered alongside many other urgent *demands for* new weapons now flooding the top echelons of the Department of Defense. But it is clear that as we move into the missile age the submarine has assumed impressive new significance.

That the United States now leads the Soviet Union in this eerie but significant new phase of naval warfare is due to several extraordinary scientific achievements on the part of many men of rare vision—naval officers and missile manufacturers alike. The first and most important was the development of the nuclear-powered submarine. Nuclear power is the key to the Polaris system. It enables the submarine to steam undetected into range of the Soviet heartland, and to remain on station indefinitely, completely submerged and instantly ready. The story of Admiral Rickover's fight to build nuclear engines is well known. From the beginning, Rickover saw the possibilities of the nuclear submarine as a missile-launching

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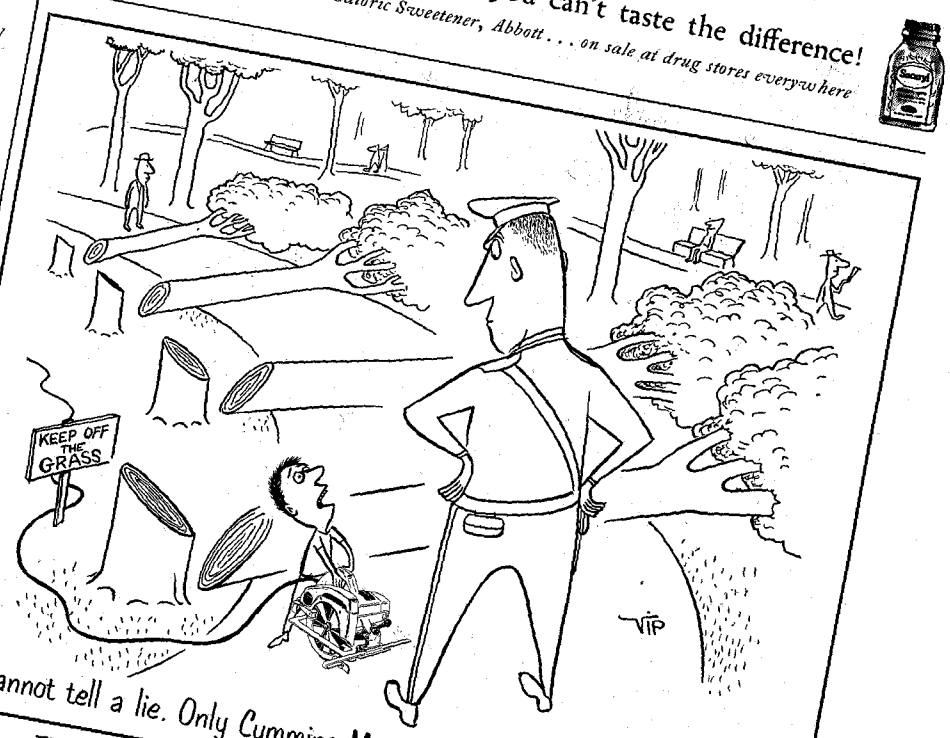


"I cannot tell a lie. Only Cummins Maxaw Power could do a job like this."

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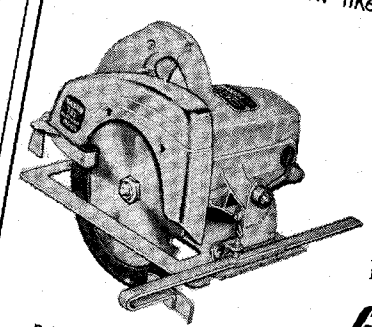

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## You be the Judge

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penditure on our part, we force the Soviets to spend billions."

Jackson characterizes our proposed land-based overseas IRBM launching sites and those of our allies as immobile "strategic magnets" which would draw the first blow of an enemy in event of all-out war. "Failure to destroy these bases first," Jackson says, "would leave the Kremlin open to a devastating counter-blow—a rain of rockets." The problem, however, would be very difficult if densely populated Britain, for example, were primarily defended by a force of submarine-based missiles, Jackson argues. "A sneak attack from Moscow, if designed to eliminate the deterrent, would not fall on the British countryside; it would fall instead on the empty stretches of the Atlantic and Arctic oceans." Thus the bull's-eye would be moved from the cities to the trackless wastes of the oceans.

When discussing the Polaris concept, the United States Navy's admirals make one point which they believe is compelling. The Soviets are known to have a large submarine fleet with at least 300 ocean-going, postwar snorkel submarines. Recently the Soviet magazine, Red Fleet, announced to the Soviet Navy that its submarines are capable of firing missiles. Not long ago Khrushchev boasted, "Our submarines can block American ports and shoot into the interior; America's vital centers are just as vulnerable as NATO bases." Admiral Burke has informed Congress that the Soviets are working on a nuclear-powered submarine and that Russia "will soon have a nuclear-powered missile sub." Recent disclosures of Soviet ballistic-missile progress, such as the parade in Red Square last fall, indicate the Soviets are well along in the development of a missile suitable for submarine launching.

"Now consider this," an admiral says. "Lay your fifteen-hundred-mile string on the globe, with one end in the Gulf of Mexico. From that area, a Soviet missile submarine can reach almost every vital installation in the United States—and down there we have no long-range radar nets to give us any kind of warning at all."

Few military experts in Washington doubt that the Soviets will ultimately have a large fleet of nuclear-powered submarines. Many believe that the recent slowdown in Soviet conventional submarine construction indicates a shift to nuclear boats, and that they will soon be coming down Soviet launching ways in great numbers. As Senator Jackson puts it: "Moscow knows that a fleet of underseas missile ships flying the Soviet flag would be the equivalent of Communist missile bases a few hundred miles from Seattle and Los Angeles and New York." Navy men argue, logically, that the best defense against a Soviet submarine missile fleet is a good offense—that is, a fleet of our own missile subs poised off the coast of Russia.

The second-best defense, the experts say, would be to improve our ability to find and kill enemy submarines. To meet this future threat, the Navy has announced a sweeping reorganization of its Undersea Warfare Division. A separate division in naval operations, headed by Rear Adm. Charles E. Weakley, has been created especially to direct antisubmarine-warfare (ASW) procedures and programs. The Navy has not been neglecting ASW since World War II. We now have many improved weapons such as atomic depth charges. Significant improvements have been made in the range and quality of sonar. Some publications have revealed that the Navy has constructed a vast long-range sonar network to warn of approaching enemy submarines much the same as our radar warning nets warn us of hostile aircraft. Such a sonar warning net might well be effective against enemy snorkel submarines engaged in close-in World War II-type commerce raiding. However, the net may prove useless against an enemy missile submarine, experts say, if the sub remains beyond range of the sonar net, yet close enough to reach our shores with a 1500-mile missile. Even if an enemy sub is detected, there remains the ticklish problem of what to do about it. "Most of them will be in international waters and who would authorize an attack on the sub?" one admiral asks.

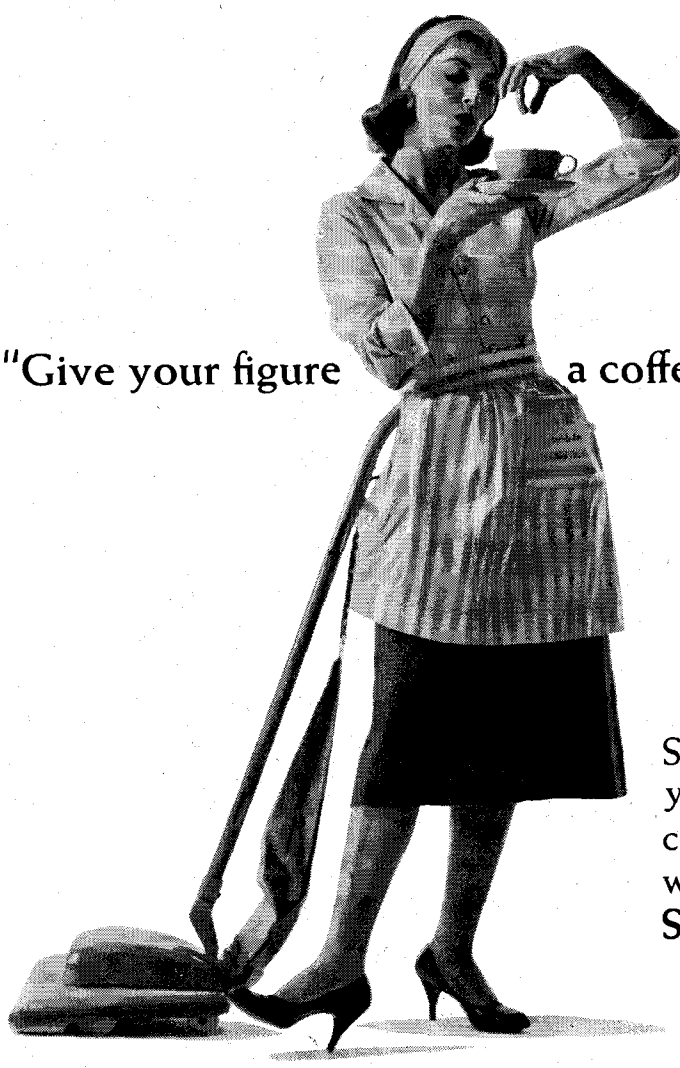
In order to provide Admiral Weakley with money for "urgently needed" antisubmarine-warfare vessels, to augment the thin line of hunter-killer forces that guard our coasts, funds for a nuclear aircraft carrier were deleted from this year's budget. More drastic steps may be in the works. Rear Adm. Hyman G. Rickover, father of the atomic submarine, told Congress that, apart from Polaris subs, the best defense against Soviet missile submarines are nuclear-powered killer submarines which can seek out the enemy submarine in its own element. Submariners—nuclear submariners—agree. At the present building rate, the United States will have about fifteen nuclear submarines with killer capability by 1961. Rickover urges that we vastly increase this number immediately. This urgent demand will have to be considered alongside many other urgent demands for new weapons now flooding the top echelons of the Department of Defense. But it is clear that as we move into the missile age the submarine has assumed impressive new significance.

That the United States now leads the Soviet Union in this eerie but significant new phase of naval warfare is due to several extraordinary scientific achievements on the part of many men of rare vision—naval officers and missile manufacturers alike. The first and most important was the development of the nuclear-powered submarine. Nuclear power is the key to the Polaris system. It enables the submarine to steam undetected into range of the Soviet heartland, and to remain on station indefinitely, completely submerged and instantly ready. The story of Admiral Rickover's fight to build nuclear engines is well known. From the beginning, Rickover saw the possibilities of the nuclear submarine as a missile-launching

## Perfect Moment

By Maude Rubin

Out of the tub, all wet and glistening,
His downy cowlick curling tight,
I hold him close, my heartbeat listening
To his small heart. To arm-reach height
I toss his gurgling squeal of laughter,
Nuzzle my lips against his neck—
In heaven or earth there's nothing softer!
He answers my talk with wordless talk.
Then I fold him, like a snowy owl,
In his great white wings of terry towel!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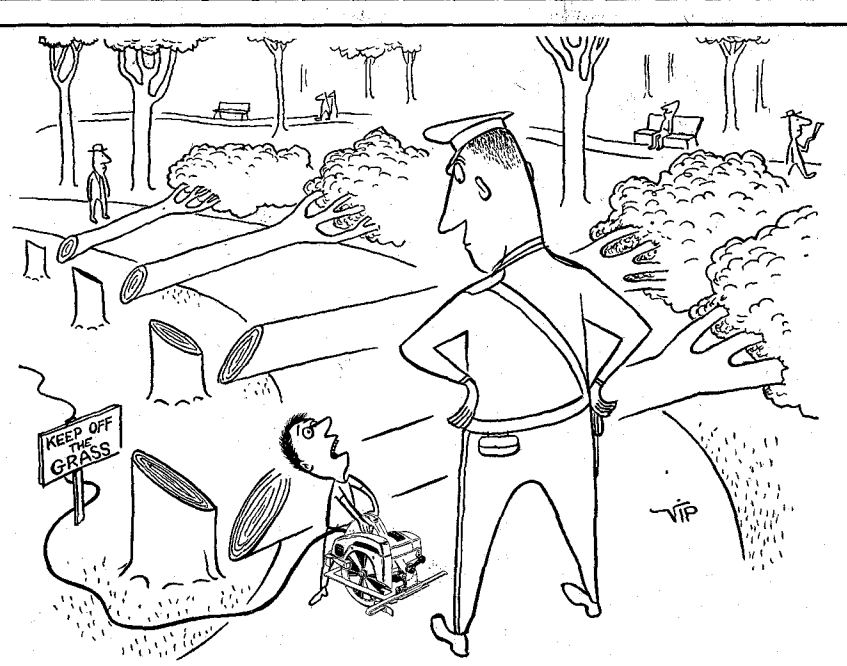


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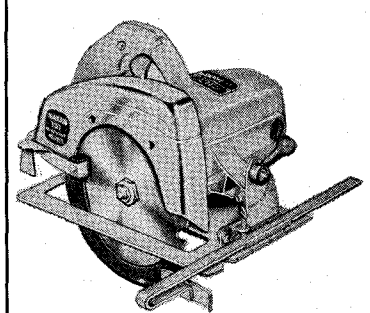

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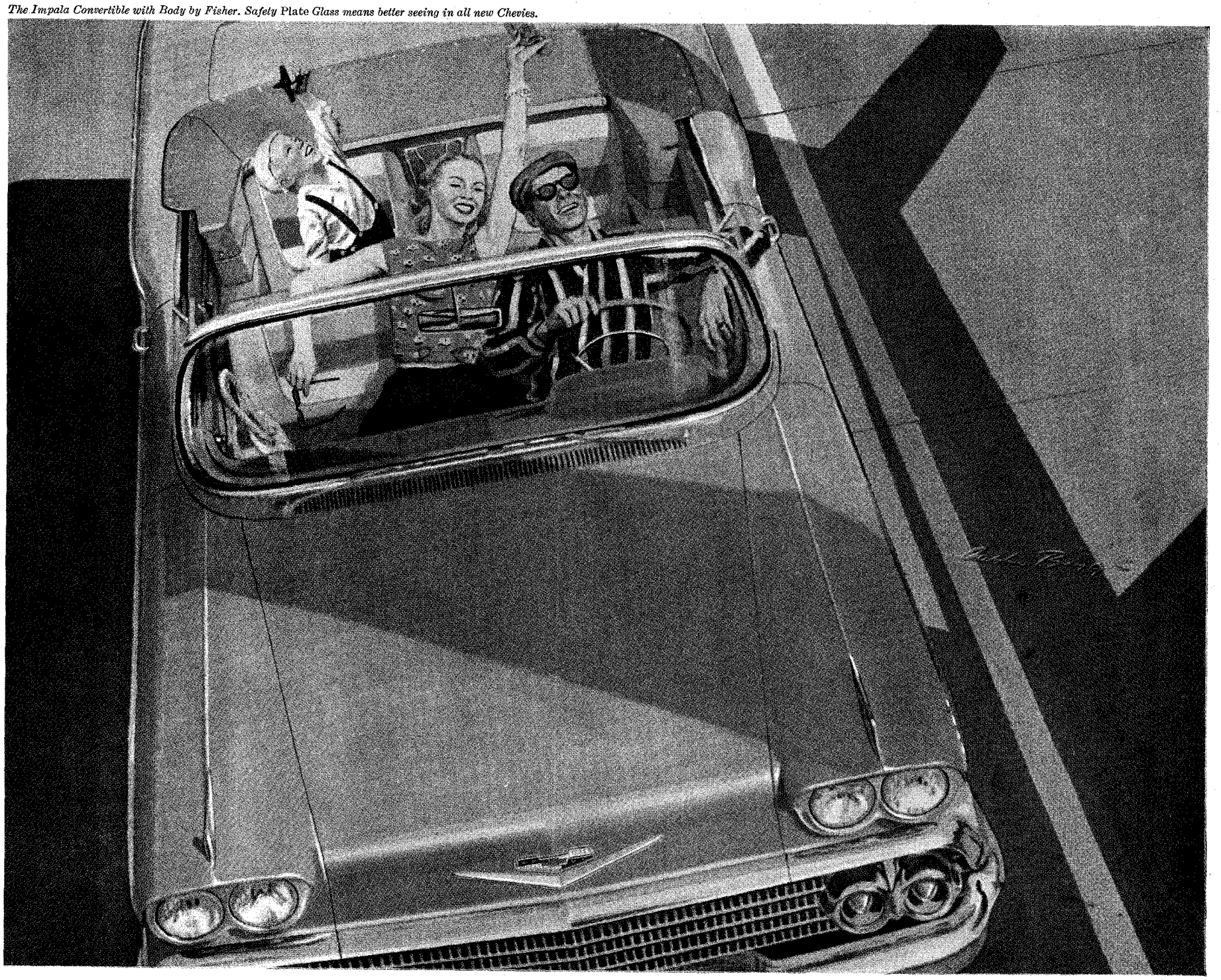
*The Impala Convertible with Body by Fisher. Safety* Plate *Glass means better seeing in all new Chevies.*



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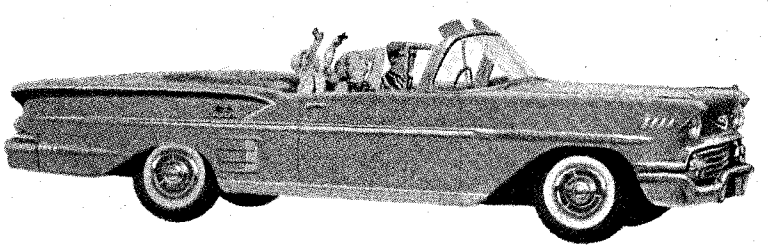

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# Motorola® TV

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# Savage Challenge (Continued from Page 29)

was show this pup how to move a wagon train west without problems.

Luke pointed at the river. "How is it down there? Anybody dead?"

"No."

"All right," Luke said. "Now let's see about the woman."

Luke retrieved his wedges and maul and carried them to the cabin. The woman was polishing the copper kettle with a gourd dishrag. It was, Luke had noticed, a habit with her to have her hands busy when she was beset.

"A wagon outfit showed up at the river," Luke told her. "So get your things."

The woman put down the gourd dishrag and looked at Luke in a disquieting way she had of seeming to open him up as if there was sure to be a worm in him. "Westbound?" she asked.

"Well, yes," Luke said.

"I prefer to go east, not west," she said.

"You got no choice," Luke said. She had never expressed a wish to go any special direction before.

She had no family left anywhere, Luke suspected. Her name was Copy Dennis. Luke had guessed she was about twenty-two. Allowing for the year the Iowas had had her, he felt twenty-two might be close. Before tragedy had put a cold shell around her, Luke imagined she might have been vivacious and warm.

"Your wife?" Sublette asked. "I understood you were not married."

"He bought me from the Indians," the woman said.

"Her name is Copy Dennis," Luke told Sublette. "The Iowas had her and traded her to Big Neck, and I swapped her off Big Neck." Luke felt his ears getting warm. "There ain't nothing between us, if that's the idea you're getting."

Sublette took off his hat and bowed to the woman. "A pleasure to meet you, Miss Dennis." The bow and the smile that went with it led Luke to feel the crow suit might be misleading. This pup could be a ladies' man.

Sublette swung to Luke. "Who is this Big Neck?"

"Big Neck? He's the buck chief of the band you just had your fuss with."

"Miss Dennis was his captive? How horrible!" Sublette gasped.

"Depends on how you look at it," Luke said. "About her captivity, I mean. Miss Dennis' menfolks had all died and she'd been sick herself. She could have starved maybe, if the Indians hadn't taken her along."

Sublette turned back to the woman. "Shall I send a wagon for your things?"

"All she owns is on her back," Luke said. "She can have the cow ox too. It's hers."

Before they left, Luke found his oldest pair of pants and hung them on a stick in the corn patch. "First good rain will wash off my stink, and the blame deer will eat up my corn anyway," he predicted.

"And the redskins will burn your cabin," Sublette added.

"No, they won't," Luke said.

"I hardly believe that."

The woman spoke quietly. "Mr. Sublette, there is not an Indian in the Chariton country who would come within a mile of this cabin, you may be sure."

When they set out for the river, Sublette strode ahead, and Luke got the idea Sublette needed to show in little ways that he was the leader.

"Yarrow, you haven't asked what happened at the river," Sublette said.

"I can guess it," Luke said. "I got ears. I heard it."

"I'll tell you anyway. We came to the river and made camp nearby, outspanning the oxen and turning the livestock to graze. Then these Indians showed up. Just a bunch of dirty bucks with their dogs. They made peace sign and just stood around looking at us. Then their dogs began chasing our pigs, and we warned them, but they let the dogs go on chasing the hogs. So we shot a dog. At that, all hell broke, with Indians howling through the camp and spooking our livestock. Pigs, oxen, horses, every last animal not hobbled or tied, lit out into the timber. The Indians promptly fled also."

"They take their dead dog?" Luke asked.

"Why, yes, they did."

"Who shot the dog?"

"I did," Sublette said stiffly.

"You got off easy, because a thing like that could get out of hand, and killing start," Luke said. "You say they had no squaws and kids with them?"

"Just bucks."

"So how come you let them get in your camp?" Luke asked.

"They made peace sign!" Sublette said.

"So what? No squaws and papooses. They were there for mischief."

"You know so much, what are the Indians doing now? Are they preparing to attack us?"

Luke shrugged. "Right now? They're roasting the dog. Having a laugh at you."

"I hope you're right," Sublette said thinly.

Luke watched the woman as she walked ahead with Sublette. She had easy movements and natural grace. Too bad she was not as easy to get acquainted with as she was to look at.

"There!" Sublette stood at the river. "Now you can see what the blasted redskins did to us."

The eleven wagons were jammed into a clearing with no ordered plan. Some oxen, now recaptured, milled scary-eyed in the knee-deep tangle of leaves and glory vines in the clearing. Chickens squawked as the women chased them around smashed crates. A few hungry-looking hogs had been caught and tethered with a cord to hind legs. Over it all was the air of confusion, of composure not put back together.

Luke tasted some sour impatience at the loose organization. He blocked the way of a man who was pursuing a spotted rooster. "Chickens roost at night, don't they?" Luke said.

"Huh?" the man said.

"Let the chickens go, and catch them after they roost," Luke said. "You've got horses loose yet. You better round them up before dark."

The wagoner looked at the size of Luke's hands. "I reckon you must be Luke Yarrow, the one we been hearing about."

"Yeah," Luke said. "But what's the difference?"

"I would say some difference," the wagoner said. "Catch the horses first, you say? Sure."

Luke grinned and turned to Sublette. "Don't look so sour. I won't try to run things. I wouldn't boss this outfit if you gave it to me."

"I came to you for help, remember?" Sublette said stiffly. "That is what I was told to do. If you get in trouble, they told me, Luke Yarrow is your man. Do what he says. And I will, as long as I can."

"Do anything you want," Luke said. "But I want a family who will take this woman in." He told Sublette what he wanted for Copy Dennis; a nice family group composed of respectable wife, decent husband and possibly children. Above all, Copy should be welcome.

Easily enough they found such a family to take the woman. It was a family with three running-age kids, fairly clean, a woman who was clean, and a husband as big as Luke. He and Luke talked it over.

"This woman has not had it so good," Luke told the man. "If she ain't welcome or if you don't plan to treat her nice, say so now."

The man said, "She's got to work."

"She's a worker," Luke said. "No talker. A worker."

Luke took Copy Dennis to the wagon family and introduced her. Almost at once she discovered in the wagon a fourth child, a tiny one, which Luke had not known about. Luke watched her with the baby. She cuddled the infant and crooned to it. The baby touched her thin face, and she smiled, and it was a smile that transformed her. The smile made Luke feel odd.

Luke went into the timber to help catch horses. Mostly they were heavy draft plugs and easy enough to round up, but a few saddle animals were a different story. "If you young fellows who can swim good like the idea," Luke said, "we might spook the broncs into the river and swim out and catch them." They tried this, and it worked fairly well.

"Think of everything, don't you?" Sublette said.

"Now I'm a thinker," Luke said. "How many horses missing?"

"Twelve still missing," Sublette said.

"Twelve? Any sign of them?"

"No," Sublette said. "I think I know why too. I think the Indians got them."

"I'll look around a little," Luke said.

He found enough sign to indicate Sublette's suspicion was well-founded. The sun was now down. Luke went back to camp. The wagons had been arranged in a circle with willow poles lashed between to make a pen for the livestock.

Luke scowled when he saw Sublette talking to a group of able-bodied men, all of whom had rifles.

"I see it's trouble cooking, instead of supper," Luke said. His stomach had commenced to growl for food.

"We're going after those horses," Sublette said grimly.

"Now? In the dark?"

Sublette nodded. "I hear Indians stick close to camp at night because they think if one dies in the dark, his soul can't find the happy hunting ground. Now is our chance to catch them in camp and teach them a lesson about stealing horses."

"You could get a lesson instead of give one." Luke indicated the rifles. "These ain't the night-camping Indians you been hearing about. Those kind are buffalo eaters, Plains Indians. These carp-eating river ruffians mostly fish and hunt at night. They're half owl. They love to fight at night."

"You have a better plan?" Sublette demanded.

"Sure; let's eat our dinners."

"All right, but they're not going to get away with stealing our horses," Sublette said.

Luke shrugged. "Who said they were?"

A voice spoke to Luke. "Mr. Yarrow." It was the man who was head of the wagon family which had taken in Copy Dennis. "Your woman says you should take supper with us if you care to."

"She is not my woman," Luke said wearily.

"Yes. She has told everyone you bought her from the Indians, though," the wagoner said. "Anyway, would you have supper with us?"

"I don't see why she tells that to everybody as soon as she meets them," Luke complained. "She hardly ever had a word to say to me. Now talk, talk."

The meal was stewed chicken and dropped dumplings. Not tough, gamy prairie chicken. Real chicken. This was such a change from venison and boiled bear that Luke was moved to tell the wagonman's wife she was a fine cook.

"Your woman made the dinner," said the wagonman's wife.

Luke was surprised. "This is better cookin' than she ever done for me when she had the chance."

Copy Dennis sat very still for a minute. Then she jumped to her feet and walked away, around to the other side of the wagon out of sight.

"Oh, my!" said the wagonman's wife.

"I say something?" Luke asked.

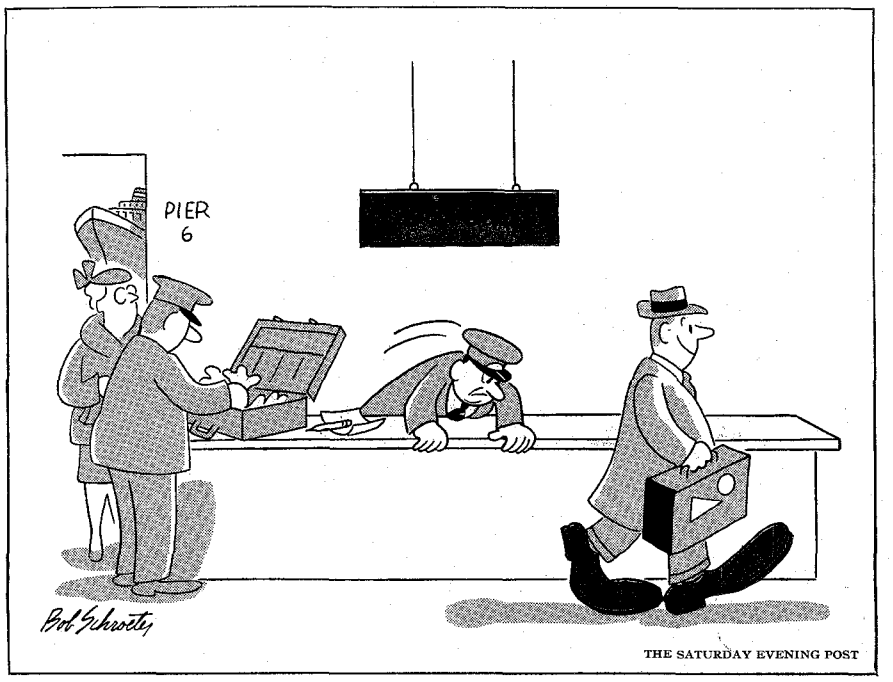
The wagonman's wife looked at Luke with no approval whatever. "Miss Dennis worked awfully hard on this dinner for you, Mr. Yarrow. She told me your cabin was stocked with nothing but tough bear and old corn meal, and you had lived on it so long, and she felt sorry for you, and could she stew you a chicken. And what do you do? You criticize her!"

"Mom!" said the wagonman.

Luke said nothing. But it took him almost as long to eat the last two bites as it had taken him to eat the rest of the meal.

Black night was on them. Luke stood up. He felt well-fed, but not exactly content. The wagonman gathered up the dirty dishes for his wife. He joined Luke.

"Seems to be a lot of rifle cleaning going on," Luke said.

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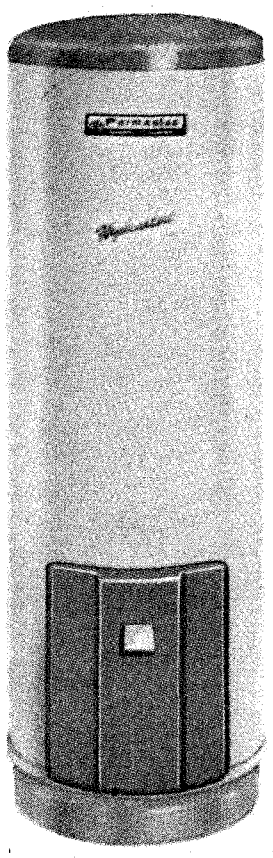

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"Yes. Sublette says we go after the horses tonight," the wagonman said.

Luke knew a night raid on Big Neck's camp was a fool move. He moved about the place, saying little but listening, and he got the impression that as individuals the wagonmen would just as soon stay in the safety of their camp. But nobody seemed willing to admit such feelings. What they needed around here, Luke concluded, was a loud-voiced coward.

"All right, let's go, men!" Sublette said finally. "We got to show those Indians they can't steal our horses."

"Hold on!" Luke said. "You got a coward here. Me. I wouldn't go out tonight with a rifle hunting Big Neck's bucks for all the salt in the ocean."

"Why not?" Sublette asked.

"I'll tell you why not," Luke said. "Because I am afraid to be that stupid."

"I don't know why we should listen to you," Sublette said.

"I don't know why either," Luke said. "All I ever done was live here among these river Indians for years."

The last was a telling argument. Sublette came and stood with his tight young face close to Luke.

"All right, we stay put in camp. But it's not my way," Sublette said.

Luke nodded. "Just figure you're staying here to protect me, if it'll make you feel better," he said.

There was freeing of conversation after that. Nobody had really wanted to make the raid in the night.

"I would buy some smoking tobacco from somebody," Luke said. "Dang tater bugs ate up the patch of long green I planted."

"I guess I can let you have some," a wagonman said.

Luke paid for the tobacco with a gold piece from a pouch he carried at the end of a thong next to his skin. He raked a coal from a fire and placed it on his filled pipe. He puffed deeply. He felt mellow.

Luke sought out Copy Dennis. "It was a real good dinner anyway. I got to say that."

"Thank you," Copy Dennis said.

"Well, that takes care of the politeness," Luke said. "Now I want you to stop telling folks I traded you off the redskins for three wind-gut ponies and a no-good mule. You hear?"

"Why?" she asked.

"It ain't right for a white woman to put that little a value on herself," Luke said.

Copy Dennis looked at him thoughtfully. "Oh, is that why?"

"Another thing," Luke said. "I figure you are going to need cash money to pay out along. I got a little to spare." Luke shook some gold pieces from the hoard in the poke.

The woman laughed in his face. "No. No, thanks. A woman worth only three wind-gut ponies and a no-good mule does not need expense money."

"Cut it out." Luke extended the gold. "Here. You take this. It will pay you for the cooking and housekeeping you done for me, if you want to think so."

Just as suddenly Copy Dennis was crying. Loudly. She turned and ran away.

"You know," Luke told the wagonman, "that gets me. The whole time them Indians had her, she never let out a peep. I never figured she had a tear in her."

"Don't ask me to solve women," the wagonman said. "I only been married ten years."

The night was very still. The wagonmen kept their rifles close at hand. They were nervous.

Luke refilled his pipe. "Most sleepless bunch I ever saw."

There was no more until midnight, when the owls started up. Luke listened to the owls for a time. Then he caught Sublette's eye.

"We outlasted them," Luke said.

"What?" Sublette started. "You mean to tell me Big Neck is out there? The owls are Indians, you mean?"

"Oh, they been out there since dark," Luke said. "Probably hoping we'd make a fool move like leaving camp."

Sublette became pale. "Really? Or are you making that up to justify your weak-kneed advice to us to stay in camp?"

"Don't mean a whit to me what you think." Luke knocked some ashes out of his pipe and put it away. "Anyway, Big Neck is pulling out, the way I read their owl talk. Me, I am going to get some sleep."

Luke stretched out on his comforter. A half hour went by. Luke almost slept.

Without prior warning, there was a swish of a sound. A dull plump!

"Look out!" Sublette was on his feet, clutching his rifle. "Careful, everybody!"

In a moment a very unpleasant odor assailed Luke's nostrils. He got up and took a blazing stick from the fire and searched by its light. Presently he found a large dead carp which had sailed out of the nearby night and landed in the midst of their camp.

"What is that?" Sublette gasped. "Phew! What a stink!"

"Yeah," Luke said. "I would say it was a dead fish." He walked around the carp. "A real ripe one, I would say."

Then Luke made a move, and his hand closed over the hammer of Sublette's long rifle to stop a shot. Sublette had been about to fire at random into the darkness.

"You want to give Big Neck something to laugh about all night?" Luke said.

Sublette's voice dripped sarcasm. "What are you trying to do, arrange it so those Indians can do anything they want with us? You knew they were out there. You knew they would try something."

"So now I'm a mastermind. I couldn't care less." said Luke. "Anybody who wants to sleep, they can now. Fun's over for tonight."

"A dead fish!" Sublette said angrily. "Who is going to bury that stinking thing?"

"I ain't proud. I'll do it," Luke said. "It ain't quite true I know everything, but I do know what to do with a dead fish."

Luke picked the fish up by the tail. It smelled awful. He carried it out into the night. He did not take along his rifle.

It was no short journey Luke made with the fish.

Big Neck was a good leader, give him his due. He knew the best campgrounds for his band, and the one he had chosen this time was nearly a mile up the river, near a wild-blackberry patch and near a log-clogged river hole where carp and buffalo were easy to take by hand-fishing.

In the Big Neck camp every last Indian was asleep. Sleeping with the bliss of naughty children with an evening of well-done pranking behind them. When Luke was sure they had no lookouts, he moved as nearly without sound as he could to the personal cooking pot of Big Neck. This cooking pot was a resplendent one, the largest and most shining in the redskin camp. Big Neck was proud of that copper pot. It befitted his status as chief. The pot stood on the dull-red fire embers, with Big Neck's breakfast stew simmering quietly under the tight lid.

Luke raised the lid of the copper pot, laid the awful dead fish carefully on the stew, and replaced the pot lid. No Indian awakened as Luke came, nor as he left.

The wagon party's hens were not without rooster companions, and with the bright dawn every rooster crowed at least

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sixteen times. Luke put his hands over his ears. He had smoked too much last night and his tongue felt like a strip of shagbark hickory this morning.

Sublette came and stood beside Luke. Sublette's face was compressed with determination. The rest of the wagonmen gathered about with their rifles.

"Tracks!" Sublette said. "We found moccasin tracks leading horse tracks. The Big Necks have our missing ponies."

"Sure they have," Luke said.

"So you knew that, too," Sublette said. "Well, we are going after them. And don't try to stop us."

"I got not a word to say," Luke replied.

Presently Luke was the only man left in camp. He noticed the children were being kept in the wagons, and most of the women had rifles or muzzle-loading shotguns. From the looks that came his way,

## Past Midwinter

By Norman Nathan

We woke in dark and rushed to work
Before pale daylight had begun.
And coming-homes were chill and black;
We'd toiled away the little sun.

The icy cold increased, and night
Up and down the land was strewn,
Till, one day, riding back, we saw
Some fringes of the afternoon.

Through the bleak mountain troughs, the light
Shone warmly, now that spring was near;
And the trace of dusk appeared more bright
Than summer dawns when skies are clear.

Luke got the impression he was not too popular this morning.

Luke stood up. He yawned and started to pat the yawn with a hand and nearly gagged because of the linger of dead fish on the hand. Luke walked to the river. He tossed a piece of driftwood into the mud to make a place to stand. He scrubbed his hands with sand and rinsed them in clear water.

"Mr. Yarrow." It was the voice of Copy Dennis.

"Good morning." Luke straightened. He wiped his hands. "If you came to offer to get my breakfast, you better think twice. I can see the word is out that I'm not a good influence."

She sat on a log and composed her hands. It was a while before she found the start for what she had to say.

"They are kind folks, all of them, and I believe you know it," she said. "They took your advice, didn't they? It was not easy for them either. You gave out your advice like an old bear grunting, Mr. Yarrow."

"Maybe," Luke said.

"Why?"

"That's my way of giving advice."

"No, it's not. You are a kind and soft-voiced man, Mr. Yarrow. I know."

"Look who is talking," Luke said indignantly. "You are a proud woman. I know that. But you ran around telling everybody your value was three wind-gut ponies and a mean mule."

"That bothers you, Mr. Yarrow?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Modesty is all right," Luke said. "But it can be overdone."

"You're a fool, Mr. Yarrow."

"All right," Luke said. "I'm a fool."

She stood up angrily. "You listen to me, Luke Yarrow. What you paid for me was a price that never walks on four legs. You are a big man in this wilderness, Luke Yarrow. What you paid Big Neck for me was part of your bigness. Big Neck could not trade a white-woman prisoner to an ordinary white man and keep face. With you, he could swap and still keep face. I'm not ashamed of being bought for a price as fine as that."

"I never heard such poppycock," Luke said. He pointed his finger at her. "You women try to make everything too dramatic."

She put her face close to Luke's. "Don't you dare tell a woman how to think, Luke Yarrow!"

She whirled and ran away.

Luke sat down on the log and took out his pipe and filled it with the good tobacco. He puffed slowly. He did not get much flavor from the tobacco. He got even less satisfaction when he tried to figure out Copy Dennis' meaning. He wondered if he shouldn't roll up his comfort and make his pack.

Shortly the wagonmen came back. They had the horses. Everyone seemed relaxed, and there were plenty of grins.

"Got the horses back, did you?" Luke said.

The men waited for Sublette. And finally Sublette came to Luke and put out his hand. "Luke," he said, "when we got to that Indian camp, every Indian suddenly burst out laughing. Big Neck too. I don't see what he had to laugh about in view of what we found happened. But Big Neck laughed. Anyway, this morning when Big Neck went to get his breakfast, there in his cook pot was that awful dead fish. That's what the Indians were laughing about. That's what changed them."

"A dead fish in a pot don't change an Indian," Luke said.

"What did, then?" Sublette asked.

"Nothing," Luke said. "What makes you think an Indian ain't human? He pulls a practical joke, the joke comes back to roost, he's got to laugh. What else can he do?" Luke puffed on his pipe. "The main trouble with new settlers coming in this country, they're half scared and they try to overcome it by acting tall. Too tall to get down on a plain human level and swap tricks with a joker like Big Neck. Or maybe I'm wrong. Anyway, you probably got no more redskin trouble. Old Big Neck will try to keep this quiet, but it will get around."

"You going to shake my hand, Luke?" Sublette asked.

"Sure," Luke said. "Why not? You were not too tall yourself to take a little advice."

"Thank you, Luke," Sublette said. "Thank you a lot. Would you care to have breakfast with me?"

Luke glanced at Copy Dennis, who was watching a frying pan on a fire. The frying pan was savory with fresh eggs frying. Copy Dennis looked at Luke. Luke grinned and knocked the tobacco out of his pipe because there was enough contentment in him without the aid of good tobacco smoke.

"I think I had a prior invitation to breakfast," Luke said. "But thanks anyway."

THE END


# What Is The Bell System?

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Mrs. Stavros Niarchos, wife of the Greek shipowner and art collector, keeps tabs on the bidding at the Lurcy-collection sale.

# COSTLY COMPETITION FOR ART

Above: Financier Chester Dale (center), president of the National Gallery in Washington, D.C., was one of the select crowd of more than 1700 dealers and collectors.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ford II purportedly put up $200,000 for Renoir's *La Serre*, the prize plum of the evening.

Latecomer James J. Rorimer, director of New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art, had to watch the Lurcy sale from a spot on the floor under the auctioneer's rostrum.

## The High Price of Art (Continued from Page 27)

sum of $7,000,000 for twenty-one immortal paintings disposed of by the Soviet Government, among them Raphael's Alba Madonna, which came to $1,100,000. And, back in 1921, the legendary Lord Duveen, undoubtedly the shrewdest picture merchant ever, sold Gainsborough's Blue Boy to American railroad executive H. E. Huntington for a neat $620,000.

Such were the highlights of the golden years of picture selling. It was Joseph Duveen, in fact, a British peer of Dutch extraction, who first persuaded the American tycoon that all he needed to give luster to his name was a collection of expensive paintings. Ferrying cargo upon cargo of European masterpieces to the United States, he rapidly built up a clientele aglow with names like Bache, Kress, Altman, Mellon, Widener, Frick—men whose collections shine today in our public art museums. This one-way flow of art, however, was almost solely concerned with a gilt-edged commodity—old masters, well aged, well proven and well recognized. But it was not the only kind of art Americans were interested in.

The great artistic revolution which swept France in the latter half of the last century had met with little more than ridicule at first. A plush-and-tassels age that recognized no art that wasn't "lifelike" looked with disdain upon the young insurgents who tried to paint things as they saw them, not as they were. The very title, An Impression, put by the thirty-four-year-old Claude Monet to the painting of a deep-red winter sun exhibited in 1874, was taken up by sneering critics as a derisive name for the entire movement. Rejected, ridiculed, condemned, the handful of young artists—Manet, Monet, Pissarro, Sisley, Renoir, Degas, and a few others—continued to present their subjects blurred by vibrant light; arrested, as if by a candid snapshot, in some casual movement; their coloration broken up into the colors of the spectrum to be assembled by the eye of the beholder.

And they might well have starved to death had it not been for a kindhearted Paris dealer, Paul Durand-Ruel, who put them on his payroll in return for their entire annual output. But what to do with these mad canvases no self-respecting Frenchman would put on his wall? It was the one American member of the group, the talented Mary Cassatt, who, in the 1880's, persuaded the despondent dealer to try his luck in the United States. Setting up shop in a Fifth Avenue building belonging to Miss Cassatt's friends, the sugar-refining Havemeyers, Durand-Ruel began to prosper when Mrs. Havemeyer and her sister, Mrs. Senf, bought his stuff by the armful.

Thus started the United States' historic love affair with the impressionists—"a matter not of dollars but of taste," as one Frenchman expressed it. Among early twentieth-century American collectors was Philadelphia's terrible-tempered Dr. Albert Barnes, who bought, over the years, some 150 Renoirs from Durand-Ruel's establishment, along with Manets, Monets, Sisleys, Degases and Pissarros, and who once set a record by buying seventeen Cézannes in a single day. Things went so well that Durand-Ruel's son, in 1914, put up the first tall building on East 57th Street, New York, and, over the loud protests of the neighbors, set up his gallery in what was then a purely residential street. When, thirty-six years later, the family decided to close down the New York branch and deal with its American clientele from Paris, nearly two thirds of the entire output of the French impressionists was safely in American hands, and 57th Street was solidly established as the art emporium of the nation.

Once the new manner was accepted, once the world realized that these French rebels were authentic artists who had discovered a new way to see, their paintings started to compete, in the world market, with old masters. While in the early years of our century $2000 still seemed a fair price for a good Renoir, Degas or Cézanne, at least one Paris sale held before World War I—that of the Rouart collection, in 1912—brought some astonishing results, including the unheard-of sum of $87,000 for a painting of two ballerinas by Degas, who was then in his seventy-eighth year. For that, you could have bought a Rembrandt.

Today, the cycle is complete. Impressionists and postimpressionists are the fast-moving blue chips of an extremely lively art market, in which old masters take a back seat. "If you brought me a Raphael today," one leading art dealer said recently, "I would have trouble selling it. But let me have a Renoir, and I'll dispose of it"—he pointed to his phone—"in fifteen minutes!"

Case in point: At the auction in New York last November 7 of the Georges Lurcy collection, Renoir's *La Serre* brought an awesome $200,000. Other offerings commanded prices only a little less frightening. Gauguin's *Mau Taporo* went for $180,000, Lautrec's *Aux Ambassadeurs* got $95,000, and Monet's *Femme dans un Jardin* sold at $92,500. Before the bidding subsided, the select group of art dealers from here and abroad, competing with an art-conscious crowd of American millionaires, lavished a record $1,708,500 on this prize collection of sixty-five French modern paintings.

How did this come about? The painful shake-out of the '30's, when many an ambitious painting dear to the older generation sold for one tenth of what grandfather paid for it, brought with it an adjustment of aesthetic values. We've lost our taste for certain types of art. At the same time, our style of living has undergone a drastic change, and an Italian Madonna or a somber Rembrandt that we might admire in an art museum would look a trifle out of place in a shiny modern apartment or in a functional suburban house whose walls are mostly window. The lighter touch, the decorative mood, the luminosity so typical of modern art seem more in keeping with our new environment. And our eye, dazzled by neon signs, the movies and TV, feels quite at peace with vibrant colors which, thirty years ago, might have seemed garish.

Old masters, to be sure, are still the gilt-edged thing—at least in theory. In practice, there are far too few of them around to make a market; most good examples have, by now, found sanctuary in some art museum. Not one good Titian, Botticelli, Rembrandt or Vermeer is known to be available today. Among the few great paintings that have changed hands in recent years are an El Greco Pietà purchased, in 1955, by shipowner Niarchos for $400,000; a $750,000 Jan Van Eyck Madonna from the town house of the Paris Rothschilds, bought by the Frick Collection in New York in 1955; and a $200,000 Adoration, believed to be largely the work of Leonardo da Vinci, bought, last spring, by the Detroit Insti-

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tute of Arts. The reigning Prince of Liechtenstein—who since the rescue of his fabulous collection from Vienna, in 1945, has kept it in the wine cellar of his medieval castle—not long ago turned down a $1,200,000 offer of an American art museum for an exquisite Leonardo portrait of an Italian lady. His Serene Highness, it is rumored in the trade, would be willing to accept an offer for more than double that amount—which would make this the most expensive picture ever.

But while truly outstanding paintings by old masters find takers, nowadays, at roughly twice the prices paid in 1945, old masters as a group have budged but little since before the war, and it is doubtful whether values have kept pace with the depreciation of our money. By contrast, if you bought your Manets and Van Goghs twenty-five years ago, you are in the position of a man who bought his motor stocks back in the horse-and-buggy days and who held on to them through the depression. Your shares have split and split again. "We've always made our living selling impressionists," says Jean d'Auberville, third-generation owner of the house of Bernheim Jeune, which, in the last half century, has sold some 27,000 canvases. "But we made our fortune with the ones we kept."

At the same time, more recent groups of artists have graduated from what you might call the Curb to the Big Board. Bonnard, Vuillard, Toulouse-Lautrec are among today's star performers, and the "Wild Beasts," the "Cubists" and the "Abstracts" are established values. From postimpressionist Cézanne, now recognized as the first truly "modern" artist—the first to paint not as his eye but as his mind saw things—the line runs through Matisse, Modigliani, Derain, Rouault, Braque and Picasso, to France's Buffet and our own, late Jackson Pollock.

It is at this point that some competent observers begin to voice uneasiness. With little or no margin left between old art and new, between the living and the dead, how solid, they would like to know, are today's values? What are the chances of another shake-out?

A closer study of the present bull market reveals some interesting facts. In 1942, Durand-Ruel's New York establishment sold Renoir's famous Mussel Fishers at Berneval to Doctor Barnes in Philadelphia for $185,000. It was the highest price yet paid for an impressionist. But, with a war on at the time, there was no way of telling what it meant. The first occasion to test the postwar market did not come until 1952, when the superb collection of a Paris department-store executive, Gabriel Cognacq, went on the block at Charpentier's.

The sale was a sensation. All the way down the list, the estimates of the appraisers were trampled down by an enthusiastic buying public armed with a lot of cash. A Manet appraised at $7500 brought $25,000. A little girl by Renoir, appraised at $20,000, was sold for $56,250. A Cézanne still-life with exactly fourteen apples, appraised at $25,000, went for $82,500—or, as Parisians were quick to point out, almost $6000 per apple!

Clearly, new factors were at work; collecting modern paintings had become the thing to do, and every new Renoir would add to your prestige. Still, at the Cognacq sale—and at the 1953 auction of paintings owned by Dr. Maurice Girardin, a well-known Paris dentist—the normal forces of demand and supply were very much in evidence. The buying public was three quarters European, one quarter American, and the high bids at both of these big sales reflected Marshall Plan prosperity as well as the increasing scarceness of good modern paintings; with art museums all over the world holding large numbers of impressionists, no more than some 10,000 of these coveted works remained in circulation.

However, by the time Prince Aly Khan, last May, sold off his paintings so as to have new funds available for his race horses, the snob appeal had superseded the more normal forces. It was not much of a collection the amiable prince had brought together. But when his mediocre Renoirs, Utrillos and Vlamincks went on the block at Charpentier's, the place was packed with the crowned heads of international café society determined to turn the affair into a party. How chic it would


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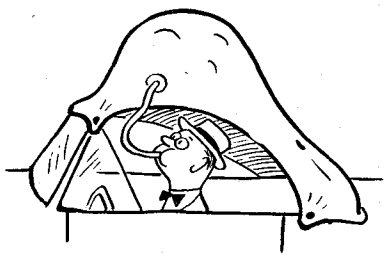

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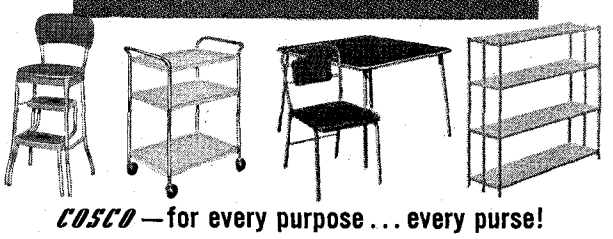

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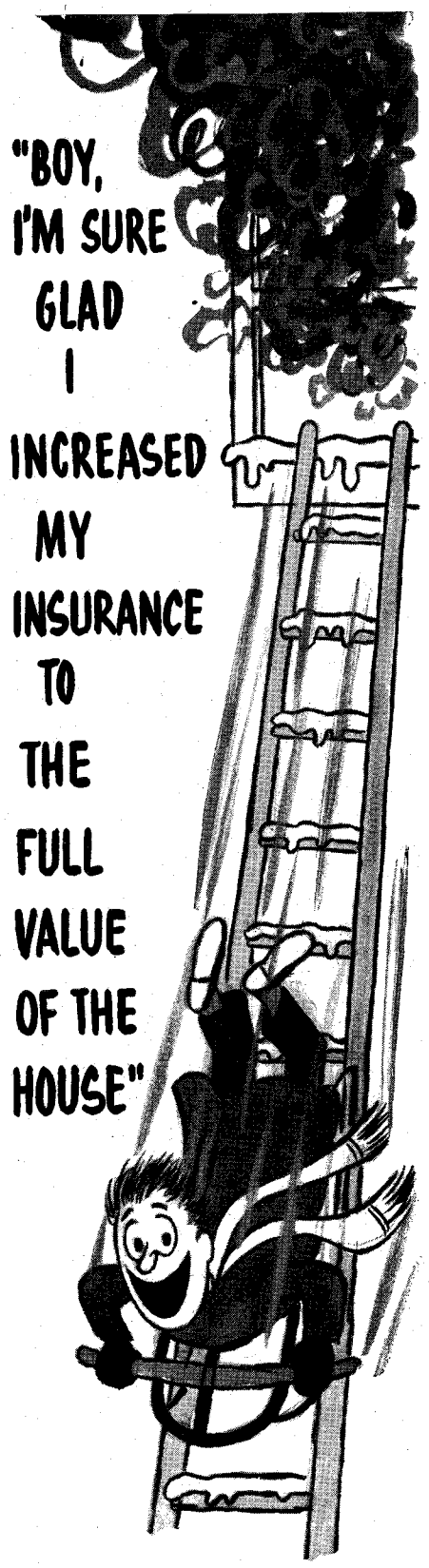


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be, ever after, to point to some bright splotch of color on your wall and mumble, "Here's a little something I picked up from Aly."

Prices held a high level through the entire list of seventy items. Among the bidders were film producer Michael Todd and his beautiful wife, Elizabeth Taylor. Todd, an art lover in a hurry, would have liked to "collect collections," but his original offer to buy this one wholesale had been turned down. Bidding intrepidly, he wound up with an $18,750 Degas and a $4250 Utrillo. But he failed signally in an attempt to bag a blue-and-yellow Dufy racing scene which Aly, at the Girardin sale in December, 1953, had snatched away for some $9000 from fellow turfman Marcel Boussac, reputedly the richest man in France. Todd drove this picture up to nearly $20,000, then quit. He could not know that his persistent rival, a Paris dealer, was fronting for the owner's rich papa, the late Aga himself—whose touching gesture saved the Dufy for the dynasty.

Just three weeks later, while smart folk everywhere were still discussing Aly Khan's $200,000 haul, the much-heralded sale of Mrs. Biddle's pictures continued the new value line. It wasn't just a Gauguin you picked up, it was a Biddle Gauguin. By this time, the American clientele outweighed the Europeans about two to one. And, with the fancy money backing all the favorites, prices throughout the sale topped the most buoyant estimates. A Biddle Boudin went for $34,500, a Biddle Renoir for $55,000, a lesser Biddle Gauguin for $87,500. Concert pianist Artur Rubinstein, who had his eye on a humble oil sketch by Delacroix entitled Asiatic Studies, was outbid for it, at $6500, by film producer Anatole Litvak; while film director Henri-Georges Clouzot, deprived of a Vuillard "no larger than an airmail letter" at $8750, consoled himself with a $3750 Daumier sketch of a Third Class Car.

So unexpected were the price levels attained that at least one important New York dealer, who had flown over with assorted orders for nineteen of the Biddle paintings, went grimly home without a single one. All through the art world—as dealers went to work adjusting inventory values—one could hear verdicts such as "Whimsical!" "Fantastic!" "Unreal!"

What has this city got—besides its pretty sky, its Louvre, its 352 art galleries, its forty art exhibits every week, its 8000 resident painters—what has it got that makes it the world's clearinghouse for art? True, London, with its lower auction fees, remains a rival to be reckoned with, and probably still dominates the narrow market for old masters. And 57th Street, New York, handles more paintings than all Europe put together. But it is to Paris that the world looks for the major market trends, just as it looks to Paris for the latest word on ladies' hemlines. Why?

The answer is as simple as it is surprising. A thirty-year, ironclad guarantee covers each item bought here at a public auction. Your Degas was a phony? Your Louis XVI chair comes from Grand Rapids? Here is your money back. This wonderful device, unknown to auction houses in New York and London, is underwritten by the city's seventy-five licensed auctioneers—highly trained functionaries who have passed stiff exams, are appointed by the Minister of Justice, and who must buy their business the way one buys a seat at the stock exchange. Endowed with the exclusive privilege of auctioning movable objects in the capital, they are entitled to a fee, paid by the buyer, ranging from 1½ to 6 per cent on every object sold. In turn, they stand behind the truth of their specifications with every franc they own.

There are successful auctioneers and others. Whenever a successful one finds himself with a glamorous collection on his hands—furniture, paintings, china, or what have you—he quits the musty rabbit warren of the Hotel Drouot, the public auction house downtown, for the patrician splendor of Charpentier's art gallery. Renting the premises for one particular sale, he can be sure of getting the publicity, the first-night audience and the top-flight prices which he believes the goods in hand deserve.

And there you are. Confronting you at a big Paris sale is a whole set of carefully rigged stage effects which raise the value of the thing you buy—the personality of the late owner, the reputation of a big-name auctioneer, the glitter of the city's most distinguished market place, the social standing of your fellow bidders. Add to all this a touch of auction fever that makes you top your neighbor's bid for the excitement of the game. And what you get is the "unreal" price of $260,000 for a Gauguin.

Still, each of these silk-stocking sales jacks up the market. With the sure impact of bad money driving out good, the latest Paris auction prices, headlined by newspapers around the world, will supersede what seemed fair values yesterday. Less than four weeks after the Biddle sale, the paintings owned by the late Wilhelm Weinberg, New York financier, went on the block at Sotheby's in London, and though the price levels did not come up to the new Paris ceilings, they were quite clearly influenced by what had happened. An early Gauguin sold for $47,600, a Monet for $61,600, and the top price, paid by M. Knoedler, New York, for a Van Gogh, was $86,800.

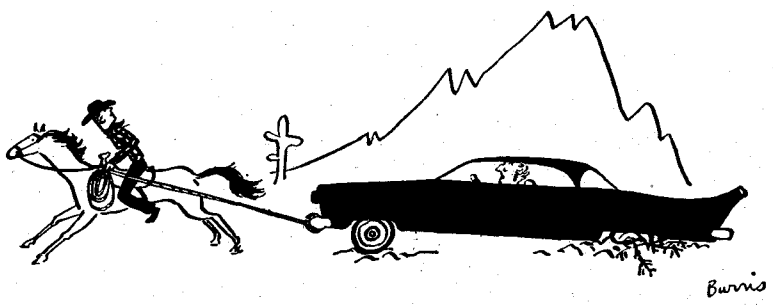
Are pictures, at these prices, still a good investment? The art market is even less predictable than Wall Street, and everyone you listen to has his own private crystal ball. While most observers here believe that a fine canvas by one of the great impressionists or postimpressionists will hold its own because of the sustained demand from art museums, at least one Paris auctioneer—Maurice Rheims, who ran the Biddle auction—believes the time has come to get out of the blue chips and into certain categories of more recent art which may as yet be undervalued.

But how will mankind, thirty years from now, react to a $50,000 what's-it by Picasso? What price tag will it pin on a Fernand Léger? Values in art have been wiped out before, and art dealers have not forgotten the catastrophic auctions of Napoleon's day, when old, "safe" values were demolished while new ones were created overnight.

Old hands point out that speculation has never yet brought forth a trend in art; taste, rather than investors' hunches, will, in the end, decide what is of lasting value. The weakness of the present boom, these men believe, lies in its speculative aspect. "No truly good collector ever bought with an eye on appreciation," one veteran art dealer states. "Buy what you like, not what is fashionable, spend only what you can afford to lose, and your reward will be in your enjoyment. If you must speculate, buy stocks!"

Whole provinces of art, ancient and new, American and European, are still passed over by the fancy crowd. For fashion is, at best, a hit-and-miss affair, and if you can dispense with quarter-million-dollar Gauguins and buy what is no longer—or not yet—the fashion, your budget will accommodate the art collection that is truly yours. Seen in this light, buying a work of art, however insignificant, becomes an act of faith.

THE END




## The Perfect Squelch

Two fancily dressed female tourists in a car with an Eastern tag somehow got off the highway far enough to become stuck in a mudhole. A cowboy rode up. Before he could offer help, the driver called, "What'll you charge to pull my car out?" Ignoring what he regarded as an insulting question, the rider dismounted, jacked up the rear of the car, scooped out mud, and jammed branches and rocks under the wheels. Meanwhile, he could hear the driver audibly worrying about how much she might have to pay him.

Tying his lariat to the front bumper, he remounted, advised the driver to gun the motor gently when she saw the rope tighten, and quickly rolled the car out of the hole. When he came back to untie his rope, the woman vaguely waved a five-dollar bill in his direction.

"It was a lot easier than I expected," she said. "I don't suppose you really earned this, but it's the smallest I have."

"Keep it, madam," the cowboy said dryly. "I would have done the same for a cow."

S. Omar Barker

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# What a Mess I've Made of Things!

(Continued from Page 21)

In my private prison there are guards who tell me where and what to sing. They advise me when to sleep and what to wear. They install an unlisted phone with a number that is guarded like a Pentagon secret. They filter my telephone calls, visitors and mail. They protect me—or so I'm told—against the hazards of hero worship, moochers, greedy relatives and women on the prowl.

They watch my weight. They smuggle me in and out of restaurants, airplanes or theaters where I might be trapped by ordinary people. They grab tranquilizing pills for themselves the instant I say the wrong things to the press—and unfortunately I've done that often. They have lawyers, doctors and press agents on tap for me, and they tell me what to do about my mother-in-law.

I never see the pay checks I earn, and bank checks with my name on them have to be signed by my business manager. I am allowed $100 a week spending money, and if I'm foolish enough to save any extra cash they take it away for taxes or some other expense. My life is insured for $250,000, and when I get insomnia—all too frequently—they start losing sleep themselves. Once or twice, when they've called me for sleeping late, with my phone cut off, I have said bitterly: *Why should I get up earlier? What have I got to get up for? More headaches!*

Aside from these few little restrictions I just mentioned, I am a free man. At least no one tells me what to think, and they haven't controlled my tongue, and perhaps that's how the trouble began.

It is true, I am sorry to say, that I have had trouble with newspaper and television reporters. Years ago a press agent said: "Vic, when you're a celebrity there are no rules against invasion of privacy. If you don't play ball with the columnists and the rest, they'll murder you." So I didn't play ball, at least by their rules, and they murdered me. And, honestly, this is the kind of dangerous game I don't understand.

A year or two ago, for instance, I was backstage with Dick Haymes at the Cocoanut Grove in Los Angeles, and there I encountered Florabel Muir, of the New York Daily News. I had married Pier Angeli not long before—her real name is Anna Maria Pierangeli—and I couldn't have been happier.

"How are you and Anna getting along?" Florabel asked.

"Fine," I said.

"Make you a bet," she said, "that you don't last another year with her."

I was stunned, and for a moment I thought she hadn't said it. But she repeated the challenge, and before the argument was over I had angrily made a fifty-dollar bet with her on the question. One year later, when Anna and I had a baby, and were shopping for a larger house, I saw Florabel again.

"Hey, how's about my fifty bucks?" I said.

"Tell you what I'll do," she said. "I'll double the bet for another year."

I walked away in a fury, and I haven't seen her since. Anna and I are still together, of course, and I never collected my bet. Looking back on that incident now, I can say to myself: *Damone, you were a fool to blow your top.* Like some other Hollywood reporters who don't think much of real-life romance in Hollywood, Florabel loaded the question and took a shot in the dark. I lost my sense of humor, and perhaps word went around that I had a chip on my shoulder.

I didn't want to quarrel with the press, but I was gun shy. Hy Gardner, of the New York Herald Tribune, who has always been generous and thoughtful, phoned me on one of his split-screen television interviews, and I muffed it again. "Vic," he said, "do you remember making a statement that the only girl you would marry would be a Hollywood star with blond hair and blue eyes?"

This silly question threw me. I admit I might have said it when I was young and single and foolish. But that night millions of people, including Anna, were watching Hy and me. Anna is brown-eyed and a brunette. Anna is a woman, too, and she can be an explosive little volcano. She is sensitive, and I was sure her feelings would be hurt. I don't remember what I said to Hy Gardner. I only know that I was steaming.

Not long afterward Mike Wallace asked the William Morris Agency if I would sit still for the third degree on his controversial television hot seat. Knowing me, my agents naturally shuddered and said "No!" I heard later that Mike was miffed, but I have begun to wonder why I was afraid of him. I was probably more afraid of myself. Wallace might have ground me up like hamburger, and I have since decided that if there is to be a public confessional I would rather handle it myself.

The trouble with gossip—and printed gossip is a staple in the American diet—is not that it consists of whispers and rumors. In show business you live in a bird cage. There's no place to hide, so you get used to the stares and the buzz of talk, and pretend you don't care. Also, the press agents will tell you that if these items don't kill you outright, they at least keep your name alive. The real trouble with gossip is not what people say—it's what they leave out because they don't have the facts. Most gossip is only half a truth.

I remember one item in a New York column which read: "Vic Damone has hired an ex-pug as a bodyguard. Mob trouble?"

This little blockbuster implied that I couldn't protect myself, or was afraid of something, or both, and that I had mysterious underworld connections. It was one of those annoying half-truths.

The facts about the ex-pug were that Producer Joe Pasternak had signed me to portray a boxer in a movie, and he suggested I ought to learn something about fist fighting. I engaged a professional trainer named Al Silvani, worked hard for six months, and finally asked Pasternak when the picture would start. "Oh, I thought you knew," he said. "We're not going to make that one, after all." I kept Silvani with me for a year or more after that because I learned to like boxing, but he was certainly never a bodyguard.

The explanation for those two damaging words "mob trouble" isn't quite so simple. There has been talk for some years that I got my start with gangster money, and that the underworld still owns "a piece" of me.

Perhaps I had better go back to the Bensonhurst section of Brooklyn where I was born, as Vito Farinola, on June 12, 1928. My parents, Rocco and Mamie Farinola, never had much money, but they weren't poor enough to make up any romantic fiction for my biography. My father was an electrician who really had to squeeze his pay check to support me and my four sisters, and there was a time when he hoped I would get into the business with him.

I started in Alexander Hamilton Vocational High School with that in mind, but my heart

(*Continued on Page 90*)

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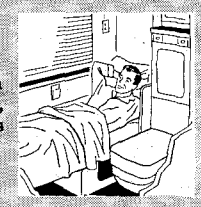

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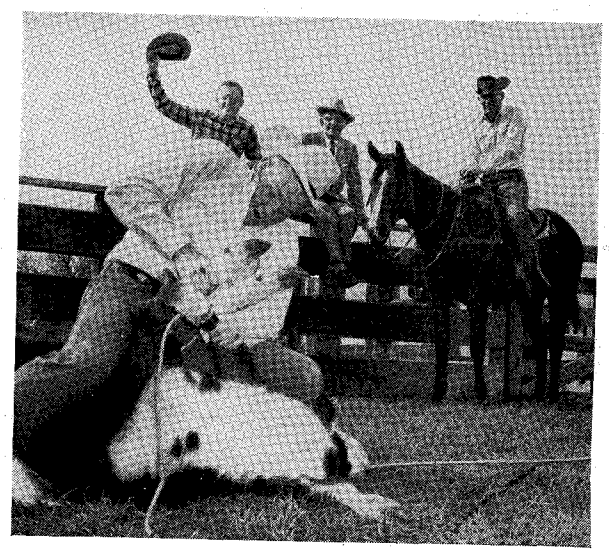
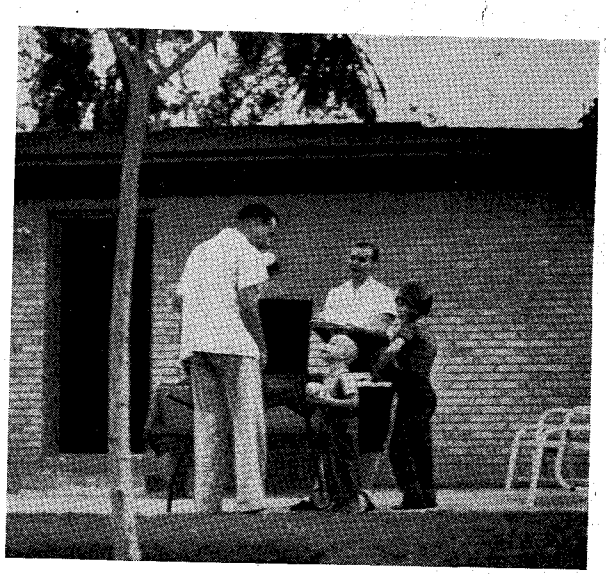
Almost 50¢ of every GM sales dollar goes to outside suppliers. The various Divisions of General Motors deal with a total of 26,000 companies, supplying goods or services. More than 22,500 of these companies have less than 500 employes, and 16,000 employ fewer than 100.

TEXAS STEELPUNCHER—SISCO President John Vernon with sample of his firm's custom-made steelwork. Texas company specializes in such steel, does big annual business with GM.



STEELMAN AT PLAY—Bob Vernon, who heads SISCO's Houston plant with his brother George (l. on fence), bulldogging calf in his dad's corral. Bob won his college letter and a chestful of trophies for roping and tying.



SISCO KIDS—Sales Engineer Dolan Maner and his wife Dot have two future football stars in sons Corky and Doug. Their new home is typical of homes bought by SISCO employes whose pay comes partly from business done by SISCO with General Motors.

GENERAL MOTORS—*Good people to work for—Good people to deal with*

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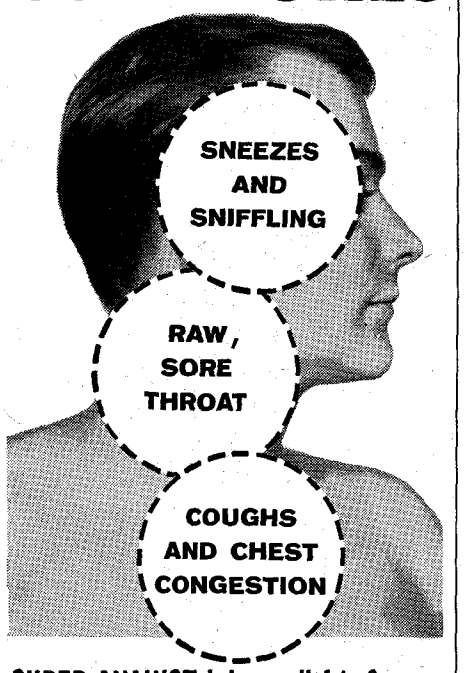
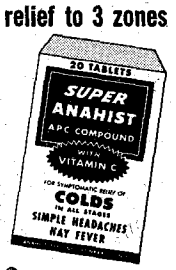
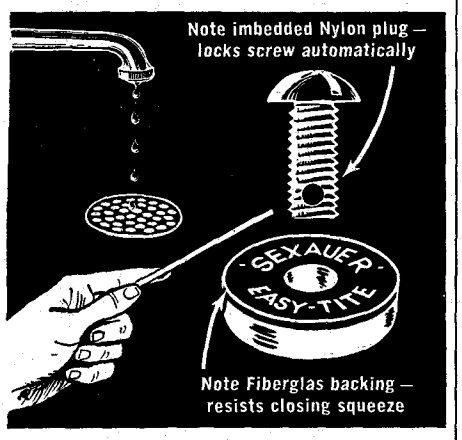
STOP NEGLECTING
3 FLU OR COLD ZONES




SUPER ANAHIST brings relief to 3 zones where aspirin-buffering compounds don't work




SUPER ANAHIST®
COLD TABLETS
© 1958, ANAHIST CO., INC.
A Development of the Anahist Research Laboratories


Note imbedded Nylon plug — locks screw automatically
SEXAUER EASY-TITE
Note Fiberglas backing — resists closing squeeze

Why Faucets Leak

★ 9 out of 10 washers are fastened with screws TOO LONG or SHORT. The screws quickly loosen; the loosened washers are destroyed thru grind and squeeze of opening and closing faucets.

★ NEW (Patented) 'Sexauer' SELF-LOCK Monel screws, with an imbedded expanding NYLON PLUG, lock at the required depth AUTOMATICALLY, hold washers firmly!

★ Used with NEW 'Sexauer' EASY-TITE washers, this combination outlasts past faucet repairs "6-to-1"! EASY-TITES are made of special, non-rubber du Pont compound that resists HOTTEST water. Reinforced like a tire with a layer of Fiberglas, they resist splitting despite repeated closing squeeze!

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SEXAUER
SINCE 1921, NATIONALLY FAMOUS FOR "TRIPLE-WEAR" PLUMBING REPAIR PARTS

(*Continued from Page 87*) wasn't in it. My mother taught piano and my father strummed a guitar, and with so much music at home they killed any interest I might have had in wires and fuse boxes. They had scraped up enough money so I could start voice lessons when I was about ten, and they recall that the first song I learned was You're Driving Me Crazy. There were times later, I guess, when I did drive them crazy.

I have often said, with some sarcasm, that eighteen hundred new cousins crawled out of the woodwork when I began making important money. I really did have a lot of relatives. Some were wonderful to me, others often referred to me as Farinola's Folly. "Those darn-fool singing lessons will break the old man yet," they said.

I began skipping classes at school, and I hung around the stage door at the Paramount on Times Square just to get a glimpse of Frankie Sinatra—who was headlining there with the Benny Goodman band—Bob Eberle, Glenn Miller, Tommy Dorsey and other artists working the stage shows.

Eventually I got a part-time job as an usher, and occasionally I filled in for one of the men who operated the backstage elevator. One evening I was lucky enough to be there when Perry Como stepped into the cage.

"Mr. Como," I said brashly, "I'm a singer too."

Perry was humming to himself, and he nodded absent-mindedly.

"Want to hear me sing?" I said. I stopped the elevator between floors, and I didn't wait for a turndown. I knew I had him trapped and I rattled the shaft with a song called There Must Be a Way.

Perry smiled, and patted me on the back. "You've got the pipes, kid," he said. "Stick with it."

A couple of nights later I was driving home with one of my cousins, Lou Capone, when his wife asked if I were still taking voice lessons. I said I was. "Yeah?" she said. "Sing something." Lou looked skeptical and his attitude burned me, and I sang one chorus of a song so loudly that people stopped on the sidewalk and gaped at the car. I can't remember the name of the song now, but Lou Capone came to our house that evening and told my father he wanted to be my manager.

Lou had no experience in show business, and neither did I. But both of us had plenty of nerve, and within a week I was booked to compete on the Arthur Godfrey Talent Scout show. I was seventeen years old and skinny, and I had a nose, which I have since had repaired, which made me look like the Indian on the buffalo nickel.

We drove into Manhattan and, in the middle of the Brooklyn Bridge, Lou said: "We gotta shorten that name Farinola. Too long to fit the headlines." We kicked names around—Vic Noel, Vic Nola, Vic Farin and some others.

"I got it," I said. "We'll use my mother's maiden name—Damone. Vic Damone. Sounds good. O.K.?"

"O.K.," he said.

I sang Prisoner of Love on the Godfrey show and got a first-place tie with a comedian named Sid Raymond. Milton Berle heard me, and with his help I was booked into LaMartinique in New York. I stayed there eleven weeks and I was on my way.

My contract with Lou Capone stated that he was to manage me for seven years, and keep 25 per cent of my gross earnings. His expenses would come out of my income, and I was also to pay 6 per cent interest on any money he loaned me. The contract also specified that my father, who was making about ninety dollars a week, would be liable for any debts I couldn't pay. Some deal.

I've never been much of a businessman, like a lot of other performers I know, and after three or four years I didn't seem to have a dime in the bank. I was trying to figure out this red-ink situation one day when a smooth-looking man came to my dressing room.

"Damone," he said, "I'm your new manager."

"What are you saying?" I said angrily. "I've already got a manager."

He gave me one of those George Raft looks. "Listen," he said. "I'm your new manager. I bought half your contract from Lou Capone, and I'm running things now."

I've been told that I'm short-tempered and can't hold my tongue, but there are times when you have to let go. I didn't like being pushed around like something in a stockyard. "Why don't you guys ask me first?" I snapped. "If you're going to cut me up like a piece of beef I want to know about it."

My association with Lou Capone came to a violent end right there. I bought back my contract for $45,000—it took two years to do that—got another manager and never dealt with Capone again. If this is ingratitude—as they say—then I suppose I am ungrateful.

By this time I owed the Federal Government $112,000 in back taxes. I was paralyzed with worry, and word got around that I was desperate for cash, as indeed I was.

At the height of this trouble—I was living in Hollywood by that time—I was visited by a man I had known long before in Brooklyn. I knew he was in the rackets, and he was blunt and to the point, as these people often are.

He offered to pay up my delinquent taxes and give me additional money provided I would sign a contract giving him 25 per cent of my gross earnings for the next ten years.

I turned him down with thanks, and I never saw him again. I have since paid up my tax bill, and I hope the gentleman from the underworld will not be around again.

All this—going back to that unfortunate column item I mentioned earlier—is probably what was meant by "mob trouble."

Somewhere along the line, in my fierce clawing to reach the top, I must have lost my sense of values.

Success came too early, too fast, and there was too much. I went from coffee money to $5000 a week before I was twenty, and I didn't handle it very well. In Hollywood not long ago, Nick Sevano, who was my manager for a while after Lou Capone, was talking to a mutual acquaintance and he said: "Damone is a punk. He's no good." He added that I was selfish, always late for appointments, rude to the press and ungrateful to those who knew me when.

This criticism hurt, because even as he was saying these things Nick was fingering a gold money clip I gave him, and he was wearing a gold St. Christopher medal on which I had engraved: "To my Buddy, Nick."

I've been sitting here trying to analyze his remarks, and wondering whether he was justified. Perhaps he was.

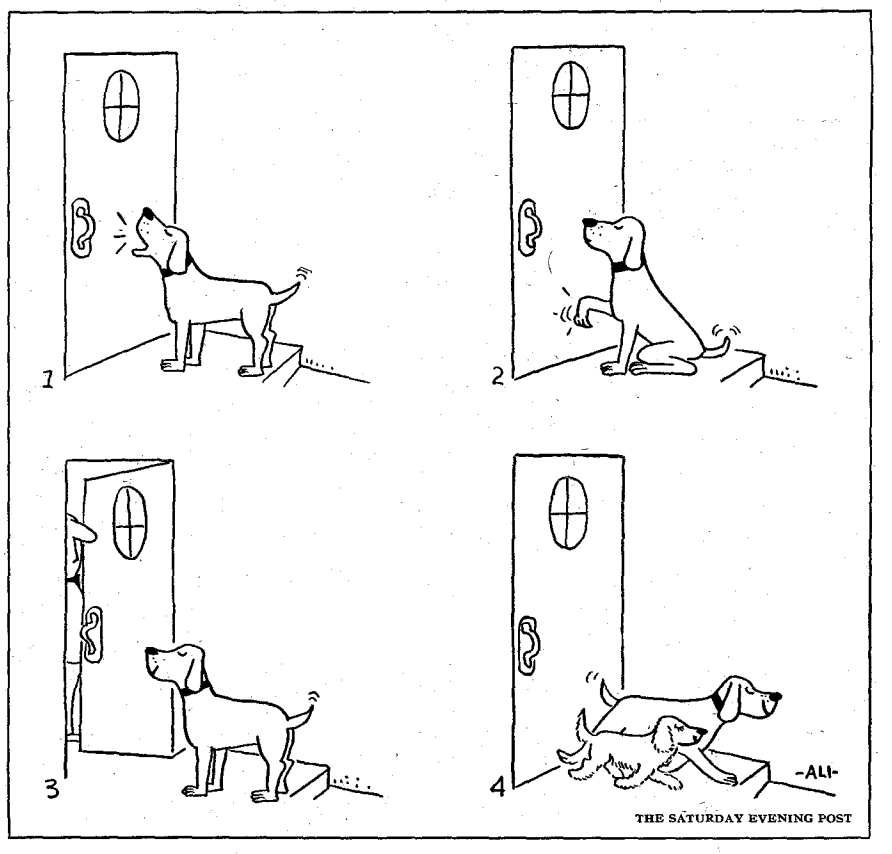
It's easy to develop blind spots when the Broadway lights dazzle your eyes, when money comes in so fast you can hardly spend it, and when the "yes" men are giving you the sweet talk. I never really learned how to give. I don't mean money or gifts, because I've poured out thousands when or where I thought it would give someone pleasure. What I mean is, I never learned to give of myself.

For example, I used to drag six or eight people to dinner with me in restaurants because I could not bear to eat alone. I needed people to keep telling me I was a great guy. I always picked up the check, but there was one thing wrong. I made them eat what I was eating. They never saw a menu. I just ordered for them.

So one night one guest shoved back his plate with obvious irritation and said: "Vic, did it ever occur to you that I don't like lasagne and would rather have steak?" He got up without another word and walked out.

Of course it hadn't occurred to me, and I suddenly realized I had been doing this out of sheer selfishness. In effect I was telling them to like what I liked, or else. I haven't ordered for anyone since.

This was one small incident, and may not seem important. But there were many others, which I carefully hid away in a mental closet. Looking over these dusty skeletons in the daylight now, they look

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harmless and I wonder why I was ever afraid.

Confidential Magazine, for instance, published two so-called exposés about me, and I was afraid to show my face in public. One of those stories was true, but I felt at the time that the writer was the real culprit, not I. I could have killed him.

I was blue for weeks after Bosley Crowther, of The New York Times, reviewing Kismet, my first big picture, wrote: "Mr. Damone, as the young caliph, would make a fine cigar-store Indian." My contemporaries thought this was very funny and kept telling me: "Vic, I saw your last picture, and I think it's going to be your last." It was too.

I couldn't roll with these punches, and I didn't have the emotional balance to laugh at myself and say: *You know something? I had the big chance and I muffed it. I'll do better next time—if there is a next time.*

These fumbles, and there were many, gave me an agonizing fear of failure. Even worse, I was obsessed with the thought that I would die suddenly. Life was too good, too exciting, too luxurious, and I couldn't believe it would last. There were many times when these fears brought wild panic, and I must have been an aggravating man to have around.

I wrestled a pillow at night, and I jumped like a pogo stick during the day. I took pills to sleep, and pills to stay awake. Someone told me the stars were at fault, and so I took up astrology. There were months when I wouldn't start the day without consulting a horoscope, and I'm sure my agents and managers thought I was losing my mind when I would say: "I'm not going to keep that recording date today. Jupiter is in the wrong spot."

These fixations became so acute eventually that they threatened to wreck my career. I didn't like any of the songs that were offered to me for recording, and I began to doubt my own voice. One evening in New York I went to the Columbia studio on Thirtieth street to record a song with Percy Faith and his orchestra. I had the strange feeling that Percy didn't like me because he kept turning his back on me while he was conducting.

When they cued me for the first take, I noticed the engineers were using an overhead microphone. It was out of sight over my head, and it gave me a naked, lost feeling.

"Look," I said, "I can't sing into that damn thing up there. I want a mike standing right in front of me."

Mitch Miller, who was supervising the session in the control booth, came out, thoughtfully fingering his beard. He smiled mysteriously, spoke to a crew man and said: "O.K. Give him what he wants."

We recorded four or five takes, and the playbacks sounded so third-rate to me that I wanted to die. Mitch finally got an acceptable tape, and I fled into the night—or so they told me later—without a word to any of the musicians or crew. I have a shadowy recollection of running uptown on Third Avenue without a hat or coat, finding a taxi and rushing to the Copacabana, where I was appearing. Milt Ebbins says he found me locked in my dressing room, sobbing and begging him not to have the recording released. "Wait until tomorrow," he said gently, "and then you'll love this record. It's going to be big."

And he was right. The song was On the Street Where You Live, and the gold record, signifying a sale of more than 1,000,000 records, is now on the wall of my den. But when I next saw Mitch Miller, who had already helped me win four other gold records, I stuck my foot in it. "I'm proud about the record, Mitch," I said, "but you've got to admit I was right about the standup mike."

"Didn't anyone tell you about that, Vic?" he said.

"Tell me? What do you mean?"

He looked at me searchingly, and he must have figured I could take it. "That mike," he said, "was phony. It was dead."

I never questioned his technical judgment again, but this little lesson in psychology was not the final answer. I was still unsure of myself. I tried to understand myself and these conflicting emotions and, because there seemed no alternative, I reluctantly agreed to undergo psychoanalysis. Many of the big names in Hollywood were visiting "head shrinkers" as they are called. Indeed, it was almost a fad, like miniature golf or foreign sports cars. I was scheduled for thrice-weekly sessions with a very distinguished analyst, and I was pretty shaky when I went to his office for my first couch talk.

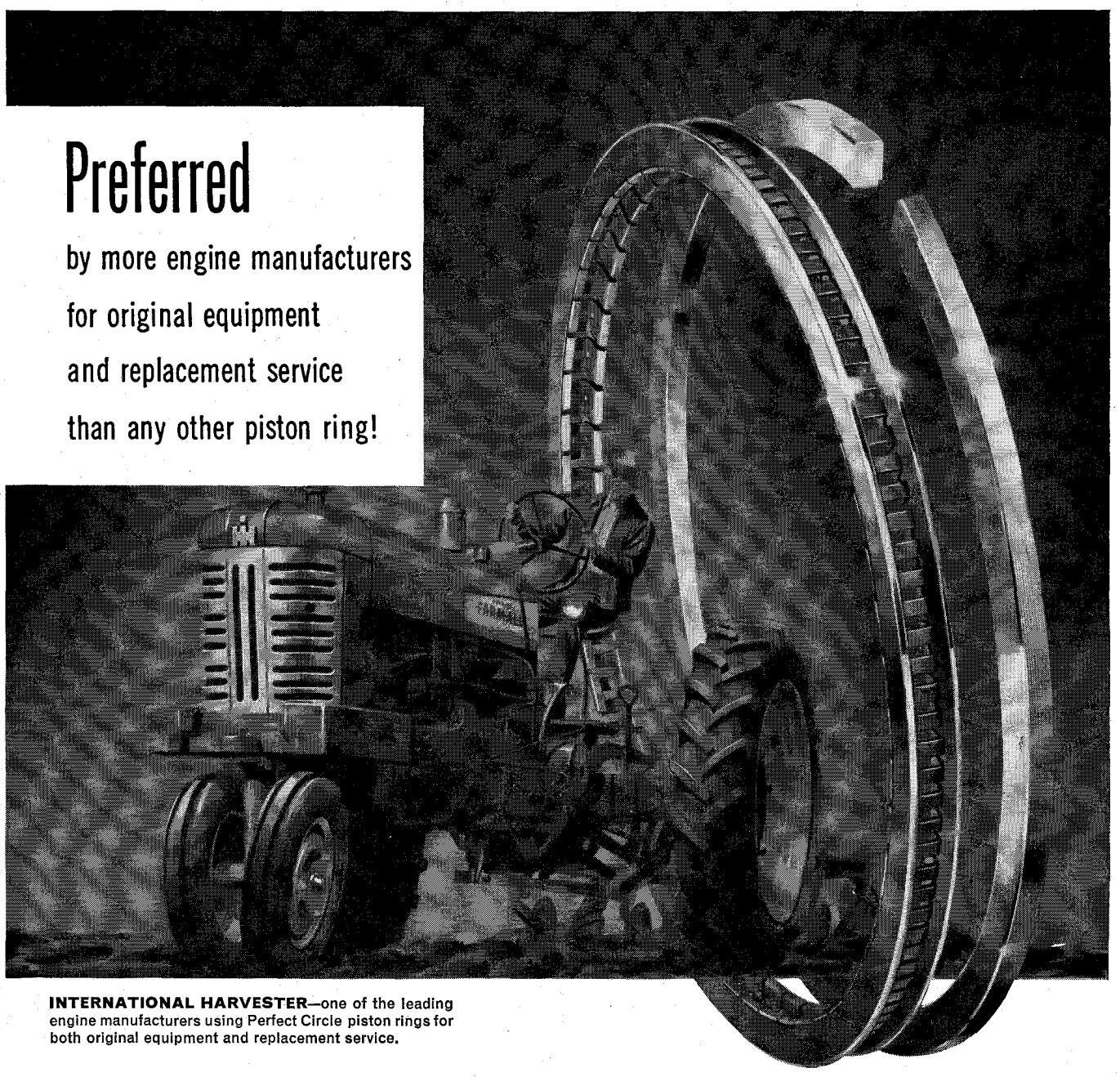
"Damone," he said almost immediately, "tell me about your love life."

"Love life?" I said. "What's that got to do with making bad records or losing friends or being afraid of death? I came here to find out why I want to fight everybody, why I'm sore at the whole world, why I want to quit show business."

"All these things have the same basic cause," he said, "and love has a lot to do with it."

I suspect the doctor was on the right track, but I was not ready for him. I was looking for an easy, ready-made cure for everything, and his approach seemed frivolous. I canceled the remaining appointments and never went back.

It has often been said that you don't need a (*Continued on Page 93*)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(*Continued from Page 91*) psychoanalyst if you know the nature of your problems.

I think I understand many of my conflicts, but I'm not convinced that I know how to handle them. George Woods, of the William Morris Agency, who has watched over me for years and is almost like a member of the family, recently said: "Vic shifts the blame to others when he makes a mistake, but he doesn't mean to do it. He has a big heart, but he just doesn't think when he acts. He hasn't grown up yet."

George does not know, until he reads this, that these words were repeated to me. But I am sure he is right and I could add this to it: "Vic also didn't know when to keep his mouth shut."

I have reread the scolding memorandum from my former press agents, particularly the line that says: "He complains about the Army in interviews." I have also been told that I should not talk about my mother-in-law. I used to think that gags about the Army or your mother-in-law were a standard part of American humor. Every comedian I know has a repertoire of mother-in-law jokes, and the magazines are full of cartoons on the subject. There was an Army general once, I think, who said: "Show me a G.I. who doesn't gripe, and I'll show you a bad soldier." Bill Mauldin, Phil Silvers, Mort Walker, of Beetle Bailey fame, and others have earned fortunes ribbing the Army.

But my press agents said that for singers or other so-called celebrities these G.I. gripes can be the public-relations kiss of death. I hope this isn't true, because I have popped off now and then, like millions of other men. I may have been young and stupid in my gummed-up love affair with the United States Army, but there was never any real rancor in my heart.

I was in the soup right from the beginning. I was inducted on May 10, 1951, at 44 Whitehall Street in New York. There were news photographers on hand, and there were some unfortunate cracks about an entertainer giving up $5000 a week to work in the Army for seventy dollars a month. I was twenty-two years old, and I certainly wasn't making any real sacrifice. I wanted to be a good American, and a good soldier, but I made one mistake after another.

During basic training at Fort Dix, in New Jersey, while I was still foolishly driving around in an expensive convertible, I officially asked to be sent to Korea.

"You want to risk that pretty face and that remodeled nose, and give up that fancy car?" one officer said.

"Now just a minute, sir ——" I interrupted.

"You want to be a hero, eh?" he went on. "Everybody wants to be a hero. Good publicity. Right?"

Well, I had asked for it and I got it, like a left hook to the chin. Maybe he was a rock 'n' roll man, which I'm not. I don't know. In any case, I never got near Korea. They shipped me to Germany, and I was put to work in a shop stocked with USO costumes in Nuremberg. Naturally I griped. Other singers in uniform were entertaining the troops all over the world, and I felt I could contribute a little something extra to Uncle Sam in addition to my time and my doubtful usefulness as a costume sorter. I was actually in Special Services, but they must have read the reviews on my pictures, and they forgot I was there. Also, they probably had me pegged as a sorehead, and at the time they weren't far wrong.

I got into an argument with a superior officer because I bought a foreign car against his orders, and I stubbornly repeated my request to be allowed to sing for the men. I also asked permission to make some recordings on my own leave time, but they turned me down on that too. I guess I was hit by a bad case of self-pity, and I told myself that no so-and-so of a major or colonel could do this to me.

I got a weekend pass, went to Munich and secretly recorded half a dozen songs. The music was pre-recorded in New York and airmailed to Munich by the Mercury Records people, and I dubbed in my voice over it. The Army never did find out how these records were made, and I hope I'm not inviting a court-martial by confessing this deception now. But the Army can have the last laugh, for the punishment I got was far worse than anything they could impose.

Those smuggled records turned out to be the worst I ever made, and as far as I know they're still unsold and gathering dust on the music-store shelves around the country.

Aside from all this, the Army unwittingly changed the whole course of my life, and for that I am forever grateful. On one of my leaves in Munich, when I was terribly blue and lonely, I heard that Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer had a unit in town making a picture. I wandered in there, hoping to find a familiar face, and there I met an enchanting but unknown Italian actress named Anna Maria Pierangeli. We went out together whenever we could steal an hour or two and I courted Anna until the Army transferred me from Germany to Texas.

When I was discharged about a year later, I was as good as dead in show business. Bookers were saying: *Vic Damone? Who needs him?* The public is quick to forget a name that isn't plastered on billboards, mentioned by disk jocks or seen up in lights. The few friends I had before I went overseas soon discovered that I was washed up, and this deadly news spread like a plague. Head waiters in my favorite restaurants stuck me off in dark corners, and song pluggers, who once loved me like a brother, passed me on the street without a nod. I was blinded and hurt by this total eclipse and for a long time, there being no other convenient scapegoat, I blamed the Army.

One man heard me beefing about this recently and said: "Vic, one of these times you're going to gripe in front of a guy whose son or brother was killed in Korea, and he's going to bust you wide open." He made me feel small and ashamed, and I promised I would never mention the subject again.

It took me two long years, virtually starting from scratch, to beat that professional blackout and start earning enough money so I could ask Anna to share my life.

We were married at St. Timothy's Church in Hollywood on November 24, 1954, and we took a small rented house on a hill overlooking Sunset Boulevard. Anna was twenty-two, and I was twenty-six, but I sometimes think neither of us was prepared for the problems we had to face.

I don't know how the average American couple would define a normal married life, but when you're in show business it's almost impossible to fit yourself into any of the established formulas.

You learn right away that you can't have even a friendly argument in public without having Hedda or Louella turn it into a domestic quarrel or a full-blown pfffhtt. You go to a restaurant for a quiet dinner, and you spend half your time signing autographs—which I love to do, of course—or trying to answer amazingly intimate questions by fans or reporters. Your house is a fishbowl, and tourist buses stop right at the curb while the guide points at your bedroom window and makes his spiel. The columnists know you're going to have a baby before you can get to the obstetrician, and your press agent is busy telling the newspapers that for breakfast you have three eggs boiled in champagne, or that you wear knee-length socks so they won't fall down around your ankles when you're on stage.

I remember the splash of distorted publicity before my Army service, for instance, when I had the hump taken out of my nose by a plastic surgeon. While I was rehearsing my TV show in New York recently there was some new gossip about my nose. In its wake Ernie Kovacs burst into my dressing room looking like a man who's just been sentenced to Siberia.

"Got to talk to you, Vic," he said. "Real urgent."

"Your sponsor drop you or something?"

"Oh, no, no," he said. "It's nothing that simple. Listen, Vic, I don't want to embarrass you—but —— Well, I think you've got the most beautiful teeth I ever saw. Uh—well, what I got to know is, who made 'em? Gimme the name of your dentist."

"Nobody made them, Ernie," I said. "They're mine."

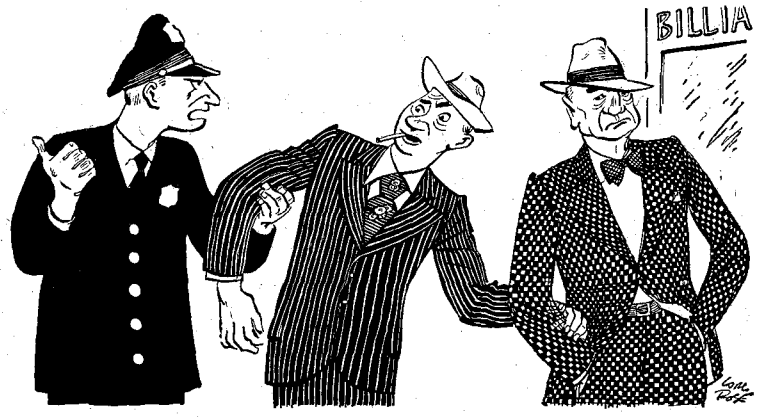
"But I read in the papers——"

"That was my nose, Ernie. Not teeth."

His face fell like an egg soufflé, and he backed out as though I had hit him with a bad Trendex. Well, Anna and I could handle these minor mixups, but behind the scenes there were other crises which were not so easily solved. I have been criticized by my business manager, George Mercader—and this is a case in point—because when I am away from Hollywood I phone Anna nine or ten times a day, and exchange sentimental little telegrams with her. George is a dedicated penny watcher for me, so I didn't pay much attention to the complaints until some of my other associates said: "Really, Vic, what's with all these sappy phone calls. What are you trying to prove?"

I could have replied: *It's none of your darn business.* But I had never looked at it through other eyes, and suddenly I began to see. I was Vic Damone, a nobody from Brooklyn, married to Pier Angeli, the Roman beauty who had been carefully and almost savagely trained for the stage from the day she was five years old.

I had the naïve idea that I had won a wife, not a creation. But her widowed mother, Mrs. Enrica Pierangeli, had not raised her daughter to be a man's woman, or a mother or companion, or anything else but an actress. So this lovely girl was not Mrs. Vic Damone, but Miss Pier Angeli, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's million-dollar star. I would go into a theater and see her being kissed by handsome leading men. I would hear her whisper to them: "I love you," just the way she whispered it to me. And, to paraphrase the old joke, I heard myself saying: *Hey, that's no actress. That's my wife.* I was so jealous I couldn't stand it, and I had to stop seeing her pictures.




## You be the Judge

By BRUCE M. JONES

Harry, whose reputation was only medium shady, began hanging out with one Light Fingers, an unsavory character with a long police record. Detectives soon arrested Harry and charged him with violating a city ordinance against associating with reputed thieves and lawbreakers.

"Since when," Harry's lawyer thundered in his behalf, "can a city choose a person's friends for him? Harry has a constitutional right to pick his own friends. This ordinance is plainly unconstitutional."

"An individual's personal rights must be subordinated to criminal laws passed for the benefit of everyone," the city prosecutor replied. "Prohibiting Harry from associating with Light Fingers is a legal way of curbing crime. Harry flouted the law and should be punished accordingly."

If you were the judge, would you punish Harry?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Harry went free. The court held the ordinance unconstitutional. "If the legislature may forbid one to associate with certain classes of persons of unsavory or malodorous reputations," it said, "by the same token it may dictate who the associates of anyone may be. . . . Then what becomes of the constitutional protection to personal liberty?"

*Based upon Illinois and Missouri cases.*

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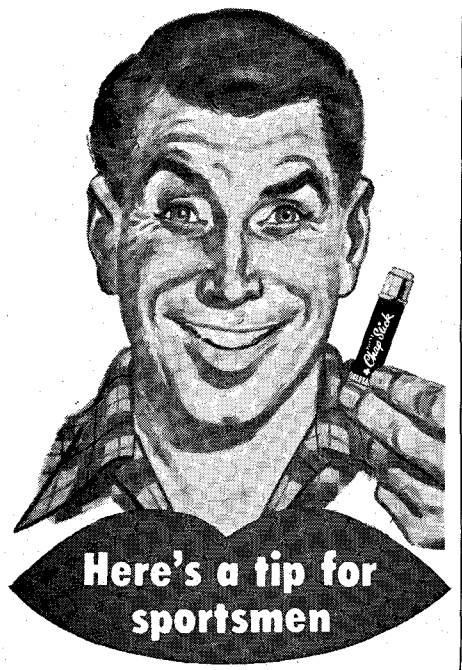


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So, in a roundabout way, this explains all those phone calls. I was so insecure that I was afraid I might lose her while I was away, and this feeling has not changed. I don't mean I would lose her to an actor. I just felt that eventually she might be stolen from me by MGM or her mother, or both. The calls were a life line to me. I had to hear her voice saying "I love you." I had to know she was still there. I never went away without also feeling that the house might burn down or I might be killed in a plane crash. I thought I didn't deserve all these wonderful things—and perhaps I don't.

I have never asked Anna to quit making pictures. I would much rather have half an apple, naturally, than none at all. And I confess I was secretly pleased when she came home from the doctor's one day and said she was going to have a baby. Unfortunately Anna's mother—who had not been too sure about me anyway—had just the opposite reaction. She was furious, and accused me of deliberately planning this event to interfere with Anna's career.

Mrs. Pierangeli and I are both on the hotheaded side, and I regret to say that some unkind things were said and that I asked her to leave my house. I know the sacrifices she made for Anna and her twin sister, Marisa Pavan, and how, with fierce determination and very little money, she coached them both to movie stardom. I tried to understand her viewpoint, and I was desperately anxious to be her friend, but at the time it seemed a lost cause.

We had a showdown on August 21, 1955, when Anna was rushed to the maternity ward of Cedars of Lebanon Hospital.

Some months before, Anna had been a passenger on an airliner going to Palm Springs. She was thrown violently against a partition when the ship struck an air pocket, and suffered a double fracture of the pelvis. Now, with the injuries still not entirely healed, she was in agony in her fourteenth hour of labor.

"Mr. Damone," our doctor said, "I'm afraid we'll have to do a Caesarian. Do I have your permission?"

Mrs. Pierangeli, who was in the waiting room with me, suddenly exploded. "I don't give you permission," she cried. "You can't do it. You have no right."

"Dear God, mamma," I said, "do you want Anna to die?"

"She won't die!" she wept. "Anna won't die because she is my daughter. But they will not touch her. I won't let them."

The doctor touched her softly on the shoulder. "I'm sorry, Mrs. Pierangeli," he said, "but it is the husband's right to choose. Don't worry. She will be all right."

I nodded to him, and he went into surgery. Anna's mother and I stared wildly at each other and slumped into chairs, weeping and waiting. We were still there, drained of all emotion, when the nurse came to tell us of the birth of a fine nine-pound boy whom, as I said earlier, we named Perry in honor of our friend Perry Como. Anna came through the ordeal healthy and happy, and I have since made peace with her mother. She comes to see the boy, and she is a baby sitter, a nurse and a devoted grandmother.

I have long since forgotten that fear and anger made me hate her that night in the hospital, and I like to think that now she respects my hopes and dreams for a normal and happy married life.

And that is my story. I want nothing out of life that is not granted to every man. To be looked upon with respect. To be forgiven for mistakes and selfishness and hurts inflicted on friends. To love, and be loved.

## Hornblower and the Pirate Plot (Continued from Page 23)

Naturally his reception at the Houghs' house was somewhat overpowering. There was a good deal of "my lord" and "his lordship." Hough was a substantial planter, a man of considerable wealth, with enough of dislike for English winters not to be the usual West Indian absentee landlord. Yet for all his wealth he was greatly impressed by the fact that he was entertaining, in one and the same person, a peer and an admiral and a commander in chief—and someone whose influence might at any moment be of great importance to him.

Lucy Hough was a pretty-enough girl, some seventeen or eighteen years of age, whom Hornblower had already met on a few occasions. He smiled at her and she dropped her eyes, looked up at him again, and once more looked away.

"Your lordship does not dance, I understand?" said Hough.

"It is painful to me to be reminded of what I am missing in the presence of so much beauty," replied Hornblower, with another smile at Mrs. Hough and at Lucy.

"Perhaps a rubber of whist, then, my lord?" suggested Hough.

"The Goddess of Chance instead of the Muse of Music," said Hornblower—he always tried to talk about music as if it meant something to him. "I will woo the one instead of the other."

"From what I know about your lordship's skill at whist," said Hough, "I would say that as regards your lordship the Goddess of Chance has but small need for wooing."

The ball had been in progress, apparently, for some time before Hornblower's arrival. Hough led the way to another room; Hornblower dismissed his two young men with a nod, and settled down to whist with Hough and a couple of formidable old ladies who played a sound game, and a pleasant-enough hour went by. It was terminated by the entrance of Mrs. Hough.

"It is time for the polonaise before supper," she announced. "I really must beg you to leave your cards and come and witness it."

"Would your lordship ——" asked Hough apologetically.

"Mrs. Hough's wish is my command," said Hornblower.

The ballroom was, of course, stifling hot. Spendlove was leading Lucy by the hand and they were exchanging happy glances. Hornblower, from the weary age of forty-six, could look with condescension at these young men and women in their immature teens and twenties, tolerant of their youth and enthusiasm. There was a burst of laughter and applause before the lines broke up. The women, with sidelong looks at one another, gathered into groups which edged out of the room. They were retiring to repair the damages sustained in the heat of action.

Hornblower met Lucy's eyes again, and once more she looked away and then back at him. Shy? Eager? It was hard to tell with these mere children, but it was not the sort of glance she had bestowed on Spendlove.

"Ten minutes at least before the supper march, my lord," said Hough. "Your lordship will be kind enough to take in Mrs. Hough?"

"Delighted, of course," replied Hornblower.

Spendlove approached. He was mopping his face with his handkerchief.

"I would enjoy a breath of cooler air, my lord," he said. "Perhaps ——"

"I'll come with you," said Hornblower, not sorry to have an excuse to be rid of Hough's ponderous company. They stepped out into the dark garden; so bright had been the candles in the ballroom that they had to tread cautiously.

"I trust you are enjoying yourself," said Hornblower.

"Very much indeed, thank you, my lord."

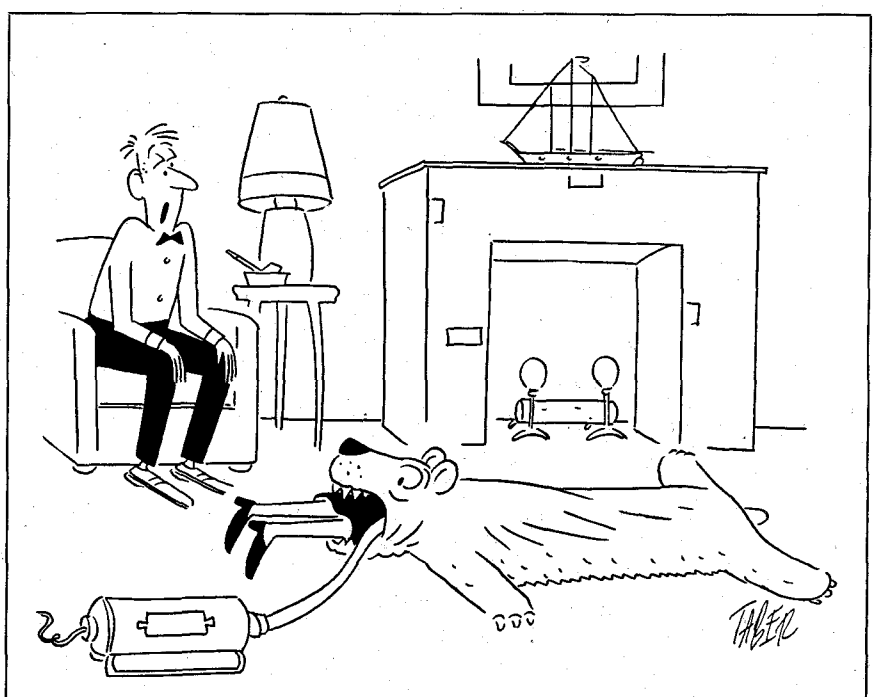
"And your suit is making progress?"

"Of that I am not so sure, my lord."

"You have my best wishes in any case."

"Thank you, my lord."

Hornblower's eyes were more accustomed now to the darkness. He could see




"Good grief, Gwen, do you have to be that thorough?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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the stars now when he looked up. The air was warm and still with the cessation of the sea breeze.

Then it happened. Hornblower heard a movement behind him, a rustling of foliage, but, before he could pay attention to it, hands gripped his arms, a hand came over his mouth. He began to struggle. A sharp burning pain under his right shoulder blade made him jump.

"Quiet," said a voice, a thick heavy voice, "or this."

He felt the pain again. It was a knife point in his back, and he held himself still. The unseen hands began to hustle him away; there were at least three men round him. His nose told him they were sweating—with excitement, perhaps.

"Spendlove?" he said.

"Quiet," said the voice again.

He was being hustled down the long garden. A momentary sharp cry, instantly stifled, presumably came from Spendlove behind him. Hornblower had difficulty in preserving his balance as he was hurried along. At the far end of the garden they emerged into a narrow path where a darkness loomed up in the night. Hornblower bumped into something that snorted and moved—a mule, apparently.

"Get on," said the voice beside him.

Hornblower hesitated, and felt the knife against his ribs.

There were neither stirrups nor saddle. Hornblower put his hands on the withers and hauled himself up astride the mule. He could find no reins, although he heard the chink of a bit. He buried his fingers in the scanty mane. All round him he could hear a bustle as the other mules were mounted. His own mule started with something of a jerk that made him cling wildly to the mane. Someone had mounted the mule ahead and was riding forward with a leading rein attached to his mule. There seemed to be four mules all together, and some eight men. The mules began to trot, and Hornblower felt himself tossed about precariously on the slippery back of the mule, but there was a man running on each side of him, helping to keep him on his perch. A second or two later they slowed down again as the leading mule turned a difficult corner.

"Who are you?" demanded Hornblower, with the first breath that the motion had not shaken out of his body.

The man by his right knee waved something at him—something bright enough to shine in the starlight. It was a cutlass—the machete of the West Indies.

"Quiet," he said, "or I cut off your leg."

The next moment the mule broke into a trot again, and Hornblower could have said no more even had he been inclined to do so. He tried to look up at the stars to see which way they were going, but it was difficult, and they altered course repeatedly, winding about over the countryside. Twice Hornblower nearly fell off. He was drenched with sweat, his mouth was parched, and he was desperately weary. He grew stupefied with misery, despite the pain he suffered.

Hornblower had no idea how long they had been traveling when they found themselves beside a small river, seemingly placid as it reflected the stars. On the far side, faint in the darkness, towered a lofty cliff. Here the party halted, and the man beside him tugged at his knee in an obvious invitation to dismount. Hornblower slid down the mule's side; he had to lean against the animal for a moment when his legs refused to hold him up. He could just make out Spendlove, his knees sagging and his head lolling as he stood supported on either side.

"Spendlove!" he cried.

There was an agonizing moment of waiting before the drooping figure said, "My lord?" The voice was thick and unnatural.

"Spendlove! Are you wounded?"

"I'm—well—my lord."

Someone pushed Hornblower in the back.

"Come. Swim," said a voice.

"Spendlove!"

Several hands turned Hornblower away and thrust him stumbling down to the water's edge. It was hopeless to resist; Hornblower could only guess that Spendlove had been stunned by a blow and was only now recovering, his unconscious body having been carried so far by mule.

"Swim," said the voice, and a hand pressed him forward to the water.

"No!" croaked Hornblower.

Somebody led a mule slowly down into the water beside him.

"Hold his tail," said the voice, and there was the knife in his back again.

He took hold of the mule's tail and despairingly let himself flop into the water, spread-eagled. For a moment the mule floundered and then struck out; the water, as it closed round Hornblower, seemed hardly colder than the warm air. It was no more than a moment, it seemed, before the mule was plunging up the other bank, and Hornblower found the bottom under his feet and waded out after him, the water streaming from his clothes, the rest of the gang and the animals splashing after him. The hand was back on his shoulder, turning him to one side and urging him along. He heard an odd creaking in front of him and a swaying object struck him on the chest. His hands felt smooth bamboo and some sort of creeper, liana, knotted to it; it was a makeshift rope ladder dangling in front of him.

"Up!" said the voice. "Up!"

He could not—he would not—and there was the knife point at his back again. He stretched his arms up and grasped a rung, feeling desperately with his feet for another.

"Up!"

He began the climb, with the ladder writhing under his feet. Someone else was climbing close after him, and the ladder twined about unpredictably.

Up he went, one rung at a time, his hands gripping so convulsively that it was only by a conscious effort that he was able to make each one unclasp in turn and seek a fresh hold. Then the gyrations and swinging grew less. His upward-stretching hand touched earth or rock.

Just below him on the ladder he heard a sharp command issued by the man following him, and then a hand above him grasped his wrist and pulled. His feet found the next rung, and there he was, lying, gasping, on his belly on solid earth. The hand dragged at him again and he crawled forward on all fours to make room for the man behind him. He was almost sobbing; there was no trace left now of the haughty and self-satisfied human who had admired himself in the mirror not so many hours ago.

Other people trod past him.

"My lord! My lord!" That was Spendlove asking for him.

"Spendlove!" he answered, sitting up.

"Are you all right, my lord?" asked Spendlove, stooping over him.

Was it sense of humor or sense of the ridiculous, was it natural pride or force of habit, which made him take a grip on himself?

"As right as I might expect to be, thank you, after these rather remarkable experiences," he said. "But you—what happened to you?"

"They hit me on the head," replied Spendlove simply.

"Don't stand there. Sit down," said Hornblower, and Spendlove collapsed beside him.

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"Do you know where we are, my lord?" he asked.

"Somewhere at the top of a cliff, as far as I can estimate," said Hornblower.

"It will be dawn soon, I suppose," said Spendlove weakly.

"Soon enough."

Nobody about them was paying them any attention. There was a great deal of chatter going on, in marked contrast with the silence—the almost disciplined silence—which had been preserved during their dash across country. The chatter mingled with the sound of a small waterfall, which he realized he had been hearing ever since his climb. The conversations were in a thick English which Hornblower could hardly understand, but he could be sure that their captors were expressing exultation. He could hear women's voices, too, while figures paced about, too excited to sit down despite the fatigues of the night.

"I doubt if we're at the top of the cliff, my lord, if you'll pardon me," said Spendlove.

He pointed upward. The sky was growing pale, and the stars were fading; vertically over their heads they could see the cliff above them, overhanging them.

Looking up, Hornblower could see foliage silhouetted against the sky. "Strange," he said. "We must be on some sort of shelf."

On his right hand, the sky was showing a hint of light, of the palest pink, even while on his left it was still dark.

"Facing north-nor'west," said Spendlove.

The light increased perceptibly; when Hornblower looked to the east again the pink had turned to orange, and there was a hint of green. They seemed immeasurably high up; almost at their feet, it seemed, as they sat, the shelf ended abruptly, and far down below them the shadowy world was taking form, concealed at the moment by a light mist. Hornblower was suddenly conscious of his wet clothes, and shivered.

"That might be the sea," said Spendlove, pointing.

The sea it was, blue and lovely in the far distance; a broad belt of land, some miles across, extended between the cliff on which they were perched and the edge of the sea; the mist still obscured it. Hornblower rose to his feet, took a step forward, leaning over a low, crude parapet of piled rock; he shrank back before nerving himself to look again.

Under his feet there was nothing. They were indeed on a shelf in the face of the cliff. About the height of a frigate's main yard, sixty feet or so, vertically below them he could see the small stream he had crossed. They were on a shelf in a cliff, undercut through the ages by the river below when in spate. Nothing could reach them from above, and nothing from below if the ladder were to be drawn up. The shelf was perhaps ten yards wide at its widest, and perhaps a hundred yards long. At one end the waterfall he had heard tumbled down the cliff face in a groove it had cut for itself; it splashed against a cluster of gleaming rocks and then leaped out again. The sight of it told him how thirsty he was, and he walked along to it. It was a giddy thing to do, to stand there with the cliff face at one elbow and a vertical drop under the other, with the spray bursting round him, but he could fill his cupped hands with water and drink, and drink again, before splashing his face and head refreshingly. He drew back to find Spendlove waiting for him to finish. Matted in Spendlove's thick hair and behind his left ear and down his neck was a black clot of blood. Spendlove knelt to drink and to wash, and rose again, touching his scalp cautiously.

"They spared me nothing," he said.

His uniform was spattered with blood too. At his waist dangled an empty scabbard; his sword was missing, and as they turned back from the waterfall, they could see it. It was in the hand of one of their captors, who was standing waiting for them. He was short and square and heavily built. He wore a dirty white shirt and loose, ragged blue trousers, with dilapidated buckled shoes on his splay feet.

"Now, lord," he said.

He spoke with the island intonation, with a thickening of the vowels and a slurring of the consonants.

"What do you want?" demanded Hornblower, putting all the rasp into his voice that he could manage.

"Write us a letter," said the man with the sword.

"A letter? To whom?"

"To the governor."

"Asking him to come and hang you?" asked Hornblower.

The man shook his big head. "No. I want a paper—a paper with a seal on it. A pardon. For us all. With a seal on it."

"Who are you?"

"Ned Johnson."

The name meant nothing to Hornblower, nor, as a glance showed, did it mean anything to the omniscient Spendlove.

"I sailed with Harkness," said Johnson.

"Ah!"

That meant something to both the British officers. Harkness was one of the last of the petty pirates. A week or so ago his sloop Blossom had been cut off by the Clorinda off Savanna-la-Mar, and her escape to leeward intercepted. Under long-range fire from the frigate she had despairingly run herself aground at the mouth of the Sweet River, and her crew had escaped into the marshes and mangrove swamps of that section of coast—all except her captain, whose body had been found on her deck, almost cut in two by a round shot from Clorinda. This was her crew, left leaderless—unless Johnson could be called their leader—and to hunt them down the governor had called out two battalions of troops as soon as Clorinda beat back to Kingston with the news. It was to cut off their escape by sea that the governor, at Hornblower's suggestion, had posted guards at every fishing beach in the whole big island. Otherwise the cycle they had already probably followed would be renewed, with the theft of a fishing boat, the capture of a larger craft, and so on until they were a pest again.

"There's no pardon for pirates," said Hornblower.

"Yes," said Johnson. "Write us a letter and the governor will give us one."

He turned aside and from the foot of the cliff at the back of the shelf he picked up something. It was a leather-bound book—the second volume of Waverley, Hornblower saw, when it was put in his hands—and Johnson produced a stub of pencil and gave him that as well.

"Write to the governor," he said; he opened the book at the beginning and indicated the flyleaf as the place to write on.

"What do you think I would write?" asked Hornblower.

"Ask him for a pardon for us. With his seal on it."

Apparently Johnson must have heard somewhere, in talk with fellow pirates, of "a pardon under the great seal," and the memory had lingered.

"The governor would never do that."

"Then I send him your ears. Then I send him your nose," said Johnson.

That was a horrible thing to hear. Hornblower glanced at Spendlove, who had turned white at the words.

"You the admiral," continued Johnson. "You the lord. The governor will do that."

"I doubt if he would," said Hornblower.

He conjured up in his mind the picture of fussy old Gen. Sir Augustus Hooper, and tried to imagine the reaction produced by Johnson's demand. His excellency would come near to bursting a blood vessel at the thought of granting pardons to two dozen pirates. The home government, when it heard the news, would be intensely annoyed, and without doubt most of the annoyance would be directed at the man whose idiocy in allowing himself to be kidnaped had put everyone in this absurd position. That suggested a question.

"How did you come to be in the garden?" he asked.

"We was waiting for you to go home, but you came out first."

If they had been intending ——

"Stand back!" yelled Johnson.

He leaped backward with astonishing agility for his bulk, bracing himself, knees bent, body tense, on guard with the sword. Hornblower looked around in astonishment, in time to see Spendlove relax; he had been poising himself for a spring. With that sword in his hand and its point against Johnson's throat, the position would have been reversed.

Some of the others came running up at the cry; one of them had a staff in his hand—a headless pike stave, apparently—and thrust it cruelly into Spendlove's face. Spendlove staggered back, and the staff was whirled up to strike him down. Hornblower leaped in front of him.

"No!" he yelled, and they all stood looking at one another, the drama of the situation ebbing away. Then one of the men came sidling toward Hornblower, cutlass in hand.

"Cut off his ear?" he asked over his shoulder to Johnson.

"No. Not yet. Sit down, you two." When they hesitated, Johnson's voice rose to a roar, "Sit down!"

Under the menace of the cutlass, there was nothing to do but sit down, and they were helpless.

"You write that letter?" asked Johnson.

"Wait a little," said Hornblower wearily; he could think of nothing else to say in that situation. He was playing for time, hopelessly, like a child at bedtime confronted by stern guardians.

"Let's have some breakfast," said Spendlove.

At the far end of the shelf a small fire had been lighted, its smoke clinging in the still dawn in a thin thread to the sloping overhang of the cliff. An iron pot hung from a chain attached to a tripod over the fire, and two women were crouching over it, attending to it. Packed against the back wall of the shelf were chests and kegs and barrels. Muskets were ranged in a rack. It occurred to Hornblower that he was in the situation common in popular romances; he was in the pirates' lair. Perhaps those chests contained untold treasures of pearls and gold. Pirates, like any other seafarers, needed a land base, and these pirates had established one here instead of on some lonely cay. His brig Clement had cleaned out one of those last year.

"You write that letter, lord," said Johnson. He poked at Hornblower's breast with the sword.

"What is it you want?" asked Hornblower.

"A pardon. With a seal."

Hornblower studied the swarthy features in front of him. The jig was up for piracy in the Caribbean, he knew. American ships of war in the north, French ships of war working from the Lesser Antilles, and his own busy squadron based on Jamaica had made the business both unprofitable and dangerous. And this particular band of pirates, the remains of the Harkness gang, were in a more precarious position than any, with the loss of their ship, and with their escape to sea cut off by his precautions. It had been a bold plan, and well executed, to save their necks by kidnaping him. Presumably the plan had been made and executed by this rather stupid-seeming fellow, almost bewildered in appearance, before him.

"You hear me?" said Johnson, offering another prick with the sword.

"Say you will, my lord," muttered Spendlove close to Hornblower's ear. "Gain time."

Johnson turned on him, sword pointed at his face. "Shut that mouth," he said. Another idea occurred to him, and he glanced round at Hornblower. "You write or I prick his eye."

"I'll write," said Hornblower.

Now he sat with the volume of Waverley opened at the flyleaf. What was he to write? "Dear Sir Augustus" or "Your excellency"? That was better. "I am held to ransom here along with Spendlove by the survivors of the Harkness gang. Perhaps the bearer of this will explain the conditions. They demand a free pardon in exchange for ——" Hornblower held the pencil poised over the paper, debating the next words. "Our lives"? He shook his head to himself and wrote, "our freedom." He wanted no melodrama. "Your excellency will, of course, be a better judge of the situation than I am. Your ob'd't servant." Hornblower hesitated again, and then he dashed off the "Hornblower" of his signature.

"There you are," he said, holding out the volume to Johnson, who took it and looked at it curiously, and turned back to the group of a dozen or so of his followers who had been squatting on the ground behind him, silently watching the proceedings. They peered at the writing over Johnson's shoulder; others came to look as well, and they fell into a chattering debate.

"Not one of them can read, my lord," commented Spendlove.

"So it appears."

The pirates were looking from the writing over to their prisoners and back again; the argument grew more intense. Johnson seemed to be expostulating, or exhorting, and some of the men he addressed drew back, shaking their heads.

"It's a question of who shall carry that note to Kingston," said Hornblower. "Who shall beard the lion."

"That fellow has no command over his men," commented Spendlove. "Harkness would have shot a couple of them by now."

Johnson returned to them, pointing a dark, stubby finger at the writing.

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"What you say here?" he asked.

Hornblower read the note aloud; it did not matter whether he spoke the truth or not, seeing they had no way of knowing. Johnson stared at him, studying his face; Johnson's own face betrayed more of the bewilderment Hornblower had noticed before. The pirate was facing a situation too complex for him; he was trying to carry out a plan which he had not thought out in all its details beforehand. The poor, ragged, shiftless devils and their slatternly women were in a quandary, with no master mind to find a way out for them. The debate went on furiously, with a solution apparently no nearer.

"Do you think we could get to the ladder, my lord?" asked Spendlove, and then answered his own question, "No. They'd catch us before we could get away."

"We can bear the possibility in mind," said Hornblower.

One of the women cooking over the fire called out at this moment in a loud, raucous voice, interrupting the debate. Food was being ladled out into wooden bowls. A young *mulata* woman, hardly more than a child, in a ragged gown that had once been magnificent, brought a bowl over to them—one bowl, no spoon or fork. Spendlove produced a penknife from his breeches pocket and tendered it to his superior after opening it.

"Perhaps it may serve, my lord," he said, apologetically.

Boiled yams and a trifle of boiled salt pork, the former presumably stolen from some slave garden and the latter from one of the hogsheads stored here on the cliff. They ate with difficulty, Hornblower insisting on their using the penknife, turn about. The pirates and the women were mostly squatting on their heels as they ate. After their first mouthfuls they were beginning to argue again over the use to be made of their prisoners.

Hornblower looked out again from the shelf at the view extended before them.

"That must be the Cockpit Country," he said.

"No doubt of it, my lord."

The Cockpit Country was territory unknown to any white man, an independent republic in the northwest of Jamaica. At the conquest of the island from the Spaniards, a century and a half earlier, the British had found this area already populated by runaway slaves and the survivors of the Indian population. Several attempts to subdue the area had failed disastrously—yellow fever and the appalling difficulty of the country allying themselves with the desperate valor of the defenders—and a treaty had finally been concluded granting independence to the Cockpit Country on the sole condition that the inhabitants should not harbor runaway slaves in future. That treaty had already endured fifty years and seemed likely to endure far longer. The pirates' lair was on the edge of this area, with the mountains at the back of it.

"And that's Montego Bay, my lord," said Spendlove, pointing.

Hornblower had visited the place in Clorinda last year—a lonely roadstead providing fair anchorage, and shelter for a few fishing boats. He gazed over to the distant blue water with longing. He tried to think of ways of escape, of some method of coming to honorable terms with the pirates, but a night entirely without sleep made his brain sluggish, and now that he had eaten, it was more sluggish still. He caught himself nodding and pulled himself up with a jerk.

Spendlove had seen him nod. "I think you could sleep, my lord," he said gently.

"Perhaps I could." He let his body sink to the hard ground.

He awoke some time later, with Spendlove touching his shoulder.

"My lord, my lord."

He lifted his head, a little surprised to find where it had been resting; it took him several seconds to recall where he was and how he had come there. Johnson and one or two other pirates were standing before him. In the background, one of the women was looking on.

"We send you to the governor, lord," said Johnson.

Hornblower blinked up at him; although the sun had moved round behind the cliff, the sky above was dazzling.

"You," said Johnson. "You go. We keep him." Johnson indicated Spendlove by a gesture.

"What do you mean?" asked Hornblower.

"You go to the governor and get our pardon," said Johnson. "You can ask him, and he will give it. He stays here. We can cut off his nose, we can dig out his eyes."

Johnson or his advisers—perhaps that woman over there—were people of considerable insight after all. They had some conception of honor, of gentlemanly obligations. They had perceived something of the relationship between Hornblower and Spendlove. They knew that Hornblower could never abandon Spendlove to the mercy of his captors. Even perhaps—Hornblower's imagination surged in a great wave over the barrier of his sleepiness—even perhaps to the extent of coming back to share Spendlove's captivity and fate in the event of not being able to obtain the necessary pardons.

"We send you now," said Johnson. "Get up."

Hornblower rose slowly. His joints were stiff; he could almost hear them crack as he moved.

"These two men take you," said Johnson.

Spendlove had risen to his feet too. "Are you all right, my lord?" he asked anxiously.

"Only stiff and rheumatic," replied Hornblower. "But what about you?"

"Oh, I'm all right, my lord. Please don't give another thought to me, my lord."

That was a very straight glance that Spendlove gave him—a glance that tried to convey a message.

"Not another thought, my lord," repeated Spendlove.

He was trying to tell his chief that he should be abandoned, that nothing should be done to ransom him, that he was willing to suffer whatever tortures might be inflicted on him, so long as his chief came well out of the business.

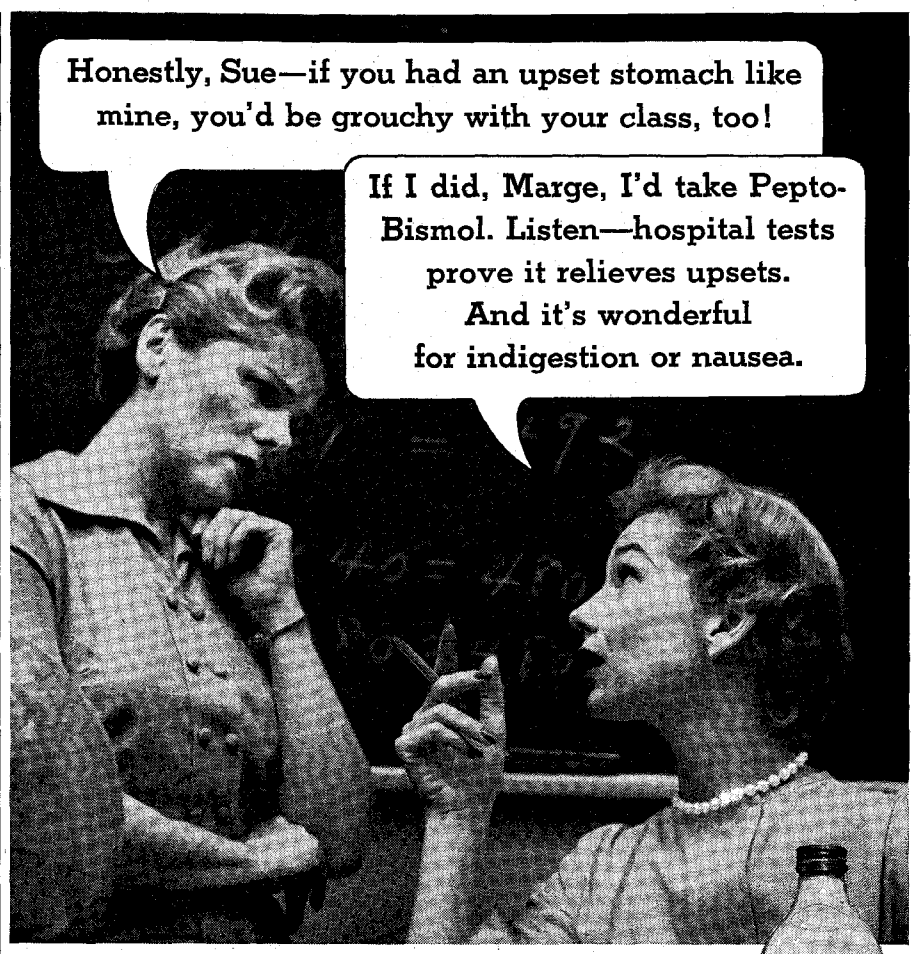
"I'll be thinking about you all the time," said Hornblower, giving back glance for glance.

"Hurry," said Johnson.

The rope ladder still dangled down from the lip of the shelf. It was a tricky business to lower himself with his creaking joints over the edge and to find foothold on the slippery bamboo rungs. His feet had hardly gratefully touched ground when first one and then the other of his escorts dropped beside him.

"Good-by, my lord! Good luck!" That was Spendlove calling from above. Hornblower, standing on the very edge of the river, his face toward the cliff, had to bend far backward to see Spendlove's head over the parapet and his waving hand, sixty feet above. He waved back as his escorts led the mules to the water's edge.

Once more it was necessary to swim the river. He crawled out, the water streaming from his clothes, unwilling to move even while the mules came plunging up out of the water beside him. Spendlove up above, still leaning over the parapet, waved to him again.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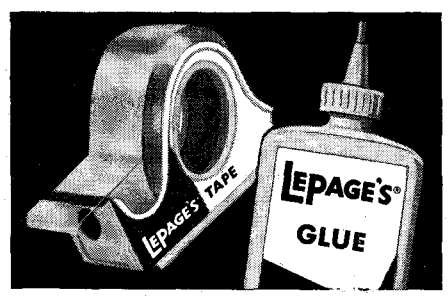


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Now it was a question of mounting a mule again. His wet clothes weighed upon him like lead. From the river they made an abrupt ascent into the mountains. They picked their way up a steep gully, down the other side, up again. They splashed across little torrents and wound their way among trees. The sun was sinking toward the west as they jolted on, downhill at last. Passage through a final belt of trees brought them into open country upon which the sun blazed in tropical glory. Half a mile farther they reached a well-defined track, and there his escorts checked their mounts.

"Now you can go on," said one of them, pointing along the path winding toward the distant cane.

It was a second or two before Hornblower's stupefied brain could grasp the fact that they were turning him loose.

"That way?" he asked unnecessarily.

"Yes," said his escort.

The two men turned their mules; Hornblower had to struggle with his, which disliked the separation. One of the escorts struck the brute on the rump, sending him down the path in a jerky trot acutely painful to Hornblower as he sought to retain his seat. Soon the mule eased to a leg-weary walk, and Hornblower was content to sit idly as it crawled along down the path; the sun was now clouded over and it was not long before, heralded by a brisk wind, a blinding rain began to fall, blotting out the landscape and slowing the mule even more on the slippery surface.

Gradually the roaring rain ceased; the sky, while it remained overcast above him, opened to the west and admitted a gleam of the setting sun.

Far down the road Hornblower saw a group of horsemen. With an urgent drumming of hoofs they came galloping toward him, and reined up at his side—a white man followed by two colored men.

"It's Lord Hornblower, isn't it?" asked the white man—a young fellow. Hornblower noticed dully that, although mounted, he was still in full-dress clothes with his ruffled neckcloth all awry and bedraggled.

"Yes," said Hornblower.

"Thank God you're safe, sir," said the young man. "Are you hurt? Are you wounded, my lord?"

"No," said Hornblower, swaying with fatigue on the back of the mule.

The young man turned to one of his colored companions and issued rapid orders, and the colored man wheeled his horse round and went galloping full speed down the road.

"The whole island has been turned out to seek for you, my lord," said the young man. "What happened to you? We have searched for you all day."

"I was kidnaped by pirates," he said. His voice was only a hoarse croak. "I must go at once to the governor. Where is his excellency?"

"He must be at Government House, I fancy," said the young man. "No more than thirty miles away."

Thirty miles! Hornblower felt as if he could not ride another thirty yards.

"Very well," he said stiffly. "I must go there."

"The Hough house is only two miles down the road here, my lord," said the young man. "Your carriage is still there, I believe. I have already sent a messenger."

"We'll go there first, then," said Hornblower, as indifferently as he could manage.

A word from the white man brought the other colored man from his horse, and Hornblower slid ungracefully from the mule. It was an enormous effort to get his foot up into the stirrup; the colored man had to help him heave his right leg over.

"My name is Colston," said the white man. "I had the honor of being presented to your lordship at the ball last night."

"Of course," said Hornblower. "Tell me what happened there."

"You were missed, my lord, after the supper march had been kept waiting for you to head it with Mrs. Hough. You and your secretary, Mr.—Mr. ——"

"Spendlove," said Hornblower.

"Yes, my lord. At first it was thought that some urgent business was demanding your attention. It was not for an hour or two, I suppose, that your flag lieutenant and Mr. Hough could agree that you had been spirited away. There was great distress among the company, my lord."

"Yes?"

"Then the alarm was given. All the gentlemen present rode out in search for you. The militia was called out at dawn. The whole countryside is being patrolled. I expect the Highland Regiment is in full march for here at this moment."

Hoofbeats sounded in front of them. Two horsemen approached in the gathering darkness; Hornblower could just recognize Hough and the messenger.

"Thank God, my lord," said Hough. "What happened?"

Hornblower was tempted to answer, "Mr. Colston will tell you," but he made himself make a more sensible reply.

"I must go on to the governor at once," said Hornblower. "There is Spendlove to think of."

"Spendlove, my lord? Oh, yes, of course; your secretary."

"He is still in the hands of the pirates," said Hornblower.

"Indeed, my lord?" replied Hough.

No one seemed to have a care about Spendlove, except Lucy Hough, presumably.

Here were the house and the courtyard; lights were gleaming in every window.

"Please come in, my lord," said Hough. "Your lordship must be in need of refreshment."

He had eaten yams and salt pork sometime that morning; he felt no hunger now.

"I must go on to Government House," he said. "I can waste no time."

"If your lordship insists ——"

"Yes," said Hornblower.

"I will go and have the horses put to, then, my lord."

TO BE CONCLUDED

# The Case of the Footloose Doll (Continued from Page 45)

of an automobile. Now suppose you tell me just what you're waiting for?"

Della Street, looking toward the door of the apartment house, nudged Perry Mason.

Doctor Arlington came hurrying out, took a step toward Mason's car, then, seeing the officers, veered over toward his own car.

Holcomb watched him with smiling amusement. "Oh, doctor!" he called.

Doctor Arlington stopped, looked back over his shoulder and said, "Yes?"

"May I ask where you've been, doctor?"

"In that apartment house," Doctor Arlington said.

"Wonderful!" Sergeant Holcomb observed. "Since we saw you come out of the apartment house, I have no reason to doubt your statement. Now could you be a little more specific, doctor, and tell us just what apartment you were in in that house?"

"I fail to see that it concerns anyone," Doctor Arlington said.

"Oh, but I think it does," Sergeant Holcomb observed. "If you were up in Apartment Two-eighteen, it would be of the greatest concern to the police. And if you were sent there by Mr. Perry Mason, then the situation would be more than interesting. It would be downright exciting. The fact that Mr. Mason was quite apparently waiting for you to come out indicates that he knew you were in there. If he knew you were in there, the probabilities are that he was responsible for your being there. What did you find, doctor?"

Doctor Arlington reached a quick decision. He smiled and said, "I was making a checkup on a person who had been injured. I assumed it was a civil case with the possibility of malingering."

He looked past the officer standing by the side of the car to Perry Mason, raised his voice and said, "The man was dead by the time I got there. The woman who was with him, and who I assume is his wife, gives a history of an ice pick having been inserted in the man's chest. I made a quick examination and convinced myself that there had indeed been a small puncture wound in the chest. Under the circumstances, I felt that it was a case for the coroner and did nothing further."

"You called the police?" Sergeant Holcomb asked.

"The police had been called before I arrived," Doctor Arlington said. And then, with a meaning glance at Perry Mason, he said, "I would, of course, have notified the coroner if the young woman hadn't already called the authorities."

"That's most interesting," Sergeant Holcomb said. "Now perhaps someone will tell us how it happened that Mr. Mason knew this man had been injured."

Mason said, "Just a moment, doctor. Was there anyone in the apartment when you left?"

"Just the young woman."

"Do you know whether she's his wife?"

"I don't know. How should I? I didn't ask to see the marriage license."

"In other words, then, she's up there alone with the body and any evidence that may be in the apartment."

"He's definitely vice-presidential material. . . . I like the way he butters me up."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"That is correct," Doctor Arlington said.

Sergeant Holcomb sighed. "All right, Mason," he said, "you win. Much as I would like to interrogate you, I realize that my first duty is to get up there and investigate the homicide."

"Homicide?" Mason asked. "Wasn't it accidental?"

Sergeant Holcomb grinned. "The story we got over the telephone is that some woman pushed an ice pick right into his chest. However, we'll find out a lot more about it. Don't go away, Mason."

"Why not?" Mason asked.

"I'm going to want to talk with you."

"You can talk with me at my office."

"I don't want to waste the time," Sergeant Holcomb said. "I'm not going to detain you any longer than necessary, but you and the doctor stay right here. Now let me ask you: have you been up in that apartment, Mason?"

"Yes," Mason said.

"That's what I thought."

"You want me with you, sergeant?" the other officer asked.

"I want you with me," Holcomb said. "Another car with a deputy coroner and a fingerprint man will be here any minute."

He turned to Mason. "I'm giving you a lawful order from an officer in the performance of his duty. Don't leave here until I have a chance to talk with you."

Mason said, "All right, if it's a reasonable order, I'll obey it. But it has to be reasonable. I'll give you fifteen minutes. That's a reasonable length of time. If you have any questions you want to ask me or Doctor Arlington here, be back inside of fifteen minutes."

"I've a job of investigating to do up there."

"You can get the woman out of the apartment, seal up the apartment so that nothing will be touched," Mason said, "and you can do all that within two minutes. You'll (*Continued on Page 100*)

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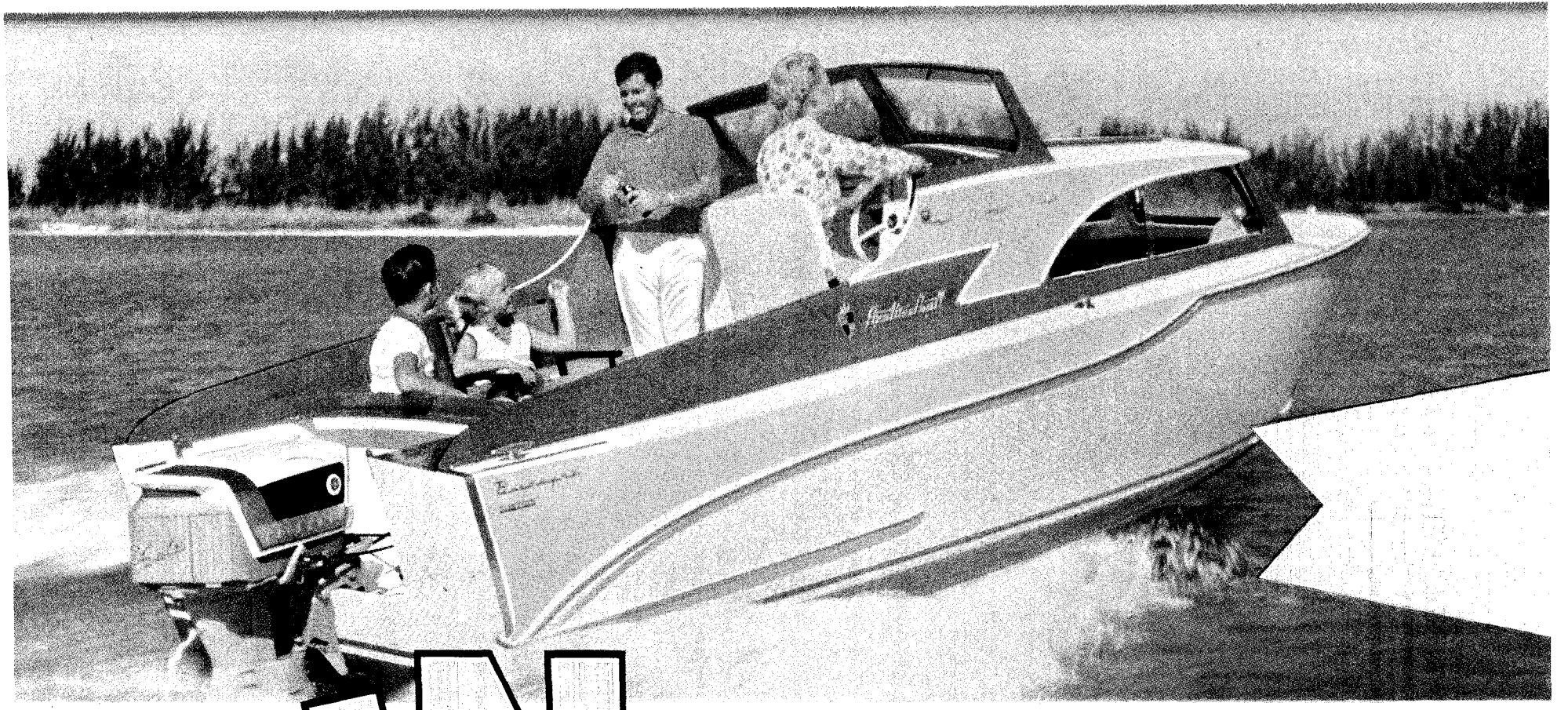

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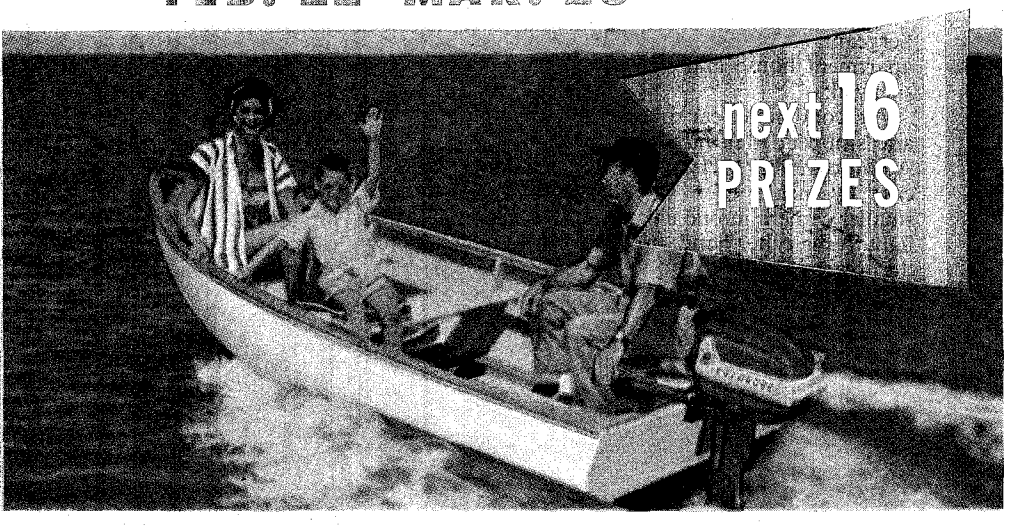


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(*Continued from Page 98*) have ten minutes for a first investigation and then you can come down here and talk with me. At the end of fifteen minutes I'm going to be on my way and Doctor Arlington is going to be on his way."

Sergeant Holcomb hesitated a moment, then turned to the officer. "Come on, let's go!" he said.

When they had gone, Doctor Arlington said in a low voice to Perry Mason, "I didn't know what to do, Perry. The man was dead when I arrived. He evidently had been dead for about ten minutes."

"How about the woman with him? Did she tell you anything I should know?" Mason asked.

"Only that she'd telephoned the officers. She said she told them Carl Harrod had been murdered."

"Murdered?"

"That's what she said: murdered. I was in a spot, Perry. I didn't know what you wanted. Whether I should dash back down here and tell you that the man was dead and that she had called the authorities or whether I should take a quick look at the body so I could see the nature and location of the wound. I decided you'd want to know something about the wound, so I pulled back the blankets and took a look. There was a small, livid puncture wound, and, unofficially, I have no doubt it was made with an ice pick and that it was the cause of death."

"All right," Mason said wearily. "We seem to be in a hell of a spot right now. . . . Della, I think you'd better go telephone our client. . . . Hold it," Mason said sharply, as she placed her hand on the door latch, "here comes an officer to ride herd on us until it suits Sergeant Holcomb to come down and give us the third degree."

The officer who had gone up with Sergeant Holcomb came back from the apartment house and started across the sidewalk.

A second police car rounded the corner and stopped. Men hurried from the car. A photographer carrying a heavy camera case by means of a shoulder strap, a smaller camera in one hand and a speedlight in the other hand, hurried across to the apartment house. He was followed by an officer carrying a fingerprint camera and a small black case of the sort used to carry materials for developing latents. The officer who had come down from the apartment moved over to confer with the newcomers briefly. Two more men debouched from the second police automobile and entered the apartment.

The officer came over to stand by Mason's car. "Sergeant Holcomb says he doesn't want to detain you unduly, but he does want to question you and he doesn't want any of you to drive away."

"I'm a doctor," Doctor Arlington said. "I can't neglect my patients. I have to be available for phone calls and ——"

"I know, I know," the officer interrupted. "It won't be long."

"Fifteen minutes from the time Sergeant Holcomb spoke to us," Mason said, "is a reasonable time. I advise you, doctor, that if you are not interrogated and released within fifteen minutes you are legally within your rights in leaving. I'm willing to accept that responsibility."

"Well, you may be accepting a hell of a lot of responsibility," the officer warned roughly.

"In my business I'm accustomed to accept a hell of a lot of responsibility," Mason told him.

The officer was plainly uneasy. He glanced anxiously at the door of the apartment house. "The sergeant said to hold you until he got here."

"I tell you I'm leaving in fifteen minutes."

"You're leaving when the sergeant says you can leave."

"I'm leaving in fifteen minutes from the time he told us to wait!" Mason snapped.

The officer was trying to think of the answer to that when the door opened and Sergeant Holcomb came striding across the sidewalk and out to the car.

"So," he said, "you and Miss Street got a statement from the guy and Della Street took down every word of it in shorthand."

"Right," Mason said.

"He was stabbed by a client of yours."

"Wrong," Mason said.

"How do you know?" Sergeant Holcomb asked.

"My clients don't stab people."

"Well," Sergeant Holcomb said, "it seems that the stabbing was done by a woman who was in the apartment occupied by Fern Driscoll, Three-o-nine at the Rexmore Apartments. Is Miss Katherine Baylor a client of yours, Mason?"

"I've never seen her in my life."

"How about Fern Driscoll?"

"Fern Driscoll is my client."

"All right. I'm going up to see her. What's more, I want to see her before you have a chance to do any telephoning."

Sergeant Holcomb looked at his watch. "You hold them here for ten minutes," he said to the officer, "and then you can let them go. . . . However, I'm going to want to hear from you, Mason. I want a statement from you and I want a copy of the statement that this man Harrod made as to the circumstances surrounding the stabbing."

"How about the doctor?" the officer asked.

"Don't let anybody get to a phone for ten minutes," Sergeant Holcomb said. "I want to get up to that apartment and talk with this Driscoll woman before Mason has a chance to tip her off to clam up and say nothing. Keep them here, Ray. In exactly ten minutes you may let them go." Sergeant Holcomb hurried away.

Mason looked at his wrist watch, stretched, yawned, lit a cigarette, put his head back against the cushion and closed his eyes.

Doctor Arlington, taking his cue from Perry Mason, went over to his car, opened the door and started to get in.

"Stay right here for ten minutes," the officer warned.

"Nine minutes now," Doctor Arlington said, climbing into his car and slamming the door shut.

Della Street, with an eye on her wrist watch, counted off the minutes. "All right, chief," she said, "nine and a half minutes." Mason started the motor.

"Hold it," the officer said. "You have thirty seconds to go."

"Just warming the car up," Mason told him.

The officer seemed uneasy. "I'd like to get word from Sergeant Holcomb. He could communicate with us through communications and on the car radio."

"I know he could," Mason said, "but he said ten minutes, and ten minutes it is."

Della Street, in the driver's seat, eased the car into gear. Doctor Arlington's car slid out behind them.

"Now where?" Della asked.

"Drake Detective Agency," Mason said, "but first signal Doctor Arlington to come alongside."

Della Street drove for a block, then pulled off to the side of the road, motioned with her arm for Doctor Arlington to come alongside on the one-way street.

When Doctor Arlington was running abreast, Mason said, "Go on home, doctor, and don't answer questions."

Doctor Arlington nodded to show that he understood and shot ahead.

Della Street said, "I think Paul Drake is in the office tonight. He told me he was working on a case and expected to be there until nearly midnight."

"That's fine," Mason said. "We'll talk with Paul personally."

The night switchboard operator at the Drake Detective Agency offices looked up as Mason held the office door open for Della Street. She nodded and smiled.

"Anybody in with Paul?" Mason asked.

"No, Mr. Mason, he's alone."

"Tell him we're on our way."

Paul Drake's private office was at the end of the corridor.

Mason opened the door. "Hi, Perry!" the detective said. . . . "Hi, Della. What brings you out at this time of night? . . . Oh-oh, I'll bet I don't want to know the answer."

Mason pulled up a chair for Della Street, then sat down next to Drake's desk. "Paul, we're mixed up in a case that I can't figure out. I want a lot of research work done and I want it done fast."

Drake picked up a pencil and moved a pad of paper toward him.

Tall, long-limbed, poker-faced, he moved with an easy, double-jointed rhythm which seemed awkward, yet eliminated all waste motion.

"Shoot!"

"A girl using the name of Fern Driscoll, Three-o-nine Rexmore Apartments. I want everything you can get on Fern Driscoll. She was working in Lansing, Michigan, and left suddenly. Now this girl who's using Fern Driscoll's name has a job with the Consolidated Sales and Distribution Company."

"This floor?" Drake asked, looking up.

"This floor."

"I know the head of that concern pretty well," Drake said. "I can get a line on her."

"She's only been here ten days or two weeks. I want to get her background."

"O.K., anything else?"

"Harriman Baylor, of Lansing. A bigshot manufacturer. A daughter named Katherine and a son named Forrester. I want everything you can get on the family. Fern Driscoll worked for Baylor's company in Lansing."

"That's all?"

"Carl Harrod, of the Dixiecrat Apartments, Two-eighteen. I want to know everything about his past."

"How about the present?" Drake asked.

"There isn't any," Mason told him.

Drake looked up sharply. "What do you mean?"

"It's all in the past," Mason explained.

"Since when?"

"Probably about an hour ago."

"All of this is going to take lots of men and lots of time," Drake told him.

"It's going to take lots of men and probably lots of money, but it can't take lots of time."

"Why?"

"Because we don't have that much time."

"Do the police know about Harrod?"

"Yes."

"About your interest in him?"

"Hell, yes!" Mason said. "I got caught standing in front of the apartment waiting for Doctor Arlington to come down and make a report."

"Report on what?"

"Nature and extent of the injuries. The woman who was living with Harrod had already called headquarters before we got there and reported the death as a homicide. My friend, Sergeant Holcomb, caught me flat-footed."

"So what happens next?" Drake asked.

"I don't know," Mason said. "I want all the information I can get before the going begins to get tough."

"I take it there's some sort of a tie-in by which all of these people are joined together more or less?"

"There may be," Mason said.

"O.K. Where are you going now?"

"Down to my office," Mason told him. "You start getting information, relay it in as fast as you can get it. Minutes may be precious. We're probably one jump ahead of the police on certain phases of the case and I'd like to keep ahead of them as far as possible. The Baylor family use the Vista del Camino Hotel as headquarters. They're very shy about the wrong sort of publicity. Carl Harrod was all set to see that they got lots of it. Katherine (*Continued on Page 102*)

"George used to be quite a flirt, but somehow he seems to have lost his attraction for women."

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(*Continued from Page 100*) Baylor is in town. She may have made the pass with the ice pick. On the other hand, the girl using the name of Fern Driscoll may have done it."

"You don't think this girl really is Fern Driscoll?"

"I know she's Mildred Crest, of Oceanside. Get busy and check everything."

"O.K.," Drake said, "I'll have ten men on the job within ten minutes and each one of those men will put out more men if he has to."

Mason nodded to Della Street and they left Drake's office and walked down the corridor to Mason's office. Mason latchkeyed the door, switched on the lights.

"Well?" Della Street asked, as Mason hung up his hat and settled back into a swivel chair.

"We wait it out—for a while at least," Mason said. "If our client is telling the truth, she was entirely within her rights in protecting herself."

"And if she's lying?"

"Then," Mason admitted, "things could be in quite a mess."

"She seems to have lied before."

"Exactly. Those lies are going to put her in quite a spot if the breaks start going against her. As Mildred Crest, she could find herself charged with the murder of Fern Driscoll. All that background of deceit is going to make her a pushover in this Harrod case, if the authorities decide it's murder."

They waited twenty minutes, then the unlisted phone made sudden, nerve-jangling noise.

"I'll take it," Mason said. "Paul Drake is the only other person who knows this unlisted number."

Mason picked up the receiver, said, "Hello, Paul."

Drake's voice came over the wire. "Get either morning paper. You'll find a picture of Harriman Baylor, the famous manufacturer and financial wizard, just getting off an airplane. He arrived late this afternoon. Reporters met him at the airport."

"I'll take a look," Mason said. "You say there's a photograph?"

"A nice photograph. Mr. Baylor is not out here on business. Mr. Baylor is out here for a well-earned vacation and for his health. Mr. Baylor has been troubled with bursitis."

"Bursitis, huh?" Mason said.

"Uh-huh. An infection of a capsule of fluid or something in the shoulder that ——"

Mason laughed and said, "I know all about bursitis, Paul. . . . We don't have our morning papers at the moment. Tell me, how did Mr. Baylor look in the photos?"

"Influential," Drake said. "He has many million dollars, and he looks like many million dollars. The photograph shows him holding a brief case in his left hand, his right hand waving his hat in greeting, a beautiful hostess on each side and a caption about the manufacturing and financial wizard who believes that the Pacific Coast is on the eve of an unprecedented growth."

"Could I call him at the Vista del Camino Hotel?" Mason asked.

"No dice," Drake said. "Trying to get a phone call through to him requires an act of Congress and the unwinding of yards of red tape. But he's there and, as nearly as I can find out, he's in his suite."

"What about his background, Paul?"

"Big manufacturer. Big financier. Big investor. Boards of directors and all that stuff. Who's Who has a whole column on him."

"Find out anything about Katherine Baylor?" Mason asked.

"Postgraduate work at Stanford. Nice kid. Popular. For herself and not for her money. Unostentatious. A good scout. Something of a crusader, imbued with the idea of improving the administration of justice, safeguarding justice for rich and poor alike. A nice kid."

"Entanglements?"

"Apparently not. Nothing formal. Very popular, therefore it's hard to tell whether she's playing the field or has her eye on some particular individual. I'm just beginning to get the dirt, Perry, and I'll have more for you in a little while. But in the meantime I thought you'd like to know about Baylor."

"That's fine," Mason said. "Keep digging and keep in touch with us. I think I'll go out to the Vista del Camino Hotel and try for an interview."

"No chance," Drake said. "He had a press interview at the plane; then he ordered everything shut off. No phone calls, no interviews. Nothing."

"Any exceptions?" Mason asked.

"I don't know. The house dick over there is a friend of mine. I might be able to find out."

"Find out and call me back," Mason said. "I'm interested."

The lawyer hung up the phone and Della Street drew a cup of coffee from the electric percolator.

"Listen in on the extension?" Mason asked.

She nodded.

"Take notes?"

Again she nodded.

Five minutes later Drake again called on the unlisted telephone. "Now look, Perry," he said, "you're going to have to protect me on this. I got it from my close friend, the house detective. It would cost him his job if anyone knew there had been a leak coming from him."

"Go ahead," Mason said.

"Baylor has shut off all telephone calls. Everything. His suite is completely isolated. There's even a guard at the door. He has, however, left instructions that if a Mr. Howley tries to get in touch with him, the call is to be put through immediately, no matter what hour of the day or night."

"Howley, eh?" Mason asked. "Who's Howley?"

"Can't find a thing in the world about him. All I know is Baylor is sewed up tight, except for Howley. I gather that he's probably coming in on a plane or something, and Baylor is waiting for him."

"But you don't have anything definite on that? That's just a hunch?"

"Hunch, hell! It's a deduction," Drake said.

"All you have is the deduction?"

"That's right."

"Why should Baylor be taking all those precautions?" Mason asked. "It would seem to indicate that he expects to become the center of interest somehow."

"He is a center of interest," Drake said. "He's a big shot."

"But he doesn't ordinarily take all those precautions against disturbance?"

"He doesn't ordinarily have bursitis and—probably he's working on a big business deal. I don't know. All I can do is get the facts and relay them to you. You're going to have to do your own thinking."

"No more deductions?" Mason asked.

"Not after the cool reception I got on the other one."

Mason laughed. "Don't be so sensitive. Keep working, Paul."

Mason hung up the telephone, looked at Della Street thoughtfully and said, "Try to reach our client, Della. Perhaps the police haven't taken her out of circulation. In that event, they've probably completed their questioning and we might be able to get her on the line."

Della Street put through a call and got no answer. So she called the manager of the apartment house, asked for Fern Driscoll in Apartment 309 and said, "Just a moment, please," then turned to Mason. "The manager says Miss Driscoll left with two men and asked the manager to hold all mail."

"O.K.," Mason said, "hang up."

Della Street said, "Thank you. I'll call later," and hung up.

Suddenly Mason turned to his secretary. "You sit here and hold the fort, Della. I'm going over to the Vista del Camino Hotel."

"Be careful," she warned.

Mason nodded.

He left the office and went directly to the Vista del Camino Hotel.

In the lobby the lawyer picked up one of the room phones and said, "Connect me with Mr. Harriman Baylor, please."

"I'm sorry, but Mr. Baylor's phone has been temporarily disconnected. He has left orders that he's not to be disturbed."

"Well, he'll talk with me," Mason said. "I'm supposed to call him."

"I'm very sorry, but there are to be absolutely no . . . Just a moment. What's the name, please?"

"Howley," Mason said.

Mason heard the sound of swift whispers, then the operator said, "Just a moment, Mr. Howley. If you'll hold on, I'll see if we can get Mr. Baylor."

A few moments later a rich baritone voice said cautiously, "Hello. This is Harriman Baylor speaking."

"Howley," Mason said.

Baylor's voice showed excitement. "Where are you now?"

"In the lobby."

"Well, it's about time," Baylor said. "They had the damnedest report that you'd been —— Wait a minute. How do I know you're Howley?"

"As far as that's concerned," Mason said, "how do I know you're Baylor?"

"What's your other name, Howley?"

"Look," Mason said, "I'm not going to stand down here in the lobby where anyone can buttonhole me at any minute and have you give me a catechism. I'll come up there; then I'll answer your questions. I ——"

"What's the other name I know you by?" Baylor interrupted.

Mason hesitated.

Suddenly the receiver clicked at the other end of the line and the line went dead. Mason immediately left the room phone, sauntered across the lobby to the cigar stand and waited. A house detective hurried to the bank of house phones, looked around, then made a survey of the lobby. Mason lit a cigarette, strolled over to one of the reclining chairs, settled back and waited.

A bellboy, closely followed by the house detective, paged "Mr. Howley."

Mason made no move. He waited for five minutes, then went to the hotel drugstore, entered a phone booth and called the number of the Vista del Camino Hotel.

"Will you please tell Mr. Harriman Baylor," Mason told the operator who answered, "that Mr. Howley is calling?"

The operator hesitated perceptibly; then, after a moment, a man's voice came on the line. "Hello?" the voice asked.

"Mr. Baylor?" Mason asked.

"That's right," the voice said.

"Howley," Mason told him.

"Where are you now, Mr. Howley?"

"Not too far away," Mason said.

"If you tell me where you are, I'll ——"

"Look here," Mason said indignantly, "this isn't Baylor. Who the hell is that?"

"Now just a minute! Take it easy! Take it easy!" the man's voice said. "We're filtering Mr. Baylor's calls. Someone tried to get through to him by using your name. Just a minute and I'll put Baylor on."

A moment later, another voice came on the line. "Hello," the voice said cautiously.

"Baylor?" Mason asked.

"Yes."

"Howley."

Baylor said promptly, "What was the other name you gave me, Howley?"

"Carl Harrod," Mason said promptly.

"All right," Baylor told him, relief in his voice, "that's better! There was a report around that you were seriously incapacitated, that —— Never mind; I'll discuss that with you. Now I want you to come up to my suite. It's the Presidential Suite, Suite A. But you can't get near the door of the suite because it's guarded. Walk up to Room Four-two-eight and knock on the door. Knock twice, wait a moment, knock twice more, then wait a moment and knock once. Do you understand that?"

"Perfectly!" Mason said.

"All right, I'll see you there. How long will it take you to get here?"

"About two minutes," Mason told him.

"Did everything go all right?"

"Everything went fine."

"All right. Come on up and we'll discuss arrangements."

Mason hung up the telephone, sauntered into the hotel, took the elevator to the fourth floor and walked down the corridor. Presidential Suite A was at the end of the corridor and the entrance was blocked by a man who was over six feet tall, bull-necked and built like a wrestler.

The man eyed Mason suspiciously. Mason paid no attention to him, but turned sharply to the left to the door of 428 and knocked twice, waited a moment, knocked twice more, waited another moment, then knocked again.

The door was opened by a quick-moving individual in the early fifties, a man with a high forehead, bushy eyebrows, dark, piercing eyes, and an assertive manner.

... ... ... ... ... ... ...

## Pay-Off

By Arthur Frederic Otis

I would not gainsay if I could
The privilege of parenthood,
Which undeniably entails
Surviving years when doubt prevails;
Then solid citizens emerge
To justify pride's welling surge.

But this is now my firm contention:
Grandchildren are a great invention;
If you're astute, you early learn
Their training isn't your concern;
They are, once this is understood,
The real rewards of parenthood!

... ... ... ... ... ... ...

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He recoiled as he saw Mason. His left hand holding the doorknob tried to slam the door shut. Mason lowered his shoulder, pushed the door open and walked into the room.

"I'm Perry Mason, Mr. Baylor," he said. "I'm the attorney for the young woman in the Rexmore Apartments. I think you and I had better have a talk."

Baylor stepped back, said, "Perry Mason, the lawyer?"

"That's right."

Baylor said, "I'm sorry, but you can't come in, Mason. I can't see anyone!"

"Except Carl Harrod," Mason said. "For your information, Carl Harrod is dead."

"I—I ——"

Mason kicked the door shut. "A great deal is going to depend on decisions you and I reach during the next few minutes, Mr. Baylor. I want to get some cards on the table."

"I don't want to talk with you. I've been warned about you."

Mason said, "I don't know how long we're going to have to discuss matters before the police get here. For your information, Mr. Baylor, I happen to know that Carl Harrod was blackmailing you. Carl Harrod was stabbed in the chest with an ice pick. He died a short time ago. He made a statement to me that Fern Driscoll had stabbed him with the ice pick, but afterwards he began thinking things over and he may have said that your daughter Katherine had been the one who pushed the ice pick into his chest. Now, I don't care how big you are or how powerful you are; Harrod's death is going to make complications. I don't know all the ramifications of what happened to Fern Driscoll, but it seems to me that you and I had better exchange a few facts before the newspapers come out with a sensational story."

"The newspapers!" Baylor exclaimed.

"Exactly," Mason said.

Baylor hesitated, and suddenly said, "All right. You win!" He extended his left hand and shook hands with Mason. "You'll pardon the left hand," he said. "My bursitis has become suddenly worse. Come on in and we'll talk things over."

Baylor led the way across Room 428, which was fitted up as an ordinary hotel bedroom, through a connecting door and into the reception room of a luxurious suite.

"This is my daughter, Katherine," he said. . . . "Katherine, this is Perry Mason, an attorney, who is representing Fern Driscoll."

Katherine Baylor jumped to her feet, her eyes wide with some emotion Mason was unable at the moment to classify. She moved over to give him her hand.

"Mr. Mason," she said.

"It's a pleasure to meet you," Mason said, and then added quietly, "My client has told me about you."

"Oh!" Katherine said.

"All right," Baylor said. "Sit down, Mason. Perhaps we'd better put some cards on the table."

Mason selected a chair, stretched his long legs out in front and crossed his ankles.

"Now what's all this about Harrod having been killed?" Baylor asked.

"Stabbed with an ice pick," Mason said. "At first Harrod said Fern Driscoll had pushed the ice pick into his chest. Then he may have said that your daughter Katherine did it."

"What?" Katherine Baylor exclaimed.

"That's what he said."

"Why, that's absolutely absurd! I slapped his face and ——"

Harriman Baylor said, "I'd like to find out a little more about Mason's position in the matter, and exactly what it is he wants."

Mason said, "I want facts. I want to know exactly what your relations were with Harrod. I want to know why you came in here and closed off every means of communication, so that no one could reach you except Carl Harrod, who was to call you under the name of Howley."

"And I want to know how you got that information," Baylor snapped.

Mason smiled. "I'm afraid there's some information I can't give you."

"Can't or won't?"

"Won't!"

"That's not a very good way to start putting cards on the table," Baylor said.

"It's my way," Mason told him.

Baylor colored. "I don't let men dictate to me, Mr. Mason."

"Probably not," Mason said. "However, we have one essential difference, Mr. Baylor."

"What's that?"

Mason grinned. "I don't care how often they put my name in the newspapers, and I don't care how large the type is."

Baylor's aggressive personality seemed to collapse inside of the man's clothes.

"Precisely what do you want, Mason?"

"First," Mason said, "I want to know all about Fern Driscoll."

Baylor said, "There isn't any reason why you shouldn't know everything I know. Miss Driscoll was employed as my son's secretary. It is possible that some romantic attachment developed. It is even possible that Miss Driscoll was foolish enough to think a person in my son's position could have married her, and she may even have dared to think such an event would take place."

Mason regarded the man thoughtfully. "You say she dared to think that?"

"She may have."

"You consider such an event improbable?"

Baylor flushed and said, "I consider it utterly impossible!"

"May I ask why?"

"There are certain reasons that I don't think we need to go into at the present time, aside, of course, from the obvious difference in social status."

"You consider that important?" Mason asked.

"Quite important!" Baylor said dryly.

The telephone rang. Evidently some sort of an agreed-upon signal: a long, two shorts and a long.

Katherine Baylor moved toward the phone, but her father shook his head, strode across the room, picked up the telephone and said impatiently, "Hello. Yes. What is it now?"

He listened for several seconds, then said, "Of course, I'll talk with him. Put him on!"

A moment later he said, "Hello, sergeant. Yes, this is Harriman Baylor."

Again he listened for a few seconds, then said, "She is here with me. We will, of course, do everything in our power to co-operate, but any such charge as that is absolutely absurd! Now I want to be certain of one thing: Are you positive that the man is dead?"

Baylor listened again for a few moments, then said, "I am exceedingly busy at the moment. If you could come within—oh, say, half an hour, that would be more convenient. . . . I see. Well, make it twenty minutes then. . . . I'm sorry, sergeant, fifteen minutes is absolutely the best I can do for you. . . . I'm sorry, but that's final. Fifteen minutes! . . . I don't give a damn if you subpoena me before a thousand grand juries, I'm tied up for fifteen minutes! . . . Very well. Good-by!"

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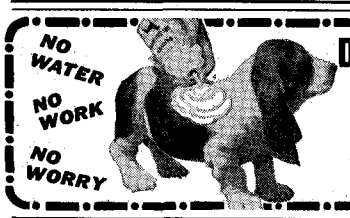

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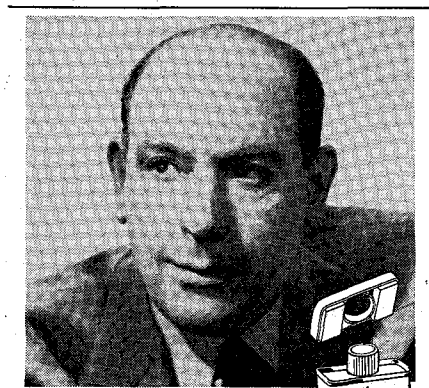

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# Who gave the party for Mary?

Her parents, of course. And they had the help of hundreds of other people—men and women that Mary's parents don't even know.

These people helped Mother bake the cake and cook the party food. They helped freeze the ice cream, sew Mary's dress, and wash and iron it. They helped heat, light and clean the house for the party.

These busy people are the men and women who supply electric service for Mary's house. It's hard to imagine life without the electricity they provide—for everyone depends on electricity for dozens of jobs all over the house.

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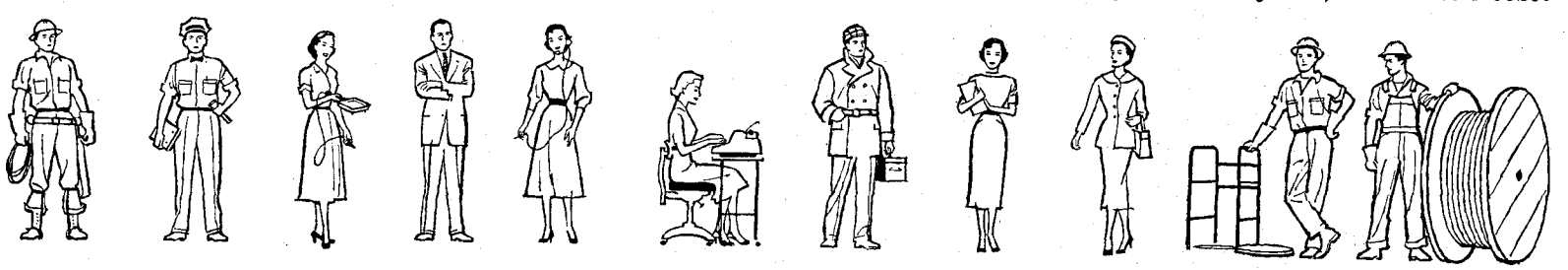

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(*Continued from Page 104*) welfare, it seemed to me, was more properly the responsibility of our hospitals. The fact remained, however, that these sorrowfully handicapped children could be trained, and their parents wanted the schools to do the job. In the end I was forced by popular pressure to make the schools responsible for them. They are taught separately and do not interfere in any way with the education of normal boys and girls.

In our night schools we even offer a course in the training of dogs. I would have opposed such a course if it were not for the fact that the people who wanted it were prepared to pay for their lessons.

Nonsense? Perhaps, but, so long as a goodly percentage of our citizens wish to keep dogs, it is better for everyone concerned if their dogs are well-behaved.

No "life-adjustment" courses are taught in Rock Island. We try to develop character and personality in every course we teach. We believe that home, church and school are interdependent institutions, and that all should work together.

One of my saddest recollections is the fate of a student in the high school of which I was once the principal. He refused to study, threw lead slugs in the study hall, and eventually began to steal. I tried to reason with him, but to no avail. Finally I telephoned his father to ask him to come to see me. The father refused.

"He's your responsibility in school," he said, "and my responsibility at home. You do your job, and I'll do mine."

The son is now in the penitentiary.

Critics of the Right believe that character building is the responsibility of home and church, and that our schools should confine themselves to imparting abstract knowledge. Critics of the Left believe that character building, or "life adjustment," is the most important responsibility of our schools, and that the acquisition of abstract knowledge is secondary.

We of the middle way in education reject both points of view. We refuse to believe that knowledge and character are mutually exclusive. We believe that a child's character is molded by what and how he is taught, in school as at home and in church. Some subjects and some teachers may affect his character more than others, but they will all affect it to some degree. It behooves us, therefore, to see that every child is taught every subject in such a way as to make him a better citizen as well as a more learned one.

A school superintendent must occasionally look in on his teachers to see how they and their students are doing. I remember visiting a history class whose teacher had let one of her students lead the discussion. Everybody was talking at once, and nobody was confining himself to the topic listed on the blackboard. The teacher was ineffectually appealing to the boys and girls to behave "like ladies and gentlemen," but nobody was paying much attention.

An educational Leftist might approve of such a method of teaching, for the youngsters were certainly expressing themselves as individuals. But they were learning neither history nor respect for the rights of others.

The teacher was distressed and asked for help. At her request, I took charge of the class, reminded the students of the topic under discussion, and told them to ask questions, one by one, about any point that they were unable to understand. The next day I returned again, and, by the time I was through, I think both the teacher and her students had learned the trick of carrying on a disciplined discussion that would lead to a knowledge not only of history but of citizenship as well.

On another occasion I visited a second-grade class, and the moment I opened the door I knew that something was wrong. There were no bright, eager faces; the children were sitting at attention in perfect silence, staring blankly at the teacher. The subject was arithmetic, and the whole time the class was in session only one question was asked. A little boy wanted to know how to carry a digit from the "unit" to the "tens" column in a problem of addition.

"I explained that before," the teacher said. "If you'd been listening, you wouldn't have to waste my time."

An educational Rightist might approve of this method of teaching. Perfect discipline was being maintained, but little arithmetic or citizenship was being learned.

I raised my hand for permission to enter the discussion. The teacher recognized me and I answered the child's question. That encouraged the other children to ask the questions they had been afraid to ask before. Later, I had a talk with the teacher, in the course of which I reminded her that children who ask serious questions are more likely to learn something than children who are afraid to open their mouths for fear of being rebuked.

When I visited a third-grade art class, I was puzzled to find the teacher out in the hall, telling some of her students how to paint scenery for a class play. Inside the classroom, the other students were moving about in the performance of common tasks. There was a slight hum of conversation, but no commotion, and whenever a youngster bumped into one of his classmates he would apologize politely instead of starting a fight. Nobody paid any attention to me as I entered, nor did anybody pay any attention to the teacher when she joined me. Everybody was fully occupied with his work. Five minutes before the end of the class, the teacher asked the children to put away their materials and clean their desks. Although they all obeyed her, some of them began to laugh and shout. She invited them to compete to see whether the boys or the girls would be the last to talk. From that moment, not a word was spoken until the bell rang.

It was obvious to me that in this class the youngsters were developing their characters and personalities at the same time that they were learning the rudiments of art. And it was all due to a teacher who understood their limitations and knew how to teach them the concomitant learnings that are so important to a child.

Learning is of little value unless the child can put it in perspective and relate it to the other things he learns. Reading, writing and arithmetic are important, but nothing is so important as the child's need to use what he learns in harmonious association with others.

What most critics are complaining about is neither Rightism nor Leftism, but simply bad education.

Some progressive-education ideas may be good in themselves, but may be carried out badly. For instance, the idea of bringing co-operation between teachers is good, but it may be worked out in a silly way. In one school, in the South, it was decided to celebrate the importance of cotton. Instead of confining the topic to the social-science class, however, it was celebrated in every class for a week. In the English classes the students were required to write themes about some aspect of the cotton industry; in the physical-education classes, they were required to imitate the movements of cotton pickers; and in the music classes, they were required to sing such songs as Way Down Upon the Swanee River. It was a "cotton-picking" experiment in every sense of the phrase.

The idea of helping students to see the connection between subjects may be "progressive," but it is good if carried out sensibly. One of our social-science teachers, in an effort to acquaint her students with the customs of the Western states, asked them to prepare and serve a meal consisting solely of Western food products. If she had allowed the preparation of the meal to dominate what she was teaching, she could rightly have been criticized as a Leftist. But she didn't. She simply used the preparation of the meal as a means of interesting her students in the history, geography and economy of the Western states. And, in so doing, she taught them more than she could have taught them in any other way. I know she did, because her students consistently did better in their examinations than the students of any other teacher of social science.

In 1937, when I became the superintendent of schools, there were 170 teachers and 5700 students in Rock Island. Today there are 350 teachers and 9600 students. The average class has been reduced in size from about thirty-four to about twenty-seven.

Rock Island, unfortunately, is an exception. Throughout the United States as a whole, there are more students and fewer teachers than there were twenty years ago. The explanation once again is the great depression. During the '30's, when most of our teachers were going to school, our national birth rate was declining. Since the second World War, however, our birth rate has been rising. The inevitable result is a growing shortage of teachers.

This, I think, is the greatest shortcoming of our public schools today. Old school buildings and overcrowded classrooms are serious problems, but even more serious is the lack of competent teachers. No school, however modern and spacious, can be better than its teaching staff, and in the absence of competent teachers the education of our children is bound to suffer.

Critics of the Right and the Left, therefore, are barking up the wrong tree when they complain of the methods rather than the quality of contemporary public education. Everything, in the end, depends upon the teacher, and no good teacher, in my experience, has ever been an extremist. Good teachers never neglect the needs of their students, whether they be bright, average or dull. Although teachers naturally appreciate bright students, and help them to push ahead, they also encourage the average majority and take special pains to aid the dullards.

A good teacher must love children and love learning, but he or she must be paid enough to lead a normal life. If we want good teachers for our children, we must make it possible for them to marry and have children of their own, and to go to the theater now and then without having to sit in the peanut gallery. The problem of public education in the United States today can thus be reduced to the problem of municipal economics. Make the teaching profession attractive enough, and we can find all the teachers that we require; stint on their salaries, as we have too often done in the past, and our children's education will suffer from a lack of competent instructors.

New school buildings are important, but I would prefer, if forced to make the choice, to staff an antiquated school with a sufficient number of good teachers than to acquire a new school without sufficient funds to provide it with an adequate teaching staff. Ideally, of course, I would prefer a new and spacious school building with a plenitude of good teachers. But such an ideal depends upon the demands of the community and its willingness to pay the necessary taxes. Our schools are what we make them. Thomas Jefferson was right when he said, "If a nation expects to be ignorant and free, in a state of civilization, it expects what never was and never will be."

THE END

"For me?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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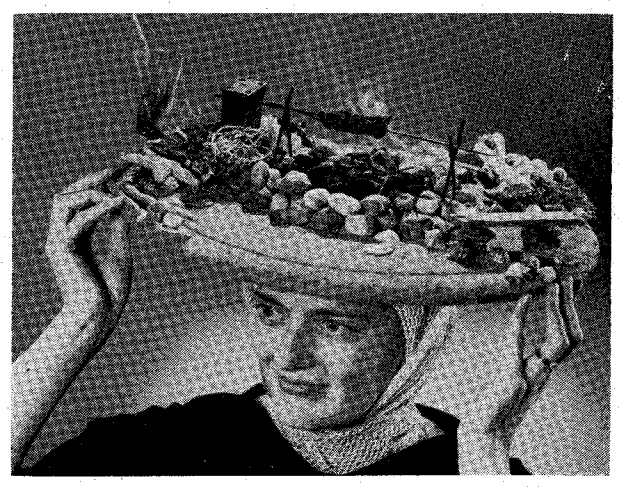
# Keeping Posted

## Return of the Millers

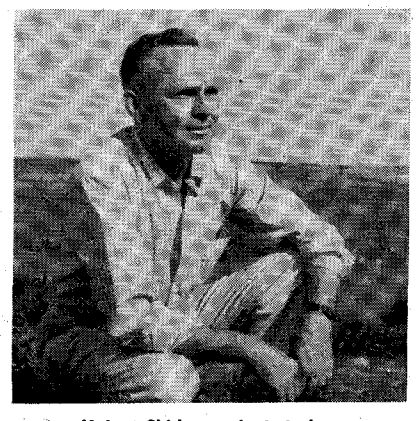
In the nearby picture, containing an enlargement of the Post's Nov. 22, 1941, cover, you are looking at the same pretty lass twice. Back in '41, when **Dick Miller** was doing color photography as a hobby, he made that charming study of his daughter, Linda, who was 3. "Thinking I might sell it somewhere, I decided to start at the top and work down. I sent it to the Post, made my first magazine sale, and promptly went into professional photography. Somehow the Post sale didn't surprise me, but I found out later what a long-shot hit it was." Miller spent the war years in an aviation company's photo department; he has been a TV lighting director; and now he's with Globe Photos—which recently submitted a picture of his to Photography Editor Doug Borgstedt. It's his Post sale No. 2 (The Face of America on page 38) and Linda, now 19, is back with us also. Miller, who lives in Encino, Calif., says that Linda and her sisters, Janice and Peggy, have been mighty handy to him as models; you've undoubtedly met them in many a magazine without a formal introduction.

## Bring Your Money, Men!

Last spring a ladies' guild that raises money for the Mary Bridge Children's Hospital in Tacoma held their annual Bonnet Promenade, in which they model lovely hats from local shops plus a few goofy top-pieces designed by the wearers just for the heck of it. The hats are raffled off to men dragged in for that purpose. In the photo Mrs. Charles Allen wears the prize home-made design for 1957, depicting a barbecue pit with revolving spit and smoking coals. Well, on the very day of last year's Promenade out came the Post with an Alajálov cover featuring a weird hat, and this so amused the Tacoma ladies that one of them, Mrs. Harold Baird, asked Art Editor Ken Stuart for the painting for raffling purposes. She got it; the Promenade occurs this week; and the captive menfolk better come well heeled.



## Tales of the Authors



Hobert Skidmore, just staring.

**Hobert Skidmore,** veteran Post contributor, notes in his biographical data that his identical-twin brother, Hubert, who died some time ago, was also an author; both were graduated from University of Michigan, both won Avery Hopwood literary awards, and both served three years in World War II. Of himself Hobert says, "I used to be a stamp collector, but now my hobby is staring (at landscapes or people), which is less expensive." One day, on a West Virginia hill, a small boy walked into Skidmore's stare—the lad in his story on page 32.

Author **Dean Jennings,** page 19, first met **Vic Damone** when the singer dropped into Jennings' California home with a mutual friend. "I had heard what a cantankerous character he was, but *I* found him basically a nice, gentle guy who just hadn't learned how to handle his success, and I liked him." Damone fell in love with nine puppies which Jennings' dog had just produced, and now one of them, a grown-up fellow named Shep, belongs to Vic's son, Perry, and Perry belongs to Shep.

Bulletin from **Mel Durslag,** page 34: the California legislature has voted to name part of Squaw Valley, site of the 1960 Winter Olympics, Snowshoe Thompson State Park. "John F. (Snowshoe) Thompson was a kind of miracle man who in post-gold-rush days used to make two round trips over the Sierras alone each winter toting mail. In thus being the only winter link between Sacramento Valley and the Nevada area around Reno, Snowshoe must have suffered awful hardships." He sure must—did you ever see those mountains?

**NEXT WEEK'S POST:**

### "What Negroes Can Learn From Gandhi"

Chester Bowles, ex-ambassador to India, compares the "civil disobedience" methods of the saintly Hindu with the peaceful triumph of American Negroes in Montgomery, Alabama.

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